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1600 ~ 1914



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S. Fish

1600~1914

[Fish Families]

By

S. FISH



To a fellow collector
of ancestral
fish

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1942

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CORRECTIONS

For Book "1600 - 1914" By S. Fish

- Page 225 Name should be spelled LawrAnce.
- Page 208 Name should be spelled AustEn Gray, not AustIn.
- Page 103 Letter, "Fish to Lafayette," should be changed to year 1826, instead of 1820.
- Page 117 William Alexander and Lord Stirling should be changed to read as follows:
William Alexander, Lord Stirling, omitting the word "and" between the names.
- Page 260 Should read "W. A. Travers," replacing Travers Jerome.
- Page 226 Where initials B. L. M. appear, there should be a footnote, "B. L. M." refers to Sidney Breese, Charles Lawrance and Arthur Moulton, who were partners in this early Automobile Company.
- Page 322 (Index) the following change should be made:
BreeSe, Julia (Mrs. Lawrence) page 287 and on page 287 please change the name to spell BreeSe.
- Page 31 Five lines from the bottom of page the word should be ROUT—not route.
- Page 175 The name should be W. A. PatoN—not PatoU.
- Page 219 The name should be spelled Lawrance.

(over)

Pages 48, 60 and 61 should
be J. F. instead of H. Hamtramck.

Pages 123, 142, 144, 147 and
160 name should be Mrs. Wm.
(Gorham) Rice not Wm. (Graham)
Rice.

Page 227 - Chas. Sumner should
read "Billy" Sumner

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1202867

The title of this book is "1600-1914." I had intended to call it "Family Papers," but as so much of the matter included came from other sources, the effort of the book is not to glorify the members of my family but to portray the living conditions in America from 1600 to 1914, and the hopes and fears of the people involved.

I have merely dated the book. The reader can call it what he will.

Some years ago I received the following query about our family from my friend Rupert L. Joseph:

QUERY

Thoughts on seeing some mummified fish in the Cairo Museum

“I wonder if these really can be,
Your ancestors who once swam in the sea?
They are so old that you know well,
That they no longer fishy smell.
Ancestors are such funny things,
One likes to think of them with wings.
Alas, alack, perhaps we must
In fins, put all our final trust.
Oh, Stuyvie, Stuyvie, Stuyvesant,
Where is your Uncle, where your Aunt?
Perhaps in some new incarnation
They’re swimming in a china basin.
I sing not of the rainbow trout, nor of the barracuda,
My lay is of another fish, a humbler and ruder.
No speckled bands, no flashing scales has this one in the sea,
But oh, my friends, ’tis Stuyvesant, he is the fish for me.”

Pretty, Pretty Poem by R. L. J.

1600 ~ 1914

1600-1650

IN THE year 1620, there were five settlements in what is now the United States and Canada. They were established in the following order:

St. Augustine in 1565
Jamestown in 1607
Quebec in 1608
Albany in 1616
Plymouth in 1620.

To these might be added the two French forts, one at Neutral Island and the other at Mount Desert. They were built in 1604 and 1609 respectively. Though they were destroyed by Argall in 1613, some of the inhabitants returned.

Religion played a great part in the establishing of these colonies. The first settlers of Quebec were Huguenots, as were many of the settlers at Albany and New York. Plymouth was settled by the Pilgrims, who were separatists from the Church of England. The Huguenots of Quebec were quickly converted to the Catholic faith by the horde of Jesuit missionaries that poured into Canada. In like manner the Pilgrims were soon over-run and subjected to the bigoted rule of the intolerant Puritans, who flocked over to Massachusetts. The Puritans were like an oily scum that floated over the more tolerant Pilgrims. The so-called intelligentsia of Boston and its suburbs are the direct descendants of these narrow-minded, self-satisfied, smug Puritans. Three centuries—nine generations—have changed them little. On the other hand, the sturdy Pilgrim stock remains the background of New England civilization.

Our first ancestor to come to this country was Louis Hébert—a French Huguenot.

Champlain, on his way to Port Royal in 1605, stopped

long enough at Plymouth to make a very detailed map of the harbor. Doubtless, if he and Louis Hébert, who accompanied him, went ashore, they landed on Plymouth Rock, which fifteen years later was the landing place of another member of the family, the elder Brewster. A little over 230 years thereafter, my grandmother, Sarah Attwood Meert, married William H. Anthon. He was a descendant of Louis Hébert, and she of Brewster.

Louis Hébert was apothecary to the King, his family having held that office for many years. He took part in the first two expeditions to Port Royal (1606 and 1610). During the first stay at Port Royal, thirty-six persons died in a few months. In the second expedition Hébert was accompanied by his wife. She and Madame Poutrincourt were the first two French women who came to Canada. The mortality during the second stay of the French at Port Royal was also high—twelve persons died that year. An old account states that Hébert doctored the Indians as well as the Whites and that the Indians liked his medicines, but does not say whether the Indians thought well of his medicines for the benefits they derived therefrom or for the deadly effect produced on his French patients. As an afterthought that may cast light on the subject, the chronicle goes on to say that when Hébert moved to Quebec in 1617, he stopped practicing medicine and became an excellent farmer.

In the spring of 1617, Louis Hébert left Honfleur with his wife, Marie Rollet, and his three children in a ship commanded by Captain Morin. The trip over was rough and the boat was in danger of floating ice; the passengers gave themselves up for lost, but the priest prayed and by a miracle they arrived in Quebec 14 June, 1617, after thirteen weeks and one day at sea.

There is a legend that the first few weeks on shore were spent in a tent pitched under the branches of a great elm tree. This tree was finally cut down in 1846. While camping under this tree Hébert was busy building his house. The first house was a small one built of logs. Later he built one of stone. It stood in the upper town between the streets of Ste. Famille and Couillard. It measured thirty-eight feet by fourteen, and in 1668 was the cradle of the Seminary at Quebec.

As soon as Hébert had his family housed, he began actively to cultivate the soil. He is rightly called the first farmer of Canada. If others had shown the same energy, the famine that followed would not have taken place. As it was, Hébert's grain was taken from him to supply the wants of the less energetic colonists.

In 1620, Louis Hébert was Agent of the King (Procureur du Roi). He got certain grants of land in 1623, which were confirmed in 1626. During this time he brought over apple trees, cattle, and grapevines from France.

A part of his farm in the upper town is now the property of Laval University. The estate of Lespiney, in 1725 called the fief of St. Charles, passed into the hands of the Intendant Talon, who gave it to the General Hospital. Victoria Park includes part of this farm.

On January 25, 1627, Louis Hébert died. He was buried at his request at the foot of the large cross in the cemetery of the Récollets. Later, in 1670, his remains were removed to the crypt of the chapel. His death is said to have been caused by a fall. The Abbé Tanguay says: "The Colony experienced a real loss in the death of Hébert, who, next to Champlain, had taken the most active part in establishing Quebec, and in the progress of New France."

In the lower part of the old town of Quebec, there is a statue of Louis Hébert.

Another Canadian ancestor was Jean Guyon, a mason from Mortagne in the Province of Perche, France. He was a man of some education and wrote a fine hand. He sailed from Dieppe in 1634 in company with other settlers gotten together by Robert Giffard. There were probably two or more boats to take the party over. Jean Guyon and his family arrived in Quebec on June 4, 1634, the feast of Pentecost.

Guyon was bound to render certain feudal services to Robert Giffard, from whom he received large tracts of land at Beauport, a few miles below Quebec on the St. Lawrence River.

A copy of the quaint picture of how Jean Guyon rendered homage to Robert Giffard of Beauport for the fief of Du Buisson, is the only relic of him owned by the family.

The first generation of the original emigrants who came to this country had much to contend with. Their houses were for the most part rough log cabins. The chinks between the logs were daubed with clay or mud. The roofs were either thatched with swamp grass or covered with bark. If the house boasted a chimney, it was most likely made of wood. In the hurry to get shelter for the winter, many of the cabins were built on a side hill, thus saving building material. In these cases the chimney was dug out of the hill. The floors were probably earth. Later, when wood floors made their appearance, these were either sanded or covered with rushes—floor coverings came much later. The windows were sealed with cured deerskins, oiled to let in the light.

Pigs, cows, and other cattle wandered through the settlements at will. The wanderings of the cattle wore paths that later became the streets of the town. In very few cases was there any planning for the laying out of streets and highways.

Food was often scarce. A man's clothing and household goods were very important items and passed by Will from father to son. Books were scarce, except in the homes of the wealthy and in the Minister's house. Liquor was sold rather freely. In New Amsterdam, as late as 1647, every fifth householder sold either beer or hard liquor, usually both.

The Indians were a constant menace in the country along the seaboard, and continued to be a grave danger for two or three generations. The back country was not freed from their attacks till 1800.

The roads were little more than trails. Wagons were of no use in getting from one settlement to another. All land travel was either on foot or horseback.

Our first direct ancestor to come to this country was Jonathan Fish. With his two younger brothers, Nathaniel and John, he arrived between 1635 and 1637. After a brief stay at Lynn, they moved to Sandwich. Of Jonathan Fish we know little. Sandwich, the little town he lived in, was a hotbed of Quakers, and gave the Pilgrim hierarchy much worry. It is likely that Jonathan was not quite orthodox in his church views. This belief is borne out by a third move on his part to the more



William H. Anthon

tolerant Dutch colony of New York, in 1656. Before leaving Sandwich he sold a good farm he owned on Skanton Neck, or as the Indians called it "Acquidnack," to Major John Freeman, another forebear of ours.

Many of our ancestors came to Niew Netherlands in the first generation of migration, 1615-1650. Some were rich, some were poor. They came from every country in Europe, except Ireland, Spain and Italy.

To give a list of all our ancestors and the dates of their arrival would take up too much space and would be tiresome. As they came over early, it is safe to say that we were kin of the Governors who ruled the colonies and the cooks who cooked the Governors' meals. I will, therefore, for the time being, confine myself to the family letters and papers that I own or that have come to my attention.

The earliest letters I have were addressed to Govert Loockermans, the American agent for Gillis Verbrugen & Sons of Amsterdam. He had as a partner Isaac Allerton, who came over on the *Mayflower*, but left Plymouth for New York and later went to Virginia. Allerton was no relation of ours, but was the forefather of Robert E. Lee, George Washington, President Taylor, and many other Southerners.

The wording of three letters I have is quaint enough to merit their being printed:

TRANSLATION

"Cousin Goverdt Loockermans,

Praise be to God: April 18, 1646, at Amsterdam.
Honorable, discreet Cousin, Salute: Your favor of April from Plymouth came well to hand, but learned with regret therefrom that you had a heavy cold, but the good Lord be thanks for the favorable outcome, but we hope that you will have already read therefrom that they hope to hear in due time of our intention to write you, via London, the 22nd inst., but wish the same may be late, and the bringer of these, Gay Janse, has had serious quarrels about the stowing of his ship, as you will hear. Mr. Stuyvesant does not yet know when the gentlemen will have

funds, and must still go patiently to meeting for 5 or 6 months for Lieutenant to Brazil. Willem de Haey will be ready within 6 weeks; the ship is of 80 to 90 lasts burthen, with 8 pieces; news has not occurred here since your departure; nothing more then; hope you will have arrived there promptly and before the arrival of these. If this happens that way, trust you will have done quite some before her arrival, and hope for a good voyage. Remain with all good friends, as skipper and mate, cordially greeted, and commended in the protection of the Almighty, by your pious cousin,

Gillies Verbruge en Soon."

Endorsed:

The remarks with regard to Stuyvesant are not clear. I think the writer tries to hint the following:

"Mr. Stuyvesant does not know when the directors of the Dutch West India Co. will appoint him to the post at New Amsterdam. It may take five or six months—he may even be sent to Brazil."

His commission to take charge of both the civil government and the affairs of the Dutch West India Company, was issued July 28, 1646.

The second letter reads as follows:

"Cousin Loockermans.

Praised be God!

Amsterdam, December 17th, 1649.

Honorable, very discreet Cousin, Salute!

Our last was about the English Virginias, in which was mentioned the arrival of our ship "the Valckenier," and that the health of the friends was the sweetest, and that she arrived in Texel, and 8 days later Castrick. The Lord be thanked and praised! The return cargo has since been sold, as shown in the statement below, and these few lines are principally for the purpose of announcing to you the sale, and further we refer to our ship or Castrick, as this ship goes first to the Caribbees and

will probably arrive late at your port. There will be some delay for us and Castrick, as hard work from the Hague is awaiting everybody, which probably will turn out well, as bearer will tell you personally, and if the work turns out well, a good many vessels and people, and consequently many cargoes will go there this year, for the extensive land-redemption may be good for the Country, but bad for trade, therefore turn all you can into beavers, and collect outstanding debts vigorously. Business will be dull this year, reason why we have resolved to do little this year. We will send a small cargo of some 5 or 6 thousand guilders, for wet goods and goods for family use will come in abundance, so that little can be done therein. Our bearskins have not been sold and I am afraid that they will not bring 6 guilders. The . . . are also unsold, they offered us not quite 5 stuijvers. The New Netherlands roll-tobacco may not bring 4 stuijvers, is also unsold. It is very strong and full of stems, which people here are very much opposed to.

Here follows statement of sale of the return cargo, arrived by the ship "The Valckenier":

For 104 deerskins, together	F 1250:--
" 101 rolls Christoffers, tobacco, 5947	
lbs. at 12 guilders,	713:--
" 260 Otters, together,	2015:--
" 4105 Beavers, "	26855:--
112 ditto from Hardenberg	F 784.
" 72 " " Abram Staedts 594.	1378:--
<hr/>	
" 3122 lbs. Stock fish salt, together	494:4:--
" one half sugar, weighing here 2683	
lbs. at 7 stuijvers,	932:4:8
" 500 foxes, the whole lot at 15 stuijvers	
each,	370:--
<hr/>	

Grand Total, F 34007:8:8

This for advice, and receive the cordial greetings from

Yours friends,

(W.S.) Gillis Vergrugge & Soon.

(W.S.) Gerret Arentsen Zwijck.

Greetings to Cousin Vergrugge; his father and mother, and sisters and brother, are still, God be praised, in good health.”
Endorsed: “Honorable, provident, very discreet Mr. Govert Loockermans Merchant in The New Netherlands.

Dear Sir & Friend commended to God.”

Grandpa Abram Staedts, referred to as shipping 72 beavers, was Doctor Abraham Staats of Albany. He carried on a large trade between Albany and New Amsterdam, freighting his goods up and down the River in his “yacht” *Claverack*.

1650-1685

THIS period was marked by the settling of the interior. The first colonists to arrive contented themselves with remaining close to where they landed in seaport towns. Gradually, as the available land was taken up, little bands of pioneers, usually led by a minister, pushed into the wilderness to find new homes. We know of those who succeeded and of some of those who failed, but many were never heard of again. Famine took some, cold and exposure others, but by far the greater number were killed or taken into captivity by the Indians, on whose hunting grounds they were trespassing. Therefore, during this trek inland it is not surprising that there should have been Indian Wars. The best known was called "King Phillip's War." Many of our ancestors fought in this war. The two most distinguished were Constant Southworth of Duxbury, Mass., and Robert Treat, later famous for the hiding of the Connecticut Charter when he was Governor of Connecticut in Andros' time.

There was little or no money in most of the settlements. All trade was by barter. To survive, one had to be a good hand at trading. Beaver skins and tobacco were the gold and silver of our ancestors. The former could be obtained by trading with the Indians, and tobacco was easy to raise for a time until the land became exhausted by the constant planting of the same crop. Europe was the best market, as well as the source of supply for clothes, household equipment, etc. The profits and risks were great, more particularly so in smuggling goods to and from the West Indies.

The following is a copy of a letter, or part of letter, without date, addressed to "Anneke Stuyvesants at New York."

"*Sister Elizabeth*, I inform you that I have received a letter in Dutch from Lievynis Van Schaick that 25 hogsheads of sugar

have arrived from Amsterdam for us jointly, of which twenty have been captured by the French, and recaptured by our people so that the skipper was obliged to buy the sugar again, and we are at a great loss thereby. Schaick writes that he believes that the hogsheads have been taken, so that we sustain a severe loss; that therefore there are now at Amsterdam for you two hundred and thirty guilders Dutch money, and he Lievynis Van Schaick, can sell this for a draft or order goods for it.

“And herewith may you be commended to the Lord.

“Your sister,

“Alyda Schuyler.”

Sister Elizabeth referred to in this letter, was Elizabeth Van Schlechtenhorst, second wife of Nicholas Wm. Stuyvesant, whom she married in 1681. The writer of the letter, Alyda Van Schlechtenhorst, married first Gerrit Van Schaick, then Pieter Davidse Schuyler, nephew of Philip Pieterse Schuyler. The date of this letter is some time after 1681, the year of Elizabeth Van Schlechtenhorst's marriage to Stuyvesant, and before her second marriage in 1698. This second match proved unfortunate.

“Memoranda van Klaverack.

“At the time that Governor Andros was Governor for the first time, my father Slichtenhorst bought land from the savages, Red Hawk, the savage and more others which is called Klaverack. Jan Hendrick Salberge also had a piece of land which was situated near by, so they have a deed together, each half of the land; now as my father Slichtenhorst was on his deathbed, he thought it well to leave this land to his children; firstly he gives to Alida Slichtenhorst sixty acres, Cato, Hille-gondt the remaining, of my brother Gerret Slichtenhorst and Elizabeth money and gold; now, as Gerret Slichtenhorst was going to Holland, he left his land to me by testament and deed of gift, which Gerardts has now; Gonda was compelled to transfer hers to Sydenham, as he gave her no peace. When I had been unhappily married to Sydenham for about a year and a half, I came along the Broad Way, go where . . . Pamerton lived, sees me passing, calls me and asks me whether I was making a

fool of him; I said that I did not know for what, and that, never in my life, had I spoken one word to him or against him; well, he says here is a writing or deed of gift of Klaverack to be signed; I said that I knew nothing of it, that whoever had put him to work might sign it too, so I thought that Sydenham did not know I had it, as I had never told him, but had it already recorded with Mr. Sierpis, how about 4 months after I was very ill, being pregnant with Jan Syd, so he sends the sleigh to town where a party was being given by the Pamertis, and Mr. Bockly and crooked Lodloo; in the drawing room they had their fun, as they were in the middle of their sport, I had an attack, and could not speak a word and Pamerton, who had also come, did not believe but what I was dying, runs to them and says: do you sit here and are so merry, Madame Syd lies dying; at once all came out who were there and began to read; honest Lodloo, who is the contriver of all evil, his name I heard read, as I thought, but as soon as it was done, Syd takes a seat in the bed to hold me up, while Pameter wrote with my hand, also it is said that they have asked me whether I did this of my free will, and I should have said yes, what I do believe to be the truth, because since Pameter had spoke to me, I lived in hell; locked up everything there was; many a time I have concealed the food for my children in the cellar under the tub, locked the cupboard that contained the food, yes not so much as a drink of beer for myself or for the children, tied the negroes up and whipped them for nothing yes, threatened me to cut the tongue from my throat if I said anything against him; his wife was his own as long as he did not beat her to death.

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and so I have forgotten how I came into the land of Klaverack, after my brother had gone to Holland, war came with the savages, so that my sister Cato had to leave her land, Alyda was burned twice, Hillegont was also in want of money, so that I bought these three parts without Stuyvesant's knowledge, and have paid it through neighbor Moonviele and Abram de Pister, and had Robber Lifveston, who was Secretary, write it in Stuyvesant's name, as it will appear; now, as Stuyvesant was on his deathbed, I have brought these transfers to him, and said that

he should dispose of them as he thought good, it is bought and paid for; so he had made it over to me by deed of gift.

Eliz. Stuyvesant."

I never thought very highly of Elizabeth Van Schlechtenhorst. Perhaps this feeling is due to the fact that she married a second time after she had been a widow for a very short time. Aunt Tinie once said of Greatgrandma Kean, that she could not forgive Grandma for her second marriage to a Pole.

During this period lived another ancestor, Robert Livingston, whom I have always put in the "Dr. Fell" class.

With regard to his meeting his wife, there is an interesting family legend.

Nicholas Van Rensselaer was suddenly taken ill on his way up to Albany in his sloop. Feeling that his end was near, he sent for a lawyer to make his will. The lawyer who came aboard was Robert Livingston. As soon as the sick man saw him, he turned his face to the wall and said, "Not him, for he will marry my wife."

Under the portrait of Nicholas Van Rensselaer, Dominie Selyns wrote:

"The Portrait of Dominie Nicholas Van Rensselaer,
prophet to Charles II, King of England.

It is Rensellaer or no
Who Netherland informed has
of blessings and of woe
and Charles' crown forewarned has
Long ere he came thereto."

This refers to another prophecy made by Van Rensselaer, who was supposed to have second sight, namely that Charles II would be King of England while the latter was a fugitive in Holland. Both prophecies were fulfilled.

Among my ancestors whom I disliked, might be included a dozen or more witch-hunting New Englanders. Strange to say, one of these New England ancestors brought an aunt of mine to trial for witchcraft. She was a niece of Peter Stuyvesant's.

When Governor Stuyvesant landed in 1647, New Amsterdam contained about one hundred and fifty houses. The population was about six or eight hundred. The houses were scattered about where the whim of their owners had placed them—on muddy lanes and cow paths.

The buildings in the city were of the poorest class; the builders constructed for cheapness. A document of that period says: "The greater part of the habitations in this City are built of wood and covered with reeds, and some have wooden chimneys." "Hog-pens and hay-barracks were in many of the gardens, fronting the street, adjoining the habitations of the citizens." Many, or the greater part of the citizens, were accustomed to building their privies even with the ground and projecting them into the street, with an opening so that the hogs might come and consume the filth and cleanse the same; by which, not only an offensive smell was occasioned, but the paths became filthy and unfit for use.

During the winter months when game was scarce, wolves were a cause of danger, and at times wrought havoc with the cattle. One of the first entries in the Newtown records (Vol. I, page 41), gives a list of names of inhabitants who subscribed to a fund to exterminate wolves. Jonathan Fish paid twelve shillings as his share.

The Dutch West India Company's boweries outside the town were partly destroyed during the Indian troubles of 1642-43. The cattle with which these farms had been stocked developed a strange "wander lust" under the rule of Governor Van Twiller, "believe it or not." They moved north to Killian Van Rensselaer's land at Albany. There on Van Rensselaer's farm they once more found peace and contentment after their long journey through the woods. Van Twiller was Van Rensselaer's nephew.

From 1650 on, the frontier character of the seaboard towns began to change rapidly. A few years after Stuyvesant came here his Bouwerie was well cared for and neatly laid out with orchards, lawns, and a quaint Dutch flower garden. The house was of stone and was planned along the lines of Dutch farmhouses of that day. The last of Stuyvesant's pear trees to sur-

vive was knocked down by a drunken Irish truckman in 1867. Pieces of the old tree are treasured by members of the family.

“Whitehall,” the governor’s official residence, which he built in 1658, was much more imposing. It was surrounded by lawns and orchards running down to the river where the governor’s barge was moored to a flight of stone steps. Deer grazed on the property which was surrounded by a high fence.

The early log cabins were replaced by more substantial houses. Brick that was brought in the ships from Europe as ballast was used in building a few houses for the richer people. The most common dwelling of this period was the “Palisade House.” These houses were built by placing sills directly upon the ground, in which were bored two parallel rows of holes, some six inches apart, for the insertion of poles. The space between was filled in with stones and clay, leaving openings for a door and windows. The roof was thatched with a long sedge-grass found in the meadows, and as a substitute for glass in the windows, oiled paper was used. The chimney was built of sticks, laid up cobhouse fashion, and well daubed with clay, or mortar, made from shells. The fireplace was of stone, some eight feet wide and five or six feet deep, and the mantel so high that a tall person could walk under it by stooping a little. Within its grateful warmth the family forgathered of an evening. The oven was often built on the outside of the house with the mouth opening in one corner, on the back side of the fireplace. The fire was built in the center, and on a cold winter evening, the seat in the chimney-corner was most agreeable—a luxury unknown in modern times.

Two of our forebears built houses of this pattern in Yarmouth,—Richard Sears and John Crow. The latter’s house stood for nearly two hundred years.

In New York and Plymouth Colony, the governor, deputy-governor, and magistrates and assistants, the ministers of the gospel and elders of the church, schoolmasters, commissioned officers in the militia, men of wealth, or men connected with the families of the nobility or gentry, were entitled to the prefix Mr., pronounced Master, and their wives, Mrs. or Mistress.

This rule was rigidly enforced in early Colonial times, and

in lists of names it was almost invariably the custom to commence with those who stood highest in rank, and follow in order to the lowest. Our forefathers claimed, and were cheerfully accorded the title, due to their birth and position, and it is unwise to claim for them any title which they did not themselves assume.

The pews of the gentry, near the pulpit, were square or oblong and had seats on all four sides. The rest of the congregation sat in long, narrow pews which faced the pulpit and altar. Servants and slaves worshiped in the gallery.

1685-1720

THE French branch of the family led, for the most part, the lives of farmers and Indian traders. It was a hard country to live in. The people were poor and raised large families. A large family was an asset in those days, but even an extensive farm could not be divided among the children's children of the original owner, so the family moved westward along the banks of the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Three Rivers, to Montreal, and finally to Detroit.

We know very little about these people, except for the records kept by the Roman Catholic Church of their births, marriages, and deaths, with perhaps a laconic remark by the parish priest when he made the entry. From these notes we know that Urbain Baudry of Three Rivers was a toolmaker; his son Guillaume, an armorer and silversmith; and Gaspard Boucher, a carpenter of Cape Madeleine. All we know of Jean Doyon of Quebec is the priest's notation that "he died like a saint." Martin Boutet, Sieur de St. Martin, is a little better known. He lived at Quebec, where he was professor of mathematics. He was musical—a rare gift in our family, and he accompanied the choir on the violin. Marie, his daughter, became an Ursuline nun, "Sister St. Augustine." In the church in Quebec burns a lamp that she is said to have tended for many years of her life.

At Three Rivers, the ruins of a family house are just distinguishable among weeds and underbrush. A few miles below Montreal, on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, stands the Boucher house, now a Catholic church. As a matter of fact, nine-tenths of all the houses and lands that used to belong to members of the family are church property, or were church property some ten or twelve years ago when I made a tour of

the St. Lawrence Valley to try to locate any traces of the family.

Every small town in Canada today, boasts the surname of one of our ancestors in the person of the butcher, baker, garage owner, lawyer or Mayor—even the Dionne quintts are, I believe, kin of ours, through Jean Doyon of sainted memory, the spelling being changed by three centuries of illiterate kinsmen.

During the French and Indian Wars of 1689, many of the family served in one capacity or another. Henry Cuyler and Gerardus Beekman were majors. James Graham was a colonel in a Westchester regiment. Through his wife, Dorothy Howard, we can trace our ancestry to the kings of England—at present a doubtful asset (1940).

The first mail from New York to Boston, which was the beginning of our postal system, started on New Year's day, 1673. No fixed itinerary was determined upon. Which route to take was left to the discretion of the post riders, but there was little choice. The only way to get through the wilderness was to use the game trails and the paths worn by the Indians in going from one hunting ground to another. A map of the railroads and air lines of today follows closely the old Post Road routes which in turn followed the Indian trails. This early post was the first link of the chain that later welded the colonies into the federal union against Great Britain. Governor Lovelace, who originated the idea, wished "to beget a mutual understanding." This happened, but with results far different from those hoped for by the English governor.

In 1688, King James decided to be absolute monarch, both of England and this country. To accomplish this, it was proposed that New York, New Jersey, and New England should be united as one crown colony, with Major Andros as Royal Governor. Andros failed in this and when James II lost his crown, the government that Andros had attempted to set up fell to pieces, and Andros was arrested in Boston.

England and France were at war. Frontenac moved west to what now is Kingston, Ontario, where he built a fort. With this as a base, he attacked the Iroquois Indians, who were friendly to the English.

Wild stories spread of a plot on the part of Nicholson, the Papist, Lieutenant Governor of New York, to take over the town and hold it for King James, now in exile in France.

At this stage of events, Jacob Leisler, a rich German merchant in New York, refused to pay the duty due on a cargo, claiming that the Collector of the Port was a Roman Catholic and that no duly authorized government existed. In this crisis, a stupid remark of the Lieutenant Governor's was misconstrued into a threat to burn the town. Wild rumors spread. The next morning a crowd of townspeople and five of the train-bands induced Leisler to seize the fort. This he did without resistance on the part of Nicholson. The town was now divided into two groups: Leisler's party—the party of the common people, tradesmen, and artisans; and the opposition—made up of former office holders under King James. Leisler appointed a council or committee of safety, in which a number of the family, including Samuel Edsall and his son-in-law Captain Benjamin Blagge, held office. It is interesting to note that the capture of a French prize by Blagge was one of the alleged proofs given of the existence of a popish plot to take New York. This French ship was more than likely the one on which Alyda Schuyler and Elizabeth Stuyvesant had their unfortunate experience with a cargo of sugar.

The family in the Leisler affair was on both sides. Leisler imprisoned Dr. Gerardus Beekman. Robert Livingston escaped prison but played the part of chief hangman later. Briefly, what Leisler did was to create an emergency government to take over when King James was beaten by William of Orange. Nicholson was known to be a Catholic, and was suspected, rightly or wrongly, of having traitorous plans of going over to the French. Both Massachusetts and Connecticut approved Leisler's action. That he was loyal to the new king and queen is shown by the fact that he changed the name of Fort James to Fort William. The people of Albany refused to acknowledge the authority of Leisler, but Long Island, Westchester, and Orange did. At Albany, Peter Schuyler and Robert Livingston opposed him for a time, but when Schenectady was burned by the French and a large part of the population massacred, the peo-

ple of Albany were only too ready to welcome the troops Leisler sent there, and surrendered Fort Orange to him. Having gotten control of New York, Leisler tried to unite the Colonies against the French and sent Benjamin Blagge on February 24, 1689, to New Haven to get the aid of the New England Colonies.

Leisler thought the united command should be given to New York. In this case he would have been in charge and would have acted with energy. However, when the command was given to Winthrop of Massachusetts, the expedition failed, either through the lack of team work on the part of New York and Massachusetts, or because of bad management on the part of Winthrop. After the failure of the expedition against Canada, Blagge was sent to England to lay before the king Leisler's side of the dispute. He failed in this, maybe because he arrived in England too late. Sloughter had been already commissioned governor of New York and was on the point of sailing for his post when Blagge landed. The king was not in London and Blagge's papers were turned over to the new governor with the request that he read them. Possibly he did, but probably he did not even look them over.

Sloughter delayed his sailing, sending ahead a major of foot, Ingoldsby by name. Leisler foolishly refused to acknowledge him as the representative of the Crown. This gave his enemies the opportunity to work against him and a few days later when Sloughter arrived, Leisler was regarded as nothing more than a rebel by the English. He and his son-in-law, Milbourne, were tried for treason, convicted, and hanged.

New York, during Sloughter's rule, was the market for the plunder of the pirates. Once as many as nine pirate ships were in the harbor at the same time. This trade was encouraged by the merchants of New York, who profited largely thereby. The home government took another view of the matter. For the purpose of stopping this trade, Earl Bellomont was sent to New York. By a strange perversity of fortune, Bellomont played a chief part in setting afloat one of the most notable pirates—William Kidd.

It was decided that the best method of getting rid of the

pirates was to charter and equip a ship to suppress piracy. Bellomont, the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Somers, the Earls of Romney and Oxford were shareholders in the enterprise. Robert Livingston, then in London, was the prime mover in this venture. The king of England also had shares.

Captain Kidd was given command of this venture, due to Grandpa Livingston's urging,—in fact he went bond for Kidd's good behavior. How Kidd tried in the beginning to do what was intended, and how he finally turned pirate, the myths of his buried treasure here, there, and nowhere, and his hanging at Execution Dock in the City of London, are matters of history. Doubtless, he deserved to be hanged, but if his case had not been used to throw mud at people in high places, he would probably have gone free, as all the other pirates at this time were granted pardons. In this general pardon, Kidd, mentioned by name, was made the exception and scapegoat.

1720-1775

THE next important event in New York was the struggle for a Free Press. In this fight, Grandpas, James Alexander and Lewis Morris played important parts.

When Governor Cosby came to this country he sued Rip Van Dam for the salary which the latter had drawn as deputy governor before Cosby arrived in New York. William Smith and James Alexander were counsel for Van Dam. Governor Cosby lost his case in court. Out of revenge he removed Chief Justice Lewis Morris, before whom the case was tried, and made a Court of Equity out of the Supreme Court, with James De Lancey as Chief Justice. There were two newspapers in New York at the time: one called the *New York Gazette*, printed by William Bradford, upheld Governor Cosby; the other, edited by John Peter Zenger, a German, called the *New York Weekly Journal*, took the side of Van Dam, Morris, Smith, and Alexander. Cosby finally tried to stop further attacks, first by offering a reward of £200 for the name of the author of "two scandalous printed songs." Failing in this, the Council on November 6, 1734, ordered numbers 7, 47, 48, and 49 of the *Journal* to be burnt by the hangman. A court order prevented the hangman from taking part in the destruction, but nevertheless the papers were publicly burnt, although not by a court officer. Zenger was thrown into prison. Alexander and Smith, the probable authors of most of the articles against Cosby, acted as Zenger's counsel. They took exception to the case being tried before the Supreme Court; 1st, on the legality of the appointment of the court; 2d, that the Judges were only appointed by the Governor and not directly elected by the Council; and 3d, that if the court was duly constituted, there was no authority for it to rule on a case of that kind; jurisdiction was lacking.

On April 16, 1735, the court ordered that James Alexander

and William Smith, attorneys of this court, having presumed to deny the legality of the judges' commissions, be excluded from further practice in the court. There were no other lawyers in New York State willing to take Alexander's and Smith's place, so Andrew Hamilton from Philadelphia was prevailed upon to take the case. Family tradition says that Mrs. James Alexander made a trip to Philadelphia with the papers relating to the case quilted in her best silk petticoat. Andrew Hamilton came to New York and won the case, thus establishing the freedom of the press and thereby creating the division of the great families of New York that affected the outcome of the Revolution. The De Lancey family fought for the Crown, and the Morris and Alexanders for the Colonies.

The children of those who worked in behalf of Zenger and those who cheered when he was released were the "Patriots" of the American Revolution, while the descendants of the men who tried to convict him were "Tories." As Hamilton, a Philadelphia lawyer, won the case, the phrase "as smart as a Philadelphia lawyer" was coined.

The name of Yankee was first given to the settlers of New England by the Indians. They had other names less harsh in sound that they used in trading with the colonies to the south of Connecticut, with whom they were on much more friendly terms.

The distrust the Indians had for the people of New England was shared by the inhabitants of New York. As early as 1641, I find reference to the poor quality of goods arriving from New England, and the advisability of caution in this trade.

The feud went on for generations as a few instances will show.

I

EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF LEWIS MORRIS OF MORRISANIA

Proved 1762

Liber 23, p. 426.

"My actions have been so inconsiderable in the World that the most durable monument will but perpetuate my folly while

it lasts. My desire is that nothing be mentioned about me, not so much as a single line in a newspaper to tell the World I am dead. That I have lived to very little purpose, my children will remember with concern when they see the small pittance I have left them; for children judge of the wisdom, goodness and affection of their parents by the largeness of the bequests coming to them.

“It is my desire that my son Gouverneur Morris may have the best education that is to be had in England or America, but my express will and directions are that he be never sent for that purpose to the Colony of Connecticut; lest he shall imbibe in his youth that low craft and cunning so incident to the people of that country that all their art cannot disguise it from the World, tho’ many of them under the Sanctified Garb of Religion, have endeavored to impose themselves on the World for honest men.”

“I have uttered that sentiment once.”

II

N. Fish to Richard Varick—

“This phenomenon took Place on Sunday Mornng last when our Brigade, who were the last in the City excepting the Guards, marched to the lines back of Stuyvesants, where from the Movements of the Enemy it was evident was the (preparation)? for landing—The Enemy’s Ships of War being drawn up in Line of Battle parallel to the Shore, the Troops to the amount of about 4,000 being embarked in flat bottom Boats, and the Boats paraded—A Cannonade from the Ships began, which far exceeded my Ideas, and which seemed to infuse a Panic thro’ the whole of our Troops, especially the Connecticut Troops, who unfortunately were posted upon the left, where the Enemy landed without the least opposition; for upon their near approach to the (Shore)? these dastardly sons of Cowardice deserted their Lines and fled in the greatest Disorder and precipitature & I know (not)? but I may venture to say infected those upon the Right, who speedily copied their vile conduct, (and)? pursued them in their flight. I am sorry to say

that the Panic seized as well Officers (& those of distinction) as Men, in so much that it magnified the Number of the Enemy to thrice the Reality, & generated substances from their own shadows, which greatly assisted them in their flight to the Heights above Harlem."

"I have uttered that sentiment once.

You will find I have told it you twice."

III

As a rule Grandpa did not like Bostonians. When my father suggested that an investment in a copper company, financed in Boston, might be profitable, he writes as follows:

H. Fish to S. Fish, Sr.—

"July 24th, 1888.

"No, I do *not* admire the Boston Mutual Admirationists—never did—there is no *recent* "excess" or "access," but my dislike is *Chronic*. I am not, momentarily or periodically excited against them, but (as the lawyer says, in challenging Jurors, 'for cause'—or 'peremptorially') I dislike them peremptorially and also for cause—the whole lot of them—"kit, kin, and cous"—and yet, I am an "Alumnus of Harvard" having received the Honorary Degree of L.L.D. from that University. Doubtless, there are very many nice people, in and about Boston. I know several—but the Mutual Admirationists are a lot of mean cowardly whelps, who summon the whole kennel, when imprudence, or indiscretion if one of them gets into trouble and then by combined barking, howling shewing of teeth they think that they are shewing a courage, and a power which neither collectively or individually do they possess—but—let them go—if they are friends of yours, I take it back, *in order to pass it off to some one else*, what I have said.

"I do not care a Continental Copper for any of that Boston crowd, of conceited Mutual Admiration members, who in their Poetry—their Oratory—their declamation—their public address—even in their *publicly offered* prayers, profess, sympathy, affection and love, *general and universal*—the most un-

true and imbecile lot of intelligent mortals, on whom the sun shines—but, fortunately, in Boston, even the sun shines coldly and generally with a chilling North East Wind. In charity let us hope that this may, at least, in part, account for some of the narrowness, bigotry, and cold heartedness and insincerity of those Mutual Admirators—but let them go—they are not worth getting angry about.”

“I have uttered that sentiment once.

You will find I have told it you twice.

The proof is complete if only I’ve stated it thrice.”

1775-1783

JONATHAN FISH, a direct descendant of the first Jonathan, was a small merchant in New York. His family consisted of his wife, daughter Sarah, son Nicholas, and himself,—all loyalists with the exception of Nicholas. Jonathan held an office in the Customs Department that brought him in a good salary. The family “had neither poverty nor riches.” They lived in the old “corner” house at Newtown, Long Island, which with its barns, live stock, and fertile fields helped support the family.

They were quiet people, satisfied with their lot in life. Their neighbors were their kinsfolk,—the Berriens, Sacketts, Lawrences, and Alsops. Of course there were others not so closely related,—the Varicks and the Knoxes. The church was the chief center of social intercourse for both sexes. The men had town meetings, training days, roof raisings, etc., where they would assemble without their wives. At home, among the better class families, was a goodly supply of books to read,—works by Shakespeare, the British poets, Fielding, Richardson, and Miss Burney. For those of a more religious turn of mind, books by Taylor, Tillotson, Harvey, and Bunyan furnished diversion.

In 1774 or '75, with war imminent, Jonathan resigned his government position, closed his office in New York, and returned to Newtown with his wife and his son Nicholas. The youth had been studying law in Morin Scott's law office since 1772, having finished his early education under Benjamin Moore by that time.

The Fish family at Newtown viewed with alarm the growing sentiment against the British Government, more particularly so as Nicholas, in Morin Scott's office, was right in the center of rebel activities. He was in daily association with Alexander Hamilton, Richard Varick, Robert Troup, and Morin Scott, all of whom were bitterly opposed to the Crown. To remove

Nicholas from this environment, he was sent to Princeton. However, he only stayed there for about a year. In 1775 he was once again back in New York renewing his law studies, but not for long.

At about noon on a quiet Sunday late in April, 1775, a travel-stained rider on a jaded horse rode into town. The rider was Israel Bissell of East Windsor, Connecticut. He had ridden all the way from New Haven that day, having left there at two o'clock in the morning. He carried with him the news of Concord and Lexington. Bissell rode almost continuously from 10 A.M., April 19th (the time of his departure from Watertown, Massachusetts), to 5 P.M., April 24th (the hour of his arrival in Philadelphia). On this long trip he only stopped to rest for a few hours in New Haven, and for about four hours in New York. A New York paper of April 24th carried the following account of Bissell's ride:

"Yesterday morning, we had reports in this City from Rhode Island and New London, that an action had happened between the King's Troops and the Inhabitants of Boston, which was not credited, but about 12 o'clock an express arrived with the following account, viz: Watertown, Wednesday morning, near ten o'clock, To all Friends of American Liberty let it be known: That this morning before break of day a Brigade, consisting of about 1,000 or 1,200 men, landed at Phip's Farm at Cambridge and marched to Lexington where they found a Company of our Colony Militia in Arms upon whom they fired without any provocation and killed six men and wounded four others.

"By an express from Boston, we find another Brigade are upon their march from Boston, supposed to be about 1,000. The Bearer, Israel Bissell, is charged to alarm the Country quite to Connecticut, and all persons are desired to furnish him with fresh horses as they may be needed.

"I have spoken with several, who have seen the dead and wounded. Pray let the Delegates from this Colony to Connecticut see this: They know Colonel Foster of Brookfield, one of our Delegates. (signed) T. Palmerone of the Committee for

S—Y. "A true copy taken from the original per order of the Committee of Correspondence for Worcester, April 19, 1775."

On April 25, 1775, 376 good firelocks, bayonets, cartouch boxes and belts had been issued to citizens who volunteered for service. By April 28, these citizens were organized into a regular guard under command of Marius Willets, Captain. The various stations and details were carefully laid out. Nicholas was on "the First Release at Capt. Searas." There is a note after his name that he set out "1/4 past 1."

In the spring of 1776, Nicholas Fish and Richard Varick's younger brother John were serving in one of the companies of Ritzen (Militia) under command of Colonel Rudolph Ritzema. In this Volunteer Organization, Nicholas Fish had the rank of Lieutenant. In his new uniform, he crossed the ferry to Brooklyn and rode up to the family's house at Newtown. His arrival in uniform was his family's first knowledge that he had taken the final step which they had dreaded for so long.

"April 16, 1917.

S. Fish, Sr. to Hon. John Sharp Williams,

"When the young man (eighteen years of age) bade them (his family) goodbye to join the Continental Army, his mother, good woman, got down on her knees and prayed God that the boy might break his leg getting over the stile and so be prevented from becoming a traitor to his King. He never saw his mother again as she died during the war and within the British lines."

It is interesting to note that Nicholas Fish began his military service in New York City and that after eight and one half years of almost continuous service he finished it in the same place. In 1775 he started his service by guarding old "King" Sear's house near the Battery, and in 1783 he witnessed the departure of the English from nearly the same spot.

Nicholas Fish's correspondence with Richard Varick gives a clear picture of his military activities at this time and also of the preparations made for the English invasion.

From a letter of April 9, 1776, we learn of the activities in

and about New York. The city proper was almost deserted except for the troops. "Picture to yourself the once flourishing City evacuated of its members (especially the fair). Business of every kind stagnated—all its streets that lead from the North and East Rivers blockaded and nothing but military operations our current employment." He speaks of being busy on fatigue duty building a redoubt round the hospital. This "did not agree well with the tender hands and delicate texture of many," but it was "executed with amazing agility and neatness." Another fort, "superior in strength," was built at Bayard's Mount, and was re-christened "Montgomerie Mount as a monument to the great Hero." The old battery was strengthened and two forts were built on Long Island. They worked every day in the week. "Sundays, we have none of, all Days come alike." Generals Putnam, Sullivan, Heath, and Thompson, and Lord Stirling were in town "and Washington hourly expected." There were about 14,000 troops and fresh arrivals from Cambridge daily." On the Sunday before, an English landing party in search of water for the fleet in the Narrows, was driven off with the loss of about twenty-four men killed, wounded, and captured. "The Colonial records were removed for safe keeping to Mr. Bayard's Farm."

"May 16, 1776.

N. Fish to Richard Varick,

"On Friday next, our Company will have completed the month appointed them by Congress to guard the Records of the Province, when I intend to apply to Mr. Scott, for permission to shut up the office as there is not business enough to make my attendance there necessary, and indulge myself with a ramble through the country.

"We have a report among us that the French have opened their Ports to the Colonies and determined our shipping within a considerable number of Leagues of their coast. It is said a letter from Sam'l Carson who resides in one of the West Indies Islands, to his brother, brings this agreeable information. What think you of it Would it not bring about a European War? I pray to the Lord it may, and be the means of securing to us a peaceful independence upon Great Britain. What American

(that is not a disgrace to the name) can brook the thought of being dependent upon a Power that both exhausted its strength and treasure in endeavoring to subjugate and make us slaves. Surely there is none especially when interest cries so loudly against it. By Heavens I would rather fight to my knees in blood than see these promising Colonies dependant upon that though once flourishing and venerated, now degraded, sullied, and infamous Britain. Where are the much talked of command? Why do they not advise? Because it was never intended they should, it was a mere bug-bear to lull us into inactivity; but if contrary to all human probability immediately upon their arrival, receive them, make them captives must be the language of every honest American.

“I am extremely anxious about the Canadian Expedition. It is imminently important, until lately too little attention has been bestowed thitherward; however, if we do but succeed now and take it before a reinforcement shall arrive I’ll bid defiance to the United Powers, to that Monster of Great Britain, George the Third, and his co-adjutor the Devil, to retake it.

“Morpheus just now invites me to his embraces, and so irresistably as to compel the compliance.”

“P.S.

I live the life of a bachelor, no one with me but a negro. I find from the want of females about house the necessity of them. They’re beyond a doubt necessary for existance.”

A letter of May 30 explains Varick’s desire for a pair of pistols. He and a man called “Copp” were going to fight a duel. Nicholas Fish offered to act as Varick’s second. Having failed to buy a pair of pistols, he states that he has “partly” (practically) “the loan of a pair that will answer—thereby saving \$20.”

A little later, during the early part of 1776, Nicholas Fish entered the service of the state as a lieutenant in the first New York Regiment. Holding this rank, he fought in the battle of Long Island, though he was actually by brevet, brigade major (Scott’s Brigade). On the occasion of the American forces leav-

ing the Island, a circumstance of a rather singular nature occurred which nearly proved to be the destruction of one of the American regiments. When it was determined that the Army should retire, arrangements were made to transport it during the night. One regiment, supposed to have crossed with the others, was left behind. It was under the command of Colonel Haslet of Delaware, and occupied the extreme right of the line. Major Fish, previous to his own crossing, requested permission to visit the lines so lately occupied by the army then in flight. His object was principally to gratify the curiosity of a young soldier, but to this curiosity may possibly be attributed the salvation of one entire regiment. After riding some distance, he was challenged by a sentinel on duty. Supposing himself to have missed his direction, his first impression was that he had fallen in with one of the enemy's outposts. To retreat was now impossible and the second challenge was answered with a "friend," to which succeeded the usual "friend advance, &c." On approaching he found the alarm had in reality been caused by a friend. The sentinel belonged to Colonel Haslet's regiment. Major Fish immediately announced the removal of the rest of the forces, and orders were given without delay for the withdrawal of Colonel Haslet's Delaware regiment and whatever other troops were in the neighborhood. The last of the regiment were fired on by the British. Nicholas Fish left with them, as did Washington, I believe.

The battle of Long Island was fought on the 27th of August. If the English had followed up their victory on the 27th or early on the morning of the 28th or 29th, they would have been able to cut off a large portion of the American Army. Instead of this, the English waited until September 15th to harass the American Army, strung out all along the fourteen miles of waterfront on the East River. The disastrous route of the American Army has been described elsewhere. A few days later, very surprisingly, the tables were turned on the English.

Nicholas Fish to R. Varick—

"We are now in possession of the ground from the Heights of Harlem to the Heights of West Chester. Our advance Guard

is posted a Mile from our Lines; here it was that our brave and heroic Marylanders Virginians &c. made a Noble and resolute stand against the Efforts of the Enemy on Monday the 16th drove them back, pursued and forced them to retire—The Conduct of our Troops on this occasion was so counter to that of some others the preceding Day as nearly to form a Counterpoise.

“Our troops were in a most desponding Condition before, but now are in good spirits. Our Brigade is encamping upon West Chester side. I am this moment called from this agreeable employment (to)? the most pressing Business, must therefore conclude with subscribing myself.”

“P.S.

“In the action on the 16th we lost about 17 killed and I believe as many wounded. It is remarkable that all our killed were shot thro’ the Head, which induces (the)? belief that they were first taken prisoners, & then massacred.—The Number of the Enemy killed and wounded is not yet known, but it is generally thought, they far exceeded us.”

Nicholas Fish accompanied his brigade. He was in the Battle of White Plains and spent the remainder of the time for which the regiment had enlisted, in Westchester.

“Fish Kill, Dec., 12, 1776.

N. Fish to Richard Varick—

“Sufficient it is to observe that fasting for 24 hours lying upon the wet ground covered by a canopy that affords abundant matter for astronomers, I mean the heavens, and lying upon hay under a soldier’s tent for a fortnight, have not been strangers to us.

“I am happy to hear of your promotion to the rank of Adj. Com. Gen’l or GM Gen’l. I am only unhappy in the way I learned it and cannot be assured of it’s authenticity but if true accept my congratulations.

“As persons in public life, either civil or military, are not possessors of their own time as private individuals may conduct themselves as they please—I therefore expect as I am now re-

duced to private character, to atone for offenses committed when in public capacity.”

The state troops that Nicholas Fish commanded were mustered out of the service. For a time he was at Kingston, staying at General Scott's. It is my belief that during this time he had charge of the obstruction across the Hudson at West Point.

General Heath writes to General Washington:

“November 18th, 1776.

“The chain which has been extended across the River above this place ‘Peekskill’ has broken twice. I must confess that from my first hearing of the intention I expected no real advantage from it.”

Thurlow Weed left a link of this chain to my grandfather, Hamilton Fish, in his will, intimating that Nicholas Fish, who was in the Highlands at about that time, had had something to do with its care or its construction.

On December 23, 1776, while in the neighborhood of West Point and Fishkill, Nicholas Fish was appointed to take charge of a flag of truce at Verplank's Point to escort some Royalist Families to the City.¹ On arriving opposite New York, he communicated his dispatches. While waiting for returns, he was invited on board one of the British vessels, *The Asia*, lying in the East River, a short distance from his father's house at Newtown. Fortunately he accepted the invitation. A violent storm arose in the night and the sloop in which he had come down was blown out to sea. During the delay thus occasioned, he was visited by his father and sister. They told him that his mother was dangerously ill. She had heard of his being off the City and desired him to come ashore. Permission was requested of the Governor, but in vain. Nicholas offered to be blindfolded until he should be in the chamber of his mother. This, too, was refused, avowedly with the intention of inducing him to abandon the cause of the revolution. Governor Tryon, remarking

¹ The party consisted of Mrs. Inglis, Mrs. Livingston, Mrs. Moore, the two Mrs. Lake, and Mrs. Bruce, and eighteen or twenty children of the above, together with Mr. Wallace and Mr. Shearbrooke.

that he knew him, said, "he was a bonnie lad and a kind hearted, and would rather see his mither than rin the risk o' being hanged." Free pardon for the past was offered. It was a trial of patriotism and of filial affection, but his love of country prevailed and he returned with a sad heart, without having seen his mother.

When Washington heard of this episode, he went out of his way to commend Nicholas for his loyalty. "His sister used to pleasantly say this deserved praise gave an instant inch to her brother's stature, which he never lost."

The winter of 1776-77, he spent in Southern Westchester. In February, 1777, General Scott, who wished to attend the meeting of the State Convention at Kingston, left his command in charge of Nicholas Fish. Of this Scott writes: "I thought it my duty as well to save public expense as to be where I could be more useful to return to the Convention. I left the command of my little handful to Major Fish, who with another Major of this State very early a few mornings ago, surprised and killed three light horsemen of the enemy out of six, wounded another, and took one horse; and had it not been for the too great promptitude of the other Major, who killed one of the enemy with his own hand, the whole party might have fallen into our hands. This effort, however, in a young man, though not altogether prudent, yet for a Militia Officer, whom I would much rather see rash than cowardly, is commendable. His name is John Van Rensselaer. He was Major in my brigade under Colonel Humphrey, in the last campaign. I am pleased to see our officers brave. Service will teach them discipline and prudence."

Nicholas, shortly after this, obtained the appointment as Major in the Second New York Regiment drafted into the Continental Service (Col. Philip Van Cortlandt). He joined this regiment in the spring at Peekskill.

During the summer of 1777, he was with the Northern Army, first under Schuyler and then under Gates. A detachment of this Army was sent to relieve Fort Stanwix. Arnold was in command of this detachment of which Nicholas Fish's regiment was a part. Arnold's instructions were to go to Fort Dayton and there raise the Tryon County Militia and go to the aid

of Fort Stanwix. Only one hundred men answered Arnold's summons. The terrible losses at Oriskany had disheartened the Militia. With a force of only nine hundred men, Arnold decided not to attack but to remain at Fort Dayton and await reinforcements.

What he dared not attempt by force he accomplished by strategy. Among some captured tories was a native of Little Falls, Hans Yost Schuyler. This half-witted young man was condemned to death as a spy. On the pleading of his mother, a sister of General Herkimer, the hero of Oriskany, Schuyler was given a chance to save his life, while his brother remained in Arnold's hand as a hostage.

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"After shooting several holes in Hans Yost's coat, to make it look as though he had had a narrow escape in getting away from his captors, they sent the boy to St. Leger's camp. Arriving there he mingled with the Indians and, pretending great excitement and fear, announced that Arnold was rapidly approaching with an immense army. When asked how large, he pointed upward and said that they were as many as the leaves on the trees. Shortly after this Oneida Indians, equally well coached, came in at different times with similar stories, the last saying that Arnold's army was but two miles away and numbered three thousand men. St. Leger's Indians, already thoroughly disgruntled by their casualties at Oriskany, the loss of their supplies in Willetts sortie, and the lack of activity before Fort Stanwix, insisted upon immediate retreat. St. Leger knew that his army without the Indians was inadequate to resist the combined forces of Gansevoort and Arnold, and ordered a return to Oswego.

"Great was the astonishment of the beleaguered garrison of Fort Stanwix, on August 22d, when, after a few hours of severe bombardment, the firing suddenly stopped and the entire army of besiegers faded away to the west. So precipitate was the retreat that tents, supplies, and cannon were all left behind. Fearing a trap, Gansevoort dared not pursue, and merely sent out a scouting party to bring in what plunder it could from the deserted camps. That night Hans Yost Schuyler, having slipped

away from the retreating army, arrived at the fort, and explained to Colonel Gansevoort the reason for the sudden raising of the siege. Two days later Arnold with his army arrived amid great rejoicing at Fort Stanwix."

Arnold marched back to Albany in time to be present at the Battle of Saratoga. Nicholas Fish, who went with him, commanded the outposts during the battle. General Frazer of the English, mortally wounded in the fighting, made a dying request that he should be buried on the battlefield. The following morning a burying party set out from the English camp to fulfill his wishes. The American outpost, at first not realizing what the English were doing, fired on the funeral party. However, as soon as they saw the object of the movement, the firing ceased and the American band played a funeral march.

After the surrender of Burgoyne, the army was suddenly called for the protection of Albany as Sir Henry Clinton was moving northward. The American forces were marched late in October (about the 20th) from Saratoga to Albany in one day. On arriving at the Four Sprouts, as they were called, the Massachusetts troops refused to enter the water. On ascertaining the cause of the halt, Nicholas Fish proposed that the New York and New Hampshire regiments (which were united in the brigade to which he belonged) should be marched in first. On arriving at the stream, the officers dismounted and plunged in, giving command to the men to follow. With this example, the Massachusetts troops followed and the whole army encamped that night in the Patroon's meadow, within a mile of Albany.

Nicholas spent the winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge. During this period the army was reduced to the lowest ebb morally, physically, and in point of numbers. The regiments were a mere corporal's guard. Half of the men were confined to their huts from lack of breeches—the army had truly gone "sans culotte." There were scarcely enough men for the necessary guard and fatigue duties. With the coming of spring things began to improve. As the weather moderated, some of the deserters returned and new recruits began to swell the ranks. These men had to be organized and drilled. At this moment that there

should appear on the scene just the man to fill this post of drill master, looks like the hand of Providence shaping the course of human events. The man in question was Baron Von Steuben, an unfortunate "soldier of fortune," who, like many others, came to this country to try to sell his services to the Revolutionary Army. Steuben started drilling the army March 19, 1778. Under this master of discipline, Nicholas served. How quickly results were obtained is shown by the account of a review held in the camp on May 6th, the day after the new French Alliance was made known to the troops:

"Camp Valley Forge, May 9, 1778.

Nicholas Fish to R. Varick,—

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"Doubtless you have heard the cause, and probably the Particulars of our Rejoicing in Camp on the 6 inst—We were for one Hour employed in returning Thanks to the Supream Governor of the Universe, for the signal Display and Manifestation of his approbation of our just and righteous Exertions in Defence of this infant Empire, and supplicating a continuance of his Favours—At ten o'clock A.M. the Signal Gun for assembling the Troops into Brigades was fired. At 11 agreeable to previous Disposition the Signal was given for the whole line to move in Columns of Brigades to their new Ground, where we past a Review by his Excellency the Commander in Chief—At one o'clock P.M. a Continental Salute of 13 Cannon was given, and immediately succeeded by a feu de joy of a running Fire from right to left thro' the whole line, & concluded with three Cheers of the Line, with the following Expression "Long live the King of France,"—The same Process was repeated and concluded with three Cheers and "Prosperity to the friendly European Powers"—and again repeated, and concluded with "Prosperity to the United States of America"—The afternoon was celebrated by all the Officers of the Army in the most rational and jocund amusem^{ts} at Head Quarters, and the Day concluded with universal Happiness and the strictest Propriety. But here I must stop, here my prospects are sullied. Permit me, dear Varick, to ask your sympathy and condolence on the

melancholy event of my mother's death, the news of which has just reached me since I have been writing, and tintured my most happy moments with misery & gloom by it. I am taught that useful lesson of mortality & to know how closely the miseries of this life are allied with it's pleasure, that while on the one hand we are happy in the enjoyment of it's great blessings and good things, we must remember, on the other hand, that it's stings & afflictions are not far off. My pangs (torn off) as I am told that during her illness my absence gave her infinite distress were I not fully convinced of the Propriety of my conduct, which ever was founded upon the pure Principal of Duty and Love to my Country."

The real test of training and loyalty was to come soon. In the summer of 1778, Nicholas was present at the hard-fought battle of Monmouth. In the evening after this engagement he had occasion to visit the quarters of his commanding officer to receive some orders. He had been all day without food and with but little prospect of obtaining any. After receiving his orders, when on the point of retiring, General Charles Lee inquired if he had had anything to eat, and on receiving a negative answer, invited him to remain and partake of a supper then in preparation. Being late, however, he requested permission to take "a slice" with him. He was supplied with a couple of large pieces of bread with beef between, which he deposited in his hat, and returned to his station, being obliged to cross the field of battle. Nicholas sought his friend, Major John Berrien, who was stationed nearby, and shared his sandwich with him. Neither had eaten since morning.

The following winter, Colonel Van Courtlandt's "2nd New York" was stationed at Wawasink (Black Bird's Nest), near the present town of Marbletown, to prevent Indian attacks in the neighborhood which had been frequent of late.

Early in May, Colonel Van Courtlandt was ordered to march his regiment to Wyoming, the scene of a very bloody massacre the year before. Hardly had the regiment started on its march when they received reports that the Indians, under



Wyoming Valley, Pa.
(1838)

Brant, were murdering the inhabitants of Fauntine Kill, five miles up the road near Ellenville.

One family alone escaped, that of Jesse Bevier. As Brant was retreating from the scene of the slaughter he recognized Colonel Van Courtlandt standing with his back to a tree. Brant pointed him out to one of his best marksmen and told him to shoot Van Courtlandt. The bullet hit the tree about three inches above his head. Mrs. Nicholas Fish used to thrill her grandchildren with an account of the saving of the Bevier family, making her husband the hero of the tale.

In about two weeks, Van Courtlandt's troops joined Sullivan's Army between Easton and Wyoming. They were employed for the next month or so in building a road northward. The cannon and heavy supplies were transported by boat.

Fish to Varick—

“Ruin Bridge, on the Road from Easton to Wyoming—& Sixteen Miles from the Shades of Death.

May 21, 1779.

“You have doubtless heard of the service we are ordered upon; it will in all probability be exceedingly arduous, (but in my opinion not more so than necessary) provided this Expedition be founded upon so general and extensive a Plan as I imagine, (an undistinguished Destruction and Carnage,—I shall encounter every difficulty with cheerfulness.)

“It is our Fortune to be employed in conjunction with Spencer's Reg^t in opening a Waggon Road from Fort Penn to Wyoming; we are about fifteen miles on the way, & have to complete a Road of thirty Miles more, through such a Country as may with propriety be called by the above name.”

From a place with an outlandish sinister name, Nicholas Fish writes:

“I am not ignorant of the compliment you bestow upon me and the subject of the conflict both of *Mars* and *Venus*, which you suppose me to have lately engaged in, and yet about

to encounter my vanity would hardly suggest any other for them but flattery were I not too well convinced of my friends sincerity.

“Sympathy, tho’ it accompanies and takes vine in misfortune, is certainly one of the most characteristic passions of a generous mind that the human breast is susceptible of, to participate with a friend in adversity is a most sovereign cordial to the patient. But how must my friend’s sensation be changed when I assure him that the supposed evil only exists in his own imagination. I have (the acknowledgement does me no dishonor) I say, I have the most unfeigned friendship for the fair, the agreeable maid and wish her from my heart every possible happiness. The gentleman, whose existence depend on her smiles, I am not well acquainted with, but from a partial knowledge of him think him polite, agreeable and capable of making her happy.

“We are just now entering the “shades of Death,” I shall use every possible means to make the passage as rapid as possible, that we may again be brought to Existence; if any judgment can be formed of a State from it’s shades. I must cordially wish to be freed from that, of which this place is but an emblem, as daily fatigue is our constant employment here, the Lord may know what their business is there, I want no experience.

“The circulating news amongst you we are entire strangers to until it becomes grey-headed. However, I think we shall very soon make news for ourselves that may too be agreeable in the relation.”

From Wyoming to Tioga Point, the army carried their supplies by water or on pack horses. From Tioga, north and westward, lay the Indian country. As soon as Clinton’s force came up, the army marched into the land of the Indians, burning and destroying crops, fruit trees, and villages. There were a few skirmishes, but no serious fighting. All told forty-one men lost their lives on the American side. By a strange coincidence, there were the same number of villages destroyed.

From the time they entered the Indian country until the

end of the expedition, Nicholas Fish acted as Major of General Clinton's Brigade. The campaign was well managed as far as the destruction of the Indian towns and crops was concerned. This destruction, however, was only part of what Sullivan was expected to do. He was also supposed to attack Niagara and Oswego which he never made the slightest effort to do. He gave as an excuse his lack of proper supplies and the tardiness with which these resources were brought to him. Sullivan did a lot of damage but accomplished no valuable results. The capture of Oswego and Niagara would have put an end to the English and Indian raids on the Mohawk.

Hardly was the snow off the ground in the spring of 1780, when the English and Iroquois began to take their revenge—first on the settlers, then on the Oneida Indians, for their fidelity to the American cause. The driving of the Oneidas out of the country robbed the settlers of all information concerning the moves of the enemy and left them in a worse plight than before. The year 1780 was a terrible one for the outlying settlements.

The winter of 1779-80 was "The Cold Winter"—the coldest recorded for over a generation. The "2nd New York" was in winter quarters at Steen Rapia, Bergen County, New Jersey. From there it was engaged in one or more raids on Staten Island.

Camp life was not all hard work as the following shows:

"Pompton, Nov. 19, 1779.

N. Fish to Richard Varick—

"Nothing but the prospect of daily meeting you, could have delayed me in this performance of friendship to the present moment. Today the order reached us pointing out our destination for the Winter. No other could have been more correspondent with my wish, as I know of no situation so agreeably envisioned with the *Fair*.

"I have already in imagination many pleasant cantos, at which we will exhibit to you some Chinese play if not chance to face my tight fellow.

"I thank you for the hearty welcome you gave to my return to a country blessed with Heaven's kindest gifts, the transition,

I am conscious, is great, more so than you can suppose and so much so, that must acknowledge myself nearly, if not quite, intoxicated, particularly when in the presence of a certain new female acquaintance.

“Upon my soul, Varick, I am almost captivated with the matrimonial state from numerous recent proofs of the vast variety of agreeable consequences attending it. I think your sister Nancy’s example no small stimulant to our imitation.”

Nicholas Fish’s sister, in later years, said of him:

“He was Emphatically a *Ladies man*, gallant and noble in all his manners and intercourse with *the sex*; generous and gentle towards their faults and foibles—and more than appreciating all their good qualities.”

Of the family’s life in Newtown at this time, Sarah Fish writes of English troops being billeted on them:

“These intruders seized with an unsparing hand, just as fancy or appetite directed, draining the cellar dry and keeping the larder clean.” . . . Eventually there was little left with the exception of a few uncultivated acres, with no remaining fences to mark their boundary, “nor cattle to know their master or their crib, so well had they learned the plan.”

“That they should take who have the power.
And they should keep who can!”

Jonathan Fish was held under suspicion by the English because he had a son in the American service. Two small incidents will prove what a fearless man he was. On being asked by an Englishman if any rebels had passed his house, he answered, “A party of provincials have.” “In June 1777 he was arrested and forthwith ordered to march on to headquarters; refusing to comply with marching orders, he called for his horse, and accompanied the party that had apprehended him, much more in the spirit of a commander than of their prisoner,

arrived at headquarters. He was courteously received by Gen. Green."

Sarah, Nicholas' sister, was a plucky girl. She lost her mother, father, and her Tory lover, Major D, who fought at White Plains and was killed in the Battle of "South Carolina" (Camden ?). Yet she was ready to take the dangerous trip through "The neutral ground" to talk to her brother about their property at Newtown. The year before, Caesar, a family servant, driving "Tom" and "Frisky," had taken such a trip to Valley Forge to bring his young master some much needed clothing, and had never returned. "Just then so great were the privations of the American Army that (to use their own words), if a dog ran through the camp it was seized at once, and served up as a 'bonne bouch.' Purses were empty and coats thread bare." Cousin Elizabeth Francis, Mrs. Rev. Joshua M. Rogers, who wrote this, being a minister's wife, did not like to mention male attire below the belt. Pants and shoes should have been added to her list of articles of clothing needed.

In the spring of 1780, when an attack on West Point was expected, Nicholas Fish was sent to the Point. Washington wanted officers that he could trust stationed there.

"Albany June 28th, 1780.

M. Frear to Nicholas Fish.

"I intended to send this letter by Col. Gensevorst, but he went away unexpectedly, . . .

"I feel a real pleasure, in knowing your brigade is mightily missed at West Point, as the enemy are coming up against you in full, you will now be a match for them—and have a fine opportunity to reconnoitre their position, numbers, and intentions, from the various plantines of this celebrated place, the prospects are very extensive and commanding, take care not to perform the retrograde in their presence, . . . or offer them a charte blanche, all and similar nisse things will be very affecting to ally friends—this Gibraltar of *America*, and the brave troops that defend it will do honor I make no doubt to the cause they contend for, and have their temples with immediate laurels if occasion offers of showing their proof and fortitude—I expect

soon to see you at West Point if nothing turns up to prevent me—alarms are frequent from the westward, the savages appear here and there in small parties, as forerunners of a larger, composed of Tories and Indians who are a coming down to scatter destruction and horror around them. The inhabitants on the Mohawk River are unendingly distressed and I am afraid will leave their fine farms and luxuriant crops to the mercilous hands of their unrelenting savage enemy if not supported—today we have a Report that great part of Stone Noby (Aroby ?) is destroyed by a Party of Indians—all this is disturbing—yet my Motto is never despair—that Providence in whom you and I believe as well as Major Pollhemus has determined that this should be the grand Epoch of American Independence, and altho clouds gather over our Heads, and grow thicker and heavier every moment, yet they will disperse and leave us in the noble possession of all we wish and contend for.—

“This is a rainy Day, I enjoy this kind of easy pleasing Melancholy, in which, as Sterne says, all the senses are highly gratified, and fitted for every enticing exercise—the utmost you know we can hope for in this world is contentment—if we aim at anything higher we shall meet with Disappointment and Grief—our business then my dear Major is to live as easy as we can here, that we may live happy hereafter—you will please present my best compliments to Major Shervoot, he must be pleased as the repercussion of his shooting may be heard from summit to summit—ask him if the Anundo lethatio (?) which Miss Steel drove so deeply in his heart, still sticks there or whether since absence, and this hurry of business he is now engaged in has drawn it out? Tell him I esteem him much, but cannot write to him, there must be a *delenda* (?) first.

“The Generals, McDougal & Clinton have my best respects. Col. Hay if you see him.”

“West Point July 2nd 1780.

N. Fish to Baron Steuben.

“Pleasure and Pain often take rise from comparison, and Prejudices do frequently exist without any apparent Cause—we who have spent a most active and itinerant Life, one Day

beholding the Beauties of Jersey, the next partaking the sweets of Pennsylvania, and then enjoying the agreeable Society of our New York Friends, have been led to imagine from a comparison of our situation with that of those at West Point, Fort Schuyler &c, that we were peculiarly fortunate, they as singularly unhappy.

“I know not whence our aversion to this Post took Birth; so is the Fact however, that myself with others had formed the most despicable Idea of it; and to my agreeable Disappointment I find it not only tolerable, but upon the whole somewhat Pleasant; our amusements indeed are few, and rather circumscribed, but we enjoy the constant luxury of beholding one of Natures most magnificent, tremendous and variegated Landscapes.

“There is so solemn a Pomp and Grandeur in the vast prodigious Piles that environ us, that I am constantly impressed with Ideas of a *serious* and contemplative kind—

“I would not however Sir, wish you to imagine, that I am so absorbed in *Contemplation*, as to relax in the Duties of Gratitude and Friendship; I would embrace every occasion of evincing this, and should have done myself the Pleasure of waiting on the Baron when he was at this Post, had I known it in season, and had not his temporary stay put it out of my Power—

“Our Troops Sir you will readily suppose have had a severe Tour since we left Morristown.

“Our Regiment has visited Fort Schuyler, one Fort Edward, the other two were posted on the Mohawk River near Fort Plank—We have received no Supply of Clothing excepting Shoes. You will therefore Sir easily figure out our Situation—

“I have appointed Wednesday next for the Inspection of the Brigade. I should be exceedingly happy to have any Instructions the Baron may wish to give. I would thank Capⁿ Walker or M^r Fairlis to send by the Bearer a Form that I may copy after in my Returns—If they will send a Return of one of the Pennsylvania Regiments I will very carefully preserve the original.”

While at West Point, Nicholas Fish signed an affidavit in behalf of his friend Varick, who was on trial at the time in regard to matters concerning Arnold's treason. Varick, who prepared the papers in the trial himself, was of course, completely exonerated.

Extract from the Garrison Orders of Major General William Heath, commanding the garrison of West Point and its dependencies:

“After Garrison Orders:

West Point,

January 13, 1781.

“The public service calling Major Fish, who has for some time been acting as Deputy Adjutant General at this post, to join his regiment at Albany, the General returns him his most sincere and hearty thanks for his constant attention to the public service and for the address with which he has discharged every of the duties of the Department.”

Early in 1781, while the country was still covered with snow, the enemy succeeded in capturing several of the garrison of Fort Schuyler. Food and clothing were very scarce. The troops stationed at the different forts were almost ready to go over to the English “for a good square meal and a warm coat and shoes,” so the “2nd New York” was ordered to the Fort with men and supplies. After the relief of the garrison, Nicholas Fish was busy at Schenectady checking the returns of the regiments then located in or near Albany, and building fortifications.

The French alliance which was celebrated some three years before at Valley Forge, now began to bear fruit. In the summer of 1781, the French army marched through New England to make a junction with Washington's forces on the Hudson. For a time an attack by land and sea directed at New York was discussed. This plan was given up on account of the great draft of the French ships. New York Harbor, at that time, boasted no Ambrose Channel. While the attack on New York was still being contemplated, word came from Lafayette that Cornwallis

was cooped up with his army in Yorktown. The American and French armies at once started a forced march southward after a feint directed against New York to hold the British there.

The "2nd New York" joined Washington's Army in August. On the 7th of September, Nicholas Fish gives the following account of the army:

"Head of Elk, Sept. 7th, 1781.

Nicholas Fish to Henry Glen,

"We are now at this place, on our way to York-town in Virginia, where Lord Cornwallis has established himself with about four thousand men. It is highly probable that he has taken a judicious position, and that he will be indefatigable in fortifying strongly, but from our vast superiority in numbers, and by a few weeks regular approaches, I think we are morally certain of success.

"The arrival of the Fleet and Army under Count de Grasse, you will perhaps have learned before this reaches you; the agreeable tale was announced to us in this days Orders, and it was communicated to me yesterday by a French Officer from the Fleet, who called at my Marquis for information where to find our Head Quarters, on his way to Gen'l Washington with the important dispatches. The Fleet consists of eight and twenty Line of Battle Ships, and a number of Frigates, which added to the Rhode Island Fleet, will amount to six and thirty sail of the Line, and a number of Frigates. This Fleet has landed three thousand French troops, and placed them under the command of the Marquis de La Fayette, with which, and the two thousand five hundred American Troops before under his command, he has commenced a Blockade by Land—the Fleet forming a Blockade by water.

"The present force now on their march under Gen'l Washington consists of two thousand five hundred Americans commanded by Major Gen'l Lincoln, and four thousand five hundred French commanded by Count de Rochambear—all of which added will make an aggregate of twelve thousand, five hundred regular troops, against about four thousand, two hundred.

“As we have every reason to anticipate a complete reduction of Cornwallis’ army by regular approaches, I am clear of opinion that nothing will be attempted by assault.

“In my last, I informed you that Gen’l. Scott, would discharge my note in case I should fall in this enterprise; I have this day made a different arrangement of my property. I have deposited in my chest—forty Pounds in specie with directions that it be paid to you, and have instructed Dr. Laight to pay the remaining twenty Pounds, twelve shillings. This is too disagreeable event to anticipate, I will therefor leave the subject.”

The strange feature of this letter is the fact that Nicholas expressed a doubt that the works at Yorktown would be taken by assault, when as a matter of fact, he commanded one of the American regiments that took the last redoubt at Yorktown on October 19th, 1781.

Shortly after the victory at Yorktown, the troops went north to take up winter quarters at Pompton, near Morristown, New Jersey.

Here, among other duties, he was asked to straighten out the servant problems of the Lawrence family:

“West Point, Dec’r 11th, 1781.

R. Platt to Nicholas Fish,—

“I write by this conveyance to Colonel Cortlandt & Capt. Hamtramck, respecting a Furlough for Frederick Weymer of Ham’s Company. His wife is a valuable woman & lives in Col. Lawrence’s family where she is content, provided her husband can visit her. The difficulty of replacing & the desire Mrs. L. expresses to continue her where she is, are reasons why I entreat your influence & I am happy in the application to a gentleman on the operation of whose friendship I can so much rely & whose gallantry & benevolence are so conspicuous as always to incline to the gratification of ladies.

“Let me hear from you. I am fixed here for the Winter & expect to spend it in a manner perhaps not disagreeably—but events will decide.”

“Pompton Plains, Dec. 17th, 1781.

N. Fish to Henry Glen,

“By the distribution of the Army to winter Quarters, this is the place of our destination; we were to have occupied the huts in the Gorge of the mountains between Ringwood and the Ramapough River, built last winter by the Jersey Troops, before their revolt, but unfortunately for us, those huts have been destroyed by the Proprietor of the Jail, and we now have the arduous task of erecting new ones. The communication between the Hudson and Philadelphia, we well know is of indispensable consequence, and this pass is deemed essential for it's security; therefore it is, that the Commander in Chief has by his arrangement, destined our Brigade to this object. Had facts been otherwise, we should probably have been again happy in the society of our Northern friends, and I would have participated in the amusements and sociability of your agreeable family, but in this, the Fates have for the present decided against me.

“By the General Orders, one field officer at least, must remain with each Regiment to command it; and as I have during the Campaign, been acting in the Light Infantry, & consequently absent from my Corps, it is my fortune to be last indulged with a furlough this winter. Cochran will accompany Colbrath this day, and return to Camp precisely by the the first of February; when my tour of absence will commence, and when I shall have the pleasure of visiting your family & my other Schenectady friends.”

The year 1782 opened with brilliant prospects for the cause of the Colonies. Five years of war, however, had exhausted the credit of America. The currency issued by Congress and the various States was worthless. So fast did the paper money depreciate in value, that soldiers who enlisted in January received the following month, in purchasing power, pay that was not worth half what it had been at the time of their enlistment. The troops in active duty suffered from this depreciation much more than troops on garrison duty, as no provision was made to forward pay to those on the march. The “2nd New York” in which Nicholas Fish served was owed back pay from

the 2d of January, 1780. In February, 1782, the currency, to which they were entitled for over a year's service, was worthless:

“At a meeting of the Officers of the New York Line held in Hutts near Pompton, Feb'y 5th, 1782, Lieut. Colo., Van Dyck, President, it was:

“*RESOLVED* unanimously that Major Nicholas Fish, be requested to attend the legislature of the State of New York, at their next session and that he be invested with full and ample Power to adjust and settle with them on the part of the two Regiments of Infantry, all accounts relative to their pay and substance—and that he be impowered to receive of the Regimental Pay Masters all the reasonable expenditures and disbursements of money attending the execution of the business hereby committed to him which expenditures shall be made a joint charge against the Officers of the two Corps., and be deducted from their first Pay in due proportion.”

His brief instructions were to attempt to secure the back pay due the Regiment from the year 1780 to 1782, in something of more value than the worthless paper which had been handed out. Also he was to try to procure supplies of clothing. As far as I can find out from the correspondence, all Nicholas Fish was able to get for the troops was some badly redyed English uniforms.

Various kinds of paper money had been issued in the past. As fast as the old issues became worthless, new ones were put out to become mere scraps of valueless paper in their turn. There was one class of paper money that did retain a semblance of real value, namely, the soldiers' warrants. These gave the holders the right to buy, for a dollar an acre, the public lands and the land seized from the Tories. In 1782, they had little or no value. As late as 1786 they sold at 2.s.6.d. per pound.

“Philadelphia, Jany 17th, 1782.

Benjamin Walker to Nicholas Fish—

“We have nothing new but the birth of a Dauphin, this news arrived with money for the French Army—but when say you

will money arrive to our Army—really I cannot tell; as yet not the least prospect offers of their being paid—how will they till the States raise their quotas of Public Tax—every possible arrangement is made and making here but without some receipt in the Public Treasury it is impossible they can assure much. The Bank succeeded past expectation. People bring in money fast and the notes are equal to Cash, in Town they are preferred.”

The writer of the above was one of Washington’s aides. The bank referred to was the Bank of North America, organized by Robert Morris as a stop gap to take care of the government finances. Like everything human, it was good and useful in some respects and harmful in others. On the whole it proved useful.

Livingston wrote to Dana, March 2, 1782, as follows:

“The only money now in circulation is specie, and notes from the American Bank, which have the same credit as silver. Our taxes are collected in these; and by removing the restrictions on our commerce, together with the small loans we have made in Europe, we find not the least want of a circulating medium.”

Dip. Corr. Rev. VIII–329.

Hamilton, on the other hand, takes the opposite view in giving an account of this Bank:

“The Bank of North America was set up with the King of France’s dollars, sent here to pay the revolutionary army when they were on the point of a mutiny; yet Mr. Robert Morris, with the assistance of his advisers, had the address to satisfy the soldiers with his own six months’ notes, without ever allowing the honest fellows to palm a sixpence of the cash. The money was made into a bank, and the soldiers were paid with notes, with which they purchased shoes at ten dollars the pair, hats, etc., on the same reasonable terms, at various stores set up by this Robert Morris and his agents, in every quarter of the United

States; so that in the end the soldiers never touched the money, although he made the profit.”

Ref: Callender, Letters to Hamilton, 78(1802).

Indication that conditions were improving is shown in a letter which Livingston wrote to Jay on February 2, 1782:

“Order and economy have taken place in our finances. The troops are regularly clothed and fed at West Point and most of the other posts, at the moderate rate of ninepence a ration when issued; so that the innumerable band of purchasing and issuing commissaries is discharged. The hospitals are well supplied in the same way, and small advances of pay are made to officers and men. Upon the whole, they were never in so comfortable a situation as they are at present.”

¹Dip. Corr. Rev. VIII 5.

There are three subjects that run through the correspondence from now on: back pay and pensions, aid from abroad, and peace.

Walker, in a letter, makes a very accurate prophecy of what did happen later as regards the first of these, back pay:

“Aug. 17, 82.

Walker to Nicholas Fish,

“What my friend, is your opinion of the reward due to the services of the Army? Will it, think you, be considered?—No—Peace, once signed, we shall be a burden and as such got rid of as soon as possible. Given a settlement what is due us will not easily be obtained when there is no further occasion of our services. I have no faith in the gratitude of the Public; the Eastern States disclose openly they never will pay the half pay, and if this declaration is made at this moment what will be their declaration when the Army is discharged. Why I will tell you—they will say it is true the Army have fought but have not we also, turned out on all occasions and as to their suffering have they not been clothed and fed? And what now have we got during the War. Let them go to work as we do—this, my friend,

will be the language of the People, and if something is not done in the first moments of joy believe me, nothing will ever be done. I state these sentiments to you only, for whatever may be my opinion I never wish to create discourtesy in others.

“The late order for badges of distinction to the soldiers will I think, have a good effect, if proper care is taken to support the credit of them by not giving them to improper objects; as yet we have only had three recommendations for the badge of merit, if you have anyone deserving it by sending the particulars in which he or they merited it, it will be granted.”

The order referred to is mentioned by Washington in his general order of August 7, 1782. The badge was in the shape of a heart made of purple cloth or silk, edged with a narrow binding of lace. Its shape and construction gave it its name “Order of the Purple Heart.” It was given for gallantry, fidelity, and essential service to privates and non-commissioned officers. It was worn on the left breast and gave the wearer the right to pass all guards and sentinels that officers were permitted to pass.

Nicholas Fish was one of the Commissioners appointed by Washington to pass on the eligibility of candidates. (See Washington correspondence of that date.)

The “Order of the Purple Heart” did not last long. By the time of the War of 1812 it had ceased to exist. It was the first decoration issued by any country to private soldiers only. On February 22, 1933, President Roosevelt re-created it, probably to give the reporters at one of his press conferences something to write about.

In reference to aid from abroad, Admiral Rodney saw to it that none came to our assistance. After the surrender of Cornwallis, he defeated the Dutch, Spanish, and French fleets in the West Indies in rapid succession. As he tersely put it, “In the course of a few weeks I have had on board a Dutch, Spanish and French Admiral.”

The signing of the peace treaty dragged along for about a year. During this time there were speeches from the throne, both favorable and unfavorable rumors circulated freely, giving rise to alternate periods of hope and gloom:

“February 25, 1783.

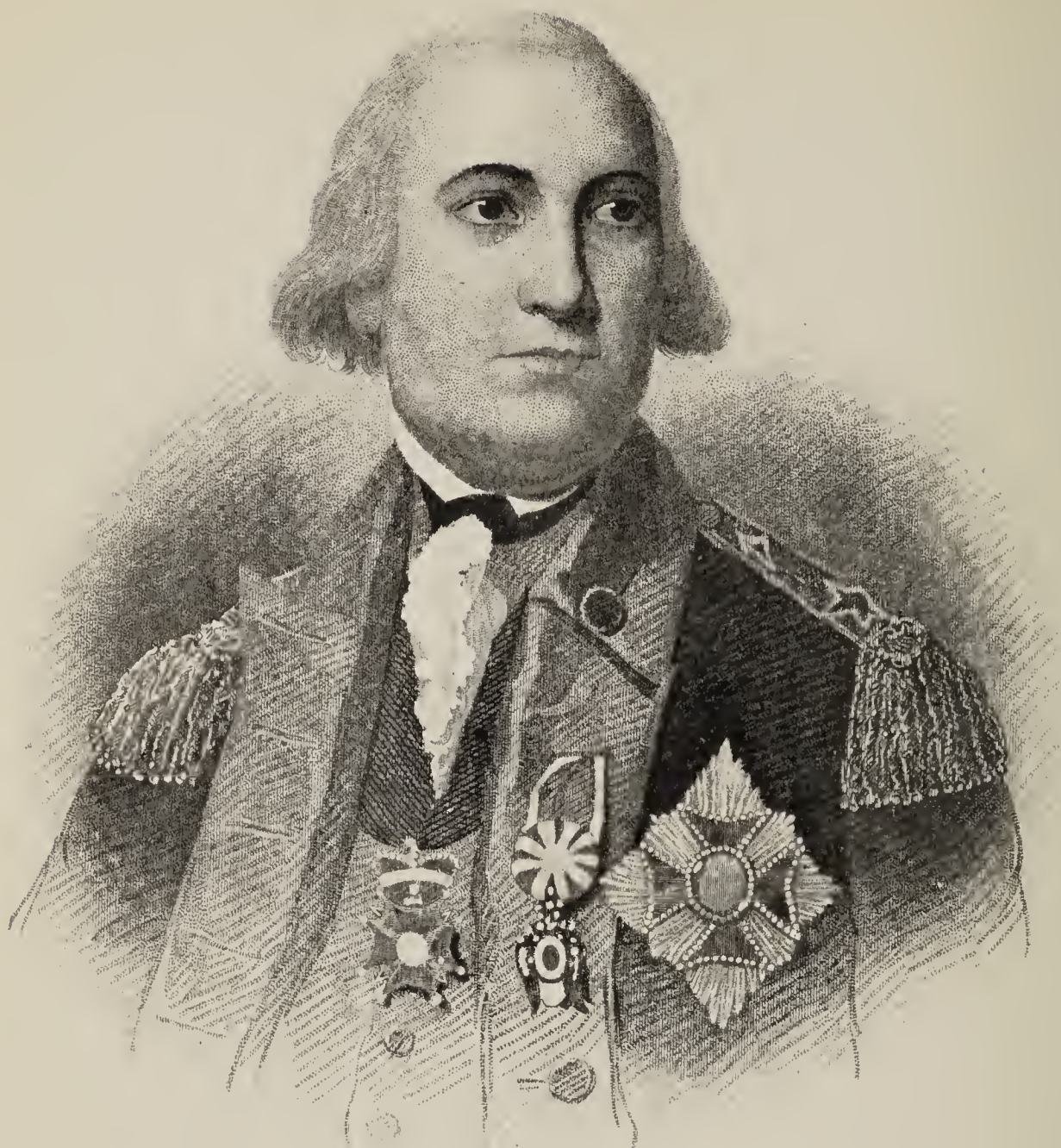
Nicholas Fish to Richard Varick,

“How susceptible are we of imposition, how credulous: mere bipedes, without feathers and capable of laughing—alternately duped by hope and fear, both of which too frequently result from weakness. Peace and war, have long been the subject of speculation, they are points in which every one must feel an interest; by the former the bulk of the community would be greatly advanced, & few only depressed and so visaversa. Peace, thine dove, is now the rage and has so engrafted itself upon almost every mind, that the reality is scarcely any longer a question.”

During this period of inactivity, Nicholas Fish took stock of his personal effects and equipment. In the enumeration of cooking utensils, no frying pan is mentioned. Handkerchiefs are absent from his catalogue of clothing. One superfine regimental surtout heads his list of five or six different uniforms. For bedding he had three blankets, a pillow and pillow cases to go with it. He used no sheets to cover the “matross” on which he slept. These goods were stored in a large chest and a portmanteau.

The inventory of goods and chattels gives a good picture of what an officer of Major Fish’s rank lived with while in camp or at a permanent post. When orders came to march, the “goods” were stored with the post quartermaster. His good friend Henry Glen took care of his gold watch on one such occasion. When he went to the Indian country, the “matross,” pots, and pans were hastily packed in a large army chest. The portmanteau cared for the wearing apparel of the rougher sort, though I have a feeling that the superfine “Regimental sourtout,” was packed away somehow, somewhere, to charm the fair, or to appear on dress parade.

In June, 1783, Gov. George Clinton, Washington and his aides, Alexander Hamilton, Colonel Humphrey, and Nicholas Fish visited Saratoga Springs and Crown Point on a tour of Northern New York. The circumstances which led to this visit



F. H. S.

Baron Steuben

are suggested by the following passage from Irving's *Washington*. He says:

“Washington now (1783) found his position at Headquarters (Newburg) irksome; there was little to do, and he was likely to be incessantly teased with applications and demands, which he had neither the means nor power to satisfy. He resolved, therefore, to while away part of the time that must intervene before the arrival of the definite treaty by making a tour to the northern and western parts of the State, and visiting the places which had been the theatre of important military transactions. He had another object in view; he desired to facilitate, as far as in his power, the operations which would be necessary for occupying, as soon as evacuated by British troops, the posts ceded by the Treaty of Peace.”

They set out by water from Newburg, ascended the Hudson to Albany, visited Saratoga (Schuylerville) and the scene of Burgoyne's surrender; embarked on Lake George where light boats had been provided for them; traversed that beautiful lake, so full of historic interest; proceeded to Ticonderoga and Crown Point; and after reconnoitering these eventful posts, returned to Schenectady.

On their return trip the party visited the High Rock Spring—their attention having been directed to it by General Schuyler while they were guests at his house. Thence they left on horseback for Schenectady, with the intention of visiting on their way the newly-discovered Spring at Ballston Spa—afterwards known as the “Iron Railing Spring”—and of dining with General Gordon, who, at that time, lived on the “Middle Line Road.”

On leaving General Gordon's, the party got lost in the woods. Seeing a native, “Tom” Conner, chopping wood in front of his cabin, Washington asked him the way to the Springs. However, they became confused and had to return for further directions. “Tom” Conner had lost his temper by this time and he peevishly cried out to Washington, the spokesman: “I tell

you, turn back and take the first right-hand path into the woods and then stick to it—any darned fool would know the way.”

It is believed that one reason why Clinton and Washington made so thorough an inspection was that they had some idea of buying the Springs at the time.

A FUTURE KING AND ADMIRAL VISIT NEW YORK

While the American Army was suffering from boredom at Ver Planck's Point, two men, who later held very important positions in England, were trying to while away this time of enforced idleness in New York. One was Horatio Nelson, later Admiral Lord Nelson, the other was Prince William Henry, who became William IV, King of England. The future King was in New York on November 13, 1782, when Nelson wrote from on board the *Albemarle* that he had been presented “to the Prince on board the *Barfleur*.”

“March 17, 1915.

S. Fish, Sr., to J. Henry Strong,

“In 1782 a scheme was concocted among the Continentals to kidnap the Prince. There is also a story that while skating on the Collect Pond, with the father of the poet Fitz-Green Halleck, the Prince was saved from drowning by one of the Halleck's slaves.”

A friend of mine in Connecticut showed me some time ago, several (I think three) volumes of a manuscript diary kept by Prince William during his service as a midshipman, including his visit to New York. It is more of a sailor's log book than a diary, giving in detail conditions of weather, latitude and longitude, courses sailed, ships sighted, and so forth. But it shows that when he came to New York he took lodgings on shore, returned day after day for a time to them at precisely stated and early hours. Then there is a hiatus in respect to this particular, and some time later an entry to the effect that the Admiral (Digby) had ordered him to repair on board ship.

Rumor has it that the Prince's shore leave was cut on account of an affair he had with a certain Miss Rainor, or Mrs.

Rainor. Shortly after the war, a woman calling herself Mrs. Rainor, a Tory, moved from New York to Blooming Grove, Orange County, New York, with her daughter Cynthia or Cynthia. As the infant was very young, and "Mrs." Rainor had no visible husband, it was supposed that the child was illegitimate. There never has been any proof brought forward that the Prince was the father of this child, as common gossip in Orange County had it.

EVACUATION OF NEW YORK AND THE NORTHERN FORTS

Early in the Spring of 1783, Washington began actively to take up negotiations with Sir Guy Carleton with regard to the arrangements for the evacuation of the English Army from New York City. Sir Guy came up the river in an English "Man-of-War," and anchored off Dobbs Ferry. Washington, Nicholas Fish, and, I think, Generals Knox and Hamilton, left Ver Planck's Point in a barge to discuss the details of the evacuation of the English Army.

When the barge on which they were going downstream came close to the English ship, she fired a salute in honor of the arrival of Washington and the officers with him. This was the first salute to the American flag by the English.

On arriving on board, a meal was served to Washington and his party. Carleton asked to be excused as he was not feeling well. However, after the dinner was over, he and Washington went over the details of the plan for the evacuation of the City.

In the summer of 1783, shortly after Washington's visit to Saratoga Springs, Philip Schuyler and his family camped there, to supervise the building of a road from the Hudson to connect with the road Howe had built from Crown Point to Stillwater. Nicholas Fish went over this new road in the spring of 1784 when Governor Clinton sent him to Quebec on a mission to sound out the British commander Haldemand with regard to the transfer of the northern posts to the Americans. Baron Steuben and James Monroe failed in missions of a similar nature, not

even being allowed to set foot on Canadian soil. Fish, after a delay of eleven days at Isle Aux Noix, was allowed to proceed to Quebec and ask for the surrender of the forts according to the terms of the treaty. Haldemand refused to do this on the grounds that he had received no instructions from the English government, nor had he been informed of the terms of the treaty.

The posts remained in English possession for a number of years after the war, and were a source of great annoyance to early western settlers and traders.

At the time of Nicholas Fish's fruitless trip to Quebec, both New York and New Hampshire claimed the territory which is now the State of Vermont. To complicate the situation, Ethan Allen and his "Green Mountain Boys" had set up an independent government which refused to acknowledge the rights of either New York or New Hampshire. In the early part of the war, before the battles of Bennington and Saratoga, there were indications that the English were trying to persuade the people of Vermont to adopt the English cause and become a Province of Canada. Nicholas Fish suspected that such negotiations were still in progress in 1784.

"Crown Point, April 8, 1784.

N. Fish to Gov. Clinton,

"Before I close this letter, I beg the indulgence of suggesting to your Excellency, my apprehension of a combination being formed between the refugee Tories in Canada, and the Men administering the usurped Government in the Grants, to oppose this State, in case coercive measures should be practised to enforce our jurisdiction.

"Captain Stevens of this place, who appears to me to be a very worthy character, is decided in his opinion on this point, from repeated conversation with Several of the principal Refugees at St. Johns, during a temporary residence that he made there in the month of March last."

Like other New Yorkers, Nicholas Fish found his home coming rather depressing. Not only were the "Great Fire's" charred

ruins still standing, gardens a mass of weeds, trees all gone, "the debris of the occupying army strewn from end to end," but New York's trade was ruined and her treasury empty. Prosperity returned for a little while when Congress made New York the Capital. Colonel Fish was one of the committee that welcomed Washington. Of course he attended the President's first New Year's Day reception, when the "air was so bland and serene that the ladies attended in their light summer shades." "The Dutch observance of New Year's Day was new to Washington, but he praised it, said he hoped it would never be given up; and New Year's calls were paid by old-fashioned New Yorkers until some thirty years ago."

With the war over and the country exhausted, it was hard for the officers and soldiers to readjust themselves to the new condition of peace. For eight years Nicholas had been with the army. At the end of the war he was loath to take up his former study of law. In a letter to Gov. Clinton, he expresses his feelings as follows:

"A few years anterior to the War, I devoted myself to the study of the law, which I at that time intended for my profession through life; and though I had so far advanced in the study as nearly to have offered myself as a candidate for the practice, etc. etc. I have lost not only the little law knowledge I once possessed but with it all, relish for the profession."

In 1785 he had the opportunity to rejoin the Army, which he did.

The proclamation of Congress dated October 18, 1783, directing the discharge of the entire Army on November 3, 1783, was found to be impracticable on account of military stores, etc., in various places. This led to the formation of Col. Henry Jackson's Continental or first American Regiment, to which two companies of Artillery were attached. There were also several other companies retained in service until as late as December 26, 1783. Jackson's Regiment remained in service until June 20, 1784, when it was replaced by Harmar's Regiment, authorized by the act of June 3, 1784. This regi-

ment consisted of eight companies of Infantry and two companies of Artillery. Under the Resolution of April 12, 1785, two additional companies of Artillery were authorized.

Colonel Harmar designates his corps as "The American Regiment" in his Reports. He signed himself "Lieutenant and Colonel commanding First American Regiment." But naming his corps the "First American Regiment," was wholly without the sanction of Congress. Both officers and troops were simply militia of Pennsylvania and other states in service of the United States.

Fish was given command of the two new companies authorized under the Act of April 12, 1785. At the time he took this office he believed that Colonel Harmar was about to resign. In this event, from the rank that he held in the old army, Fish would have succeeded to the supreme command. Later, when Harmar decided to stay in the service, Fish resigned.

The first duty of this little force, which was stationed at West Point, was to take charge of the supplies for the prisoners returning from Canada. No provision had been made either to pay the Indians for bringing in the prisoners or for supplying the captives with clothing. The niggardly policy that the Government pursued towards the Indians at that time, led to serious trouble later.

The following letter shows the plight of the captives:

"Albany June 14th, 1785.

H. Hamtramck to Nicholas Fish,

"From a motive of Executing my duty with punctuality—as a public officer I have made a few observations on the mal management of public affairs in the Department.—there is in this town two hostages from the Six Nations who are responsible for the return of such prisoners as have been taken by the Indians during the last war—no sort of provision have been made for the reception of the prisoners; nor have any been made for the Indians that are to bring them to Fort Schuyler. Equity, and Justice, have obliged me to forward provision to that place for the use of the Captives and to supply the Indians with a sufficiency to return to their Country. I have

written to Mr. Colbrath who is at the fort, to Issue the provisions and have promised him the same pay that other Commissary gets from the Contractor. Beg you will speake to Collo. Duer on that head, and informe him that as I had no money, the freight frome Schanactady to Fort Schuyler is to be paid out the said provision at the Current price on the Mohawk River. there is a woman who was taken in pensilvania arrived here. She is totally Destitute of Clothes. *Reflection on a Nation.* that means of supply have not been adopted for certenly the Clothing of those people is necessary to enable them to go home, and the expences would have been a Bagatelle—another thing is that the Custom of the English is to treat and supply the Indians on such occasion with liberality and indeed extravagance; on the Contrary with us, those Hostages have been naket ever since they have been here and no body appointed to supply them.

“Had I not come to Albany when I did they would have gone before the Return of our prisoners.

“What will they say of us when Returned to their Nation? and when they bring our treatment in Comparison to that of the British Garrison.

“Policy obliges us to treat the Indians as well, and indeed better if possible—I have written to the Minister at war concerning the matter and Genl. Schuyler to the president of Congress—I have four Excellent men.”

Hamtramck was an able, blustering officer of little education. He was very fond of misusing long words and French quotations.

Another company, commanded by Major Doughty, a well educated and observing man, left New Windsor, just below Newburgh, early in July with about seventy men. They passed through Blooming Grove on the Schunemuk, and Hadestown, New Jersey. From Hadestown, the road was tolerably good to Log Goal (Log Town) in Warren County, New Jersey. The route went on through Sussex Courthouse, now Newton, which is the County seat of Sussex County. Between Morristown and Fort Pitt, the roads were bad so Doughty did not arrive at

Fort McIntosh till the 4th of October. He had trouble with some desertions, but either the men were re-captured or they were replaced with new recruits. The men's clothing was of poor quality and not warm enough. To overcome this, Doughty bought red and blue blanket material, from which he "procured for each man a new feateauge vest made of blue cloth with a red cape and lineage." In commenting he writes, "this will save their uniform and is a snug tight dress, which being lined through with flannelle will be very comfortable for the approaching Winter." He goes on to say:

"I am charmed my dear Colonel with this Country, the Ohio is the veritable belle River it is described to be, indeed I have seen no Description of it, that has exceeded its meritts—I have made some little excursions for 20 Miles westward on the Tuscaroway Path & up Beaver Creek, there is certainly a goodness of soil & pleasantness of situation throughout the whole Country together with so many natural advantages of Salt Springs & innumerable Quantities of Deer Turkies Geese Duck & Fish to be found in the Woods & Creeks, that this Country only wants *Society* that essential Balm of Life, to make it the most desirable of any I have seen—I am told by Travellers from below who frequently stop at this place, that the Country lower down the River as far as the Illinois Country exceeds this in goodness of soil, as much as this exceeds the generality of Land in New York & Jersey—Old General Tupper who is surveying about twenty miles below this, swears that New England will be depopulated by Emigrations to this Country, as soon as the people become acquainted with the natural advantages of it—indeed if these Lands can be bought for Certificates at a Dollar per acre, & more Certificates purchased at 2/6 in the pound which was the price when I left New York. I know of no speculation so advantageous, for there is scarcely an acre that is not worth a guinea.

"I shall embark my Corps in a Week to go down the River to the mouth of Muskingum 142 miles, where I am ordered by Col. Harmer to take a position & fortify—this will be a Work of much Labour, we shall have to build Barracks for ourselves,

stores for our provisions &c &c to fortify the whole with a stockade, to prevent any unruly visits from our savage Brethren, who are frequently taking scalps below us, they have lately killed several families—we are however in Hopes that the Commissioners for Indian affairs who left this a few Days ago on their way to the Treaty will be able to stop this murdering work, if they do not something decisive must be done next year, & I think you will do well to insure your scalp before you leave New York to join us—the Indians are far from being satisfied with the Treaty held at their fort last Fall, it seems it was customary of old to purchase their land by giving them some valuable Consideration. I am told our Commissioners view these Lands as already the property of the United States from the Cession made by Great Britain in the Articles of Peace, upon this presumption instead of purchasing by the Treaty they *grant Peace* to the Indians upon certain Terms, the most essential of which are, prescribing certain Limitts to them as an Act of Grace & taking to us all the Lands to the North East, East, South & South West of these Limitts. I am not sufficiently informed in Indian affairs to decide upon the propriety or impropriety of this Treaty but this much is certain from repeated Information, that the Indians do not like it, & I am really apprehensive this immense Territory will not be peaceably enjoyed unless we have the Western Forts and not even then without force or some further Consideration made to the aborigines of the soil—I have tried my Men several times in firing at targetts, & if they fire no better in action than they do out of it, I shall place but little dependence on the effect of their musketts when opposed to Indians who are generally good marksmen— Besides from the nature of the Country it will be found difficult to move Escorts or large Bodies of Men through it, unless their Flanks are well covered by active & expert marksmen.”

The march of the white invaders had begun. The garrisons, even if they had tried wholeheartedly to protect the rights of the Redmen, were too small and too scattered. A string of forts, little more than block houses, extended down the river to the

Illinois county. From Fort Pitt downstream lay Fort McIntosh; next came Fort Hamar at the mouth of the Muskegum, 142 miles below Fort Pitt; still further downstream, in the Illinois country, was Fort Loramie.

Close to Fort Pitt, to the eastward, was Fort Ligonier, located on the east side of the Loyalhanna Creek, in what is now Ligonier Township, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. It was erected in 1758 and played an important part in Pontiac's War and in the War of the Revolution. It was near the site of the present village of the same name.

“Fort McIntosh Decbr. 4th, 1785.

H. Hamtramck to N. Fish,

“The 18 of October I left New Windsor and arrived at Fort Pitt, on the 24th of November. as my orders were to go on to Ohio I could not with propriety take my Residence at Pittsburgh, though I believe I would have done as much service to the United States this Winter, as I shall at Fort McIntosh and would have saved 3^d per on every Ration which is the Difference betwixt the two Ports (but a soldier must obey orders) the 26 my provision being ready to move, I marched to this place where I found the Ruins of an old Fort, part of Baracks without upper or under Floor, Doors, windows., not a tool in the garrison., for Doughty has taken everything with him (excepted an old hand saw whose teeth has been worn out in the service of its Country., and I wish he had it with him) I have given Directions to the Contractor to furnish me with a number of Tools we will go to work at our Cabins as soon as they arrive.

“After all my precotion to prevent Desertion 7 left me, I had reason to Believe that more had inclination to go., and that a Certain time was appointed, which was when on Patroll, which Duty had been Customary, to keep the men from marauding at night., for one would imagine their mothers longed for stealing.

“I took necessary measure to apprehend them and succeeded—their names are Jams. Folin, and Jams. Myhin in Company. I was sure that Folin was a Deserter of Doughty,

and was Determined to leave me., I had observed his intimacy with his partner, and their Constant *tete a tete*, together with a number of intrigues., such as Buying *plaine Cloaths*.”

“Mr. Myhin one Night, and when on Patroll, put in to execution his longe intended plan., but was taken up by one of my sergt. who had concealed himself, he Denied his being guilty asserting, that he had lost his blanket, and was looking for it. as such thing was possible though not probable to me, I immediately sent for Folin, and told him that I was well informed of his project with his good friend. that if he would acknowledge the Charge I would pardon him and Intercede with Major Doughty in his Behalf. But was obstinate until I cut him twice before he would say anything., after which, he proposed to me, that if I would pardon him, and promise his pardon from Doughty, he would informe me of every circumstance. I sworn him in private, he acknowledged that Mylin had Deserted and was to waite from him at an appointed place, that a Number of Eight more had agreed to go.—it was then very necessary to give a shake, for the Men saw that as the season was advancing, and a longe Marche to performe, I could not spare time, or Men to go in search of them. I had Mr. Myhin secured that night, with full determination to make an example of him. the next morning had his grave digd., but my heart failed though, to give a Validity to my prosecution. I Directed Mr. Schuyler (as if unknown to me) to tell Sergt. Herman who was cleare for Dispatching the victim, that I was Determined to have Myhin shot but if the Company would petition for his reprieve that perhaps they might succeed, and that himself and Mr. Peter would intercede in the prisoners behalf—which took place—the time was then come for the execution, the Company paraded, the prisoner one leg in his grave, and half Dead—Sergt. Herman presented me with the petition which I granted, but had I been in another service I would certainly have shot him (and in my opinion an officer Commanding should have power to punish with immediate Death Mutiny, or Desertion). No men Deserved it more—he acknowledged his Crime and I give 300 (lashes?)”.

“Fort Pitt, 27th May 1786.

“At a Council held with Alface a principle chief of the Six Nations, Alface spoke as follows: Brothers we are all very glad to see you But are very sorry to hear that some blood has been shed down the River, this we cant help, its none of our fault, but up the watter you have nothing to fear. We and our people are all hunting about there, where we expect to stay two years if you will let us remain peaceably, and all the skins our young men get, we will give to you for such articles as we want. Our Brothers have sold you this ground, and we are satisfied and want to live in Peace—a String of white.

Answer: Brothers I am very happy to find you peaceably inclined. I am informed half Town is gone to Niagara. I would wish to know upon what arrant he is gone there, and also I want you to tell me what the British has said to you since you was here last.

Alface: Sir John Johnston last year requested that one chief of the Six Nations would come and meet him at Niagara (where he will be in about three weeks) and he would tell us what has been whispered in his ears. He is going to kindle a large Council fire there, tho I dont know what he wants, but I will not go for I have left my word at Fort Pitt. We are ready at any time to receive the corn of you that you promised us, and we wish you would give us something to eat for we have come a long way and are very hungry.

Answer: You shall have something to eat and drink this evening and tomorrow you shall have the corn, when I expect you will go off to your homes where I desire you to live in Peace and be industrious in planting your corn and hunting—dont mind nor believe what the British tell you they will speak lies to you, and lead you astray, you are now become our people, we are your friends and we will protect you, and wish to live in friendship. When half Town returns I request you & him to come down here, and let me know all the British has said to him, he is one of your people and I always thought him a very good man. I will also give you a little Powder & Lead to hunt with.

Alface: We all thank you heartily for your kindness to us.

Brother we want to know if you have heard anything from our friend the *Cornplanter* since he went to your great Council. Answer: The great Council of the United States & him & his people have met and talked together in the greatest friendship, they have made them many fine presents. This is the Man that informs us (pointing to Major Finley) who saw the *Cornplanter* in New York less than three weeks ago, they were all very well then, and must now be on their return home.

Alface: Here stands two young men who have been hunting up the river and while they were out some of your people came to their Camp and stole every thing they had above one Hundred bullets many skins & Kittles some Powder and lead. They are good quiet men and its very hard upon them—you see they have no Cloathes. I would be very glad you would give something to cover them. We do not want to do mischief, we could steal your Horses and Rob your people, but we are not disposed to do such things for it is not right among friends.

Answer: I am very sorry to hear that our people should be so wicked as to steal from you, but there is sometimes bad men among us. If you find any of our people doing such things, dont hurt them but bring them to me and they shall be severely punished for it. Send these two men to me tomorrow & I'll give each of them a Blanket & pr. of Leggens. They returned thanks & the Council broke up.

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“Story of Wampum.”

“At a Council held with Alface a Seneca Chief at Fort Pitt 27th May 1786—the above Proceedings tooke place.”

“Fort Pitt 29th May 1786.

“Inclosed you have the address of Alface a principle chief of the Seneca nation with my Answers, he and party are not yet gone. I am just going to cross the River & direct him to take up his line of March. I did not think it necessary to send for you for two reasons, 1st his business was of little consequence and 2dly it would have detained the savages here longer; while here they are generally drunk and when so are a good deal

troublesome. Many of the inhabitants here do not owe them much friendship and as they are not the better kind, might take advantage of this situation and do the Indians some injury."

There is another speech much in the same style as the one just quoted. The gist of the Indians' complaint is that the English are stirring up trouble at Detroit. The speech concludes with the following sentence:

"We hope you will not be in a hurry to survey and settle the lands between the Ohio River & the big Lakes, while there is any uneasiness among the Indians it would be better to postpone this business; perhaps some mischiefs might take place from some of the restless and discontented Indians, which could be avoided by a little delay therefore we recommend it to you to wait until affairs are a little subsided and the restless disposition of the western Indians quieted."

"A string of wampum."

The Indians at this Council were "Scotash," a Wyandott, son of "Half King," "Oaksamalika" and "Petomehakas," two Delaware Warriors, and "Ordesana," a Mingo. Pierre Droullier acted as interpreter. Scotash was the spokesman for the Indians.

The outcome of this and other powwows with the Indians led to no solution of the Indian troubles until after the disastrous defeat of St. Claire, followed by Wayne's victorious campaign a little while later, which broke the power of the Indians east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio.

Nicholas Fish resigned his command July 26, 1786, and returned to New York.

LIFE IN NEW YORK AFTER THE WAR AND LAND SPECULATION

In 1786, when Nicholas Fish returned to New York, the population of the City was about 23,000. The eastern side of Manhattan Island was much more settled than the western or Hudson River shore. The houses for the most part were brick.

Only a few of the old Dutch buildings with their high pointed roofs remained. There were some fine homes, as for example, the Walton house. But generally speaking the City was not beautiful.

Broadway and Battery Park were the two most popular promenades. In 1792, Grandpa, Alderman Isaac Stoutenburgh, finally had his plan for a fence approved to enclose the Battery Park and keep out the goats, cows, and pigs that fouled the place and annoyed the evening walks of President Washington and other citizens. The water in the rivers was still clean and fishermen made good catches of striped bass and herring. The beach at Greenwich Street was a favorite place for bathing.

Stuyvesant's meadows, at about 10th Street and East River, afforded good wild fowl shooting and continued to be a favorite shooting ground for years to come. Congress, the Senate, Supreme Court, City Watch, and Mayor's Court were all herded together in the City Hall, an ugly brick building at the head of Broad Street. The finest building in the City, Trinity Church, was in ruins, as well as many others, due to the fires that took place during the English occupation. The water supply was very poor, the wants of the people being supplied by Tea Water Pumps located at the corners of the streets. There were weekly evening clubs for men,—the "Belvedere Club" that Nicholas Fish belonged to, being one of these.

The "Belvedere House" or tavern was built out in the country on a piece of ground about the size of a city block. It was opened for business in 1792. The house was located at what is now Clinton and Monroe Streets. The ground was high and afforded a fine view of the river. The building of the tavern was financed by the thirty-three members of the Belvedere Club, who reserved two or three rooms for their personal use where they used to spend short periods during the summer as guests of John Avery, the landlord. The Club was supposed to be anti-French and pro-English in its feelings. Both Nicholas Fish and Alexander Hamilton leaned that way. Jerome Bonaparte rented the club house for a summer while he was in this country.

Hamilton Webster has two large jeraboams which held the madeira drunk by the members at their meetings.

For many years, Mrs. Daubenay ran a popular boarding house in Wall Street, first at No. 18, later at No. 52. The house was popular among ex-army officers and congressmen. At all events, General Steuben and Judge Cooper,—the father of Fenimore Cooper, often stopped there. Nicholas Fish lived under the Daubenay roof for fifteen years. Rumor has it that Charlotte, the landlady's beautiful daughter, was the chief attraction in his case.

The little community in Wall Street in which Nicholas Fish lived, was soon drawn into the land speculation of that period.

“The fallacy which has possessed the minds of all those who, from the first settlement of America, have tried to make fortunes out of wild land, is the pecuniary form of the same fallacy about wild lands which we meet with in political philosophy and sociology,—namely, the idea that wild lands, in a state of nature, are a commodity, or an estate, or an asset, or a good presented to man as a “bounty of nature.” Land in a state of nature is simply a chance for a human being to win means of subsistence by the expenditure of his labour. “The prairie value” of land is always zero, or a minus quantity.”

Once the first wave of speculation has died down, the ownership of a title to such land is of no value. All that the settlers had to offer was their labor and toil, with which they hoped to make a living and secure a home for their family. A few farmers here and there bought farms from the owners of large tracts of land, just enough to feed the delusion that huge profits would shortly accrue to the gamblers.

In the United States, there were large tracts of land available to give the soldiers. A few years prior to the close of the war, the continental money had become worthless. To pay the army, land script was issued to the soldiers. This script could be used to buy land belonging to the State, at a dollar an acre. At the close of the war, these land warrants were only worth 2.s. & 6.d. per pound currency. Therefore, those who were willing to trade in land, had an easy vehicle for speculation. Nicholas Fish and other members of the family and his friends



Lafayette

bought large tracts of land, mostly along the St. Lawrence and Mohawk Rivers. One tract was at Fonda, another at Potsdam, another at Moira.

The biggest and least profitable tract was one of 40,000 acres of what was called the Royal grants, land granted to the Johnson family by the crown. This tract, in the north of Herkimer County, was bought at a forfeiture sale by an Irishman, called "Arthur Noble," in 1787. Noble, on his return to Ireland in 1799, wished to wind up his American affairs. He called this tract of land "Nobleburgh." He sold it a few years later to John Lawrence, Robert Throup, Alexander Hamilton, and Nicholas Fish, who took a heavy loss on the transaction.

The first purchasers of the attained lands were, in a sense, wholesalers or speculators, who bought thousands of acres of land on speculation, with the idea of re-selling them to another group, who in turn would sell to the settlers, or if this was not possible, to peddle the lands by the sale of small farms. The retailing was a very slow process—the winding up of a large holding sometimes taking a generation or two from the time the first buyers speculated in land. It is interesting to note that today, on the edge of the Nobleburgh tract, is situated the town of Speculator, named after our uncle, Alexander Macomb, the great speculator.

At one time, Macomb owned about 3,000,000 acres of land in northern New York along the Black River Valley to the west of the Adirondacks.

In addition to direct purchase, land was granted to the officers in the army. Baron Steuben was given a grant of about 40,000 acres near Remsen on or near West Canada Creek. Lafayette, on his return to the United States in 1824 or '25, was granted lands in the south. Another class of people who received land for services rendered, were the surveyors, who for surveying and marking the bounds of a piece of land, got a certain percentage of the total acreage surveyed. Human nature being about the same now as it was then, it is likely that the surveyor being on the ground would not take the poorest land for his share. Then, too, there were hordes of squatters, who

had no right or title to their lands but who after many years would acquire them by adverse possession.

Inasmuch as all these owners got their land for nothing, the big speculators had to be nimble to get "an out" on their holdings—and most of them were left "holding the bag."

DUELS AND MORE DUELS

In 1798, when war with France was imminent, the Federalists, loyal to President Adams and therefore opposed to France, organized a preparedness meeting. The meeting was called in the name of "The Young Men of New York." Brockholst Livingston, a Jeffersonian Democrat, wrote a humorous article in the *Argus*, giving an account of the gathering, in which he makes the following allusion: "Col. Nicholas Fish, a stripling of forty-eight being appointed chairman, and notwithstanding his green years, appears to have acquitted himself with all the judgment which might have been expected of a full grown man; and "Master Jemmy Jones" another boy, not quite sixty, graced the assembly with his presence. What pleasure it must afford to the friends of America, to observe the rising generation, thus early zealous in its country's cause." Nicholas Fish paid no attention to the article.

Jones, who resented Livingston's article, chose to answer ridicule with the ridiculous. Meeting Livingston on the Battery, the chief promenade of the day, Jones publicly pulled Livingston's nose. The nose in question was the most prominent feature of Livingston's face and he was touchy about it.

In the duel that followed, still fascinated by the Judge's nose, Jones succeeded in nicking that feature, while he received a bullet in a "more vital spot" and died.

A few days later, in Georgetown, Va., step grandpa Niemcewicz overheard the following conversation between Mr. Law and George Washington:

" 'Did you know Mr. Jones?' Mr. Law asked him, 'who was just killed in duel by Mr. Livingston?'

" 'I believe I did see him, but I did not know him inti-

mately. They say that the shot he fired at his opponent cut a piece off his nose. . . . How could he miss it? You know Livingston's nose, and what a capital target it is.' ”

It may have been this affair or an earlier one when he acted as Richard Varick's second, that prevented Colonel Fish from acting as second in the duel between Burr and Hamilton. Fish was Hamilton's intimate friend, but refused for "conscientious reasons." Just before the duel was scheduled to take place, Nicholas Fish kept pacing up and down in his room, holding his watch in his hand. He did not speak, just kept walking back and forth, holding his watch. Then, at last, he closed it, and partly choking, said to Mrs. Fish: "Alexander Hamilton is dead." He knew the time set for the duel and Hamilton's intention to discharge his weapon harmlessly. The pistols used in the duel belonged to Col. Wm. Armstrong.

It is said that these pistols were used again in 1827, when Thomas Pennant Barton fought and killed Graham, one of the editors of the *New York Courier*. The dispute started in a card game. Lafayette was much worried about what might happen to Barton and wrote a number of letters to Nicholas Fish, asking him to do all he could for Barton.

"London Jan^y 1st 1799

A. Noble to Nicholas Fish,

"Enclosed I send you a letter which you will oblige me by forwarding to my Friend Gen^l Murray by the first opportunity; after a Passage of four weeks we arrived safe at Portsmouth. I came over in the Driver Sloop of War of 18 Guns a fine Ship built of Cedar at Bermuda, we had no less than Six heavy Gales of Wind, but She is the Very best Sailor I ever saw, we scudded 3 Days & nights under bare poles, & She went Eleven knots an hour. the People of this Country I found in Great Spirits, on Acc^t of their Naval Sweepers, & the Prospect of the Mediterenian trade being again opened. Mr. P. M. has repealed his assessed Taxes & laid one on Income, which I think gives genl satisfaction, as every one will now know Exactly what he has to spend. I Dined the Day before yesterday with Sir James Stewart

at Lady Dunkin's, he declared his assessed Taxes last year amounted to £613 & I am sure his Estate is not more than £3000 a year he is besides a Gen C Officer & has a Reg^t. but they were so vexatious, that the People were glad to Substitute any one in their Place—the Situation of Ireland is Gloomy & awful. A union will be attempted it meets with great & General opposition, Even from the orange men, who on the late Rebellion Distinguished themselves in Support of Government, I have seen Mr. King at whose house I met an old American acquaintance. Gen^l Miranda, Mr. King did not say any thing about the French business w^h America, but the General report here is, that the French are anxious to Enter into a Treaty with the United States, there is a large army going to the Continent to assist the Insurgents in Brabant, who are tired of French Fraternity. give my love to Charlotte & tell her I received a letter from her, which I will answer by the first Ship that Sails from Bristol, as I am going to morrow morning to Bath to Meet Mrs. Noble who is there, have the goodness to thank Mr. Bird & Toby for me. I received both their letters & Should answer them by this opportunity, but am very much hurried. Do my Dear Fish let me hear from you often I know you are allways kept Employed, but I trust you will find Time to Write to an old Friend, that Loves and respects you. With best wishes for you Mrs. Daubiny & all my good Friends in Wall street.”

“Hotwells Near Bristol March 9^h 1799

A. Noble to Nicholas Fish,

“I have lived between this place & Bath Since I had the Pleasure of Writing to you, & from the present appearance of affairs in Ireland I dont think it probable I Shall Change this Country for that, the Yellow Fever has struck Such Terror into People here in General that they would think any one Desperate who would talk of Settling in America, *for the Present* therefor, I have given up all thoughts of Crossing the Atlantic but shall With a Grateful Heart ever remember my good Friends there. Will you have the Goodness to Send my Trunk With Papers, by the first Ship that Sails with Convoy for Bristol, & be so kind to Direct it to the Care of Doctor Crawford, Hotwells, Bristol,

you will much oblige me if you will Subscribe his name to the Medical repository that is Published by Swords, & to pay for it & Send all the numbers that is published by the Same Conveyance with the Trunk of Papers, the affairs of Europe Continue in the Same Disturbed unsettled State as when I wrote you last, the French threaten Portugal, & Ireland, with Invasion, the People of the latter Country As Discontented & ready for Rebellion as ever, it is feared much blood will be spilt there before the Summer is over, a Union (notwithstanding the Vote of the Irish Parliament) it is expected will take place. I don't see any thing else can prevent that unfortunate Country becoming the Seat of a Civil War. Catholic Emancipation will be one of the Terms of the union & they will in every respect be put upon a footing With the Protests, this they never can expect from an Irish Protestant Parliament, they think or talk of any thing but Peace here, & notwithstanding the Enormous taxes, they say it is better to pay a tenth nay three fourths of a mans Income than Submit to be taxed by the Enimies of God & Man,—I am glad to see the Federalists So Strong in America, your Stocks by this Days Paper at for 3 p^r C^t 50£ 6 p^r C^t 80£ & Bank Stock 115£, the British 3 p^r C^t 54£, the Spirit & resources of this Country are Immense, & happy it is for the Civilized part of the World it is so. I was much gratified by Mr. Harpers letter Dated last July. if any statement of the Funds Exp^t or No. of Inhabitants Should be published you will oblige me very much by forwarding it to Doctor Crawfaird. Captⁿ Adamson has sold his Ship, & will not venture in the Trade untill after the war, this is a loss to me as by him, I might have a safe Conveyance to & from America of several things that I cannot trust with a Stranger, how does land Sell! I am going to publish a Map of the State of New York with the Prices of Land marked on it, showing the Size &c I will send you one of them perhaps by this Vessel if I can get it in time from the Printer—”

These letters were written about a year after the French abandoned their plan of invading England. On February 23, 1798, Napoleon wrote a remarkable letter to the Directory suggesting two other plans of attack. First was for the invasion of

northwest Germany, by so doing to cut off British commerce with Central Europe. The second plan, which was the one decided upon, was the invasion of Egypt, which took place during the summer of 1799.

Napoleon for some time had secret agents at work in the Island of Malta. When his fleet arrived there his fifth column had done its work so well that the Island surrendered after only a pretense of resistance.

The attack on Egypt caught the English napping. The English fleet was at Naples, where Lord Nelson was entertaining Lady Hamilton.

Napoleon's move was unexpected by the English. They still feared an invasion of either England, Portugal, or Ireland—most likely Ireland, on account of unrest there due to the proposed union of England and Ireland. The Catholic Emancipation Bill was the bone of contention, Wm. Pitt mentioned in the letter as P.M. (Prime Minister) favored it secretly. If King George had not put his foot down and flatly refused to consider any such liberal policy towards the Irish Catholics, Ireland might today be a united country, loyal to England.

Mr. King, referred to in the letters, was Rufus King, our Minister to England at that time. General Miranda was a Venezuelan soldier of fortune, who fought on the American side during the Revolution. He was busy at the time trying to interest the English in a scheme to liberate the Spanish colonies of South America. In an attempt of this nature, he was captured by the Spaniards and died in prison in 1816.

The proposed expedition against Brabant (Belgium) never materialized until the Waterloo Campaign of 1814.

The yellow fever epidemic in New York in 1798 was a bad one. Johann Hone and Hester Bourdet, his wife, both died of it within a few days of each other. The sickness was not confined to New York but was widespread and general throughout the United States. The land boom of a few years previous was about to collapse. Robert Morris, Macomb, Constable, and many others were ruined by the panic that followed. Noble must have had a foreboding of what was coming as many of his letters express a desire to sell his property in America.

1800-1827

GEORGE WASHINGTON died on December 14, 1799, after a brief illness. His health had not been good for some time because he had been obliged to take command of the army which was being raised as a defense measure against France and also he was worried over his plantation in Virginia. The suddenness of his death from a seemingly trivial sickness (quinsy sore throat) led to a controversy between the Doctors Craik and Brown, who attended him in his last illness.

Dr. Dick, called in for a consultation just before Washington died, suggested an operation which the other doctors refused to sanction. The operation consisted, I believe, of the insertion of a tube in the windpipe below the point of infection or clogging.

Dr. Dick was an uncle of my wife's, while Dr. Greenwood, "Washington's" dentist, was a great grandfather of my daughter-in-law.

On February 12, 1800, Nicholas Fish wrote a brief letter to Arthur Noble about the death of Washington, saying that the whole nation was still in mourning.

To mourn for the dead in those days was the fashion. Wills provided for funeral rings, black gloves, canes, scarfs, etc. A widow usually wore black for the rest of her life. In the early 1800's widows rarely married after their husbands died, even if they were young. Marriage was considered a thing that ran beyond life.

After the death of Washington, Alexander Hamilton was appointed Commander in Chief of the Army of the United States. James Watson, Nicholas Fish, M. Clarkson, Richard Varick, and Eben R. Stevens acted as a committee to purchase cannons for the defense of the City of New York. The guns were bought from W. Neilson.

In a long letter to Arthur Noble, Nicholas Fish advises him that the speculation in land has collapsed and that it is now only saleable by a slow process to settlers. The best thing seemed to be to hold on and wait for better days. This is the usual advice given at such times, which usually proves wrong, as it did in this case. The time had come to look elsewhere to invest one's money.

With the growth of the city, the monopoly of the banking business, held by Alexander Hamilton's Bank of New York, was of great value. Numerous attempts had been made to get charters for new banks, but all these efforts were blocked until Aaron Burr took the matter in hand.

“Feb. 13, 1800.

Nicholas Fish to A. Noble,

“The Incorpor^{on} of the Manhattan Co. took place last Winter, Mr. Burr was the author of it & managed it thro' the Legislature with great address; he availed himself of the moment when a Petition was on foot for authorizing individuals to supply this City with Water, & when the public sympathy was greatly excited towards the Citizens of New York on account of their sufferings by the fever; believ^g the impurity of the Water to be one of the causes of this disorder, the Legislature gladly assented to the Act for introducing pure water into the City, and as it was thought to be altogether a local Bill no attention was paid to it during its passage by Members except by those who were in the Secret, and when it had passed it was discovered to contain a Sect. investing that Corporation with the most unqualified & unheard of authority as to all monied concerns & operations whatsoever—In consequence of this extraordinary Charter a Bank has been instituted & is now doing a great deal of business—Ten Paym^{ts} have been already called for by the Directors of 2 Ds 50/100 on each Share, 8 of which payments have been paid in at their Bank & the remaining two payments are to be made in the two next months, at which time they will have one million of Dols to act upon, & authority to call on the Stockholders for one million more to complete the Capital—This Charter has made a great noise, it is even alleged that the

Sect. was fastened into the Bill without any Body's knowing it, & an attempt will be made this Session to overset it, or at least to limit its powers; on the ground of its having been improperly obtained—A copy of the Charter is inclosed—& I hereafter inform You of its fate—”

Loans in those days were usually made by the banks to their stockholders, directors, and officers. A subscriber who owned \$10,000 of the stock of the Bank of Manhattan, without putting up any further margin, could obtain a loan of \$10,000 on his stock. For a time these new ventures were very profitable. In the depression following the War of 1812, it was found that no interest had been collected on many loans of this character for years, though the banks had credited themselves with the uncollected interest and paid dividends just as if the interest had been paid.

Mails were slow in those days; six months and even a year passed between letters. In reply to the foregoing letter Noble writes in the summer of 1801, that Napoleon was trying to unite Europe against England while England was bolstering up the weaker nations against France. “John Bull seems to be perfectly stung with rage of Knight Erranty and to bid Defiance to all Europe.” Lord Nelson who “is about the Size of General Hamilton and Mild and Gentle as the Great Washington,” is at Spithead with the fleet which “is a grand Sight for English men.” He expresses the hope that America will stay out of the conflict and “will be able to preserve Peace with all nations and be Content to be the Humble Carriers of Europe.”

He is glad to see that there is a tendency towards inflation in this country “notwithstanding the opposite Opinion of the Wild French Philosophers.” “The Wealth, Industry and happiness that the English possess notwithstanding their heavy taxes” he thinks proves this point, Despite “Violent Opposition the union of England and Ireland passed the Irish houses of Parliament.”

Despite high prices and heavy taxes “As many Routs and Balls are given this Winter as was Ever remembered in London.”

England suffered from lack of supplies, wheat selling at six dollars a bushel.

Under date of July 10, 1801, Noble speaks of the French preparations to "Invade this little Island but the People here seem to hold their threats in great Contempt." Chancellor Livingston, the American peace envoy, was having difficulties making peace with Napoleon. The peace ultimately led to the Louisiana Purchase, which, however, he did not disclose to his friend Noble. He goes on to say that France wants peace and that the people will probably oust Napoleon who "is not very secure—they even mention Moreau as his Successors."

"There are many Americans in or about London, Mr. Wallace and his lady, Dr. Romaine and his Sister, the Chancellor and others."

In the meanwhile my grandfather writes a long letter denouncing Jefferson, which sounds very modern:

"July 25, 1802.

N. Fish to Arthur Noble—

"The Government is now completely in the hands of the Democrats, & they are indefatigable in their general plan of disorganization; the small Army of 12 Regts which was raised during the misunderstanding between us and France and which it was thought would be only a proper Peace Establishment for this extensive country when those differences should subside has been totally disbanded & a further reduction of the four old Regts on the Western Frontiers, is now talked of—The little Naval Armament too which had been suddenly bro't into existence from the most urgent necessity & which it was hoped would from its evident utility be continued & lead to a regular and liberal Naval Establishmt has also been diminished by discharging three fourths of the officers & men, & by selling a large proportion of the Public vessels; & no means have yet been adopted for keeping up the very inconsiderable number of Frigates which have been for the present retained in Service—

"The Judiciary System has long been an Eye-sore to the democratic Sect; the Constn wisely intending that the Judges

should be independt in their officers, has provided that they should hold their places during good behaviour, and that their Salaries being once fixed by law should not be deminished during their continuance in Office; this independence of the Judges illy suits our present Rulers, whose aim & Intention is to undo all the strong & effective provisions as well of the Constitution as former law to make all the Departmts & authories of Govt subservient to their Soverign Will & pleasure and to feel their immediate dependence on Democratic Power. How then are the Judges to be managed? They cannot says the Const be removed but on Impeachmt & conviction, and yet say these Demagogues it is essential to our cause that they should be dismissed—Well then if we cannot remove the Officer we will remove the Office, and in this way our object will be gained—we will repeal the Judiciary law, and in this summary manner we will get rid of all the Federal Judges appointed under the Adminisⁿ of Washington & Adams, and cheat the Constitution in the bargain.

“The Internal Revenue laws give employm^t to numerous officers throughout the U.S. a large proportion of whom being federalists, & having received other appointments from Washington are of course in both points of view obnoxious to the present Rulers—it was therefore determined *sans ceremonie* to turn out certain characters whose offices were worth having and to fill their places with some choice Patriots who had distinguished themselves in the cause of liberty & equality & genuine jacobinism; but after a few removals and appoin^{ts} of this sort, a speedier expedient presented itself viz—that of repealing all the Internal Revenues of the Country and thus at one stroke remove the whole corps of Revenue Officers, from one extremity of the continent to the other, & abolish all existing taxes at the same time.

“This my friends is a faint picture of our situation, added to which our doors are to be thrown open to Foreigners of every description & Nation, who on their arrival here are to enjoy all the privileges of Citizenship, and to introduce into our Body all the wild vagaries & visionary theories of modern

Philosophy, of French jacobinism and local prejudices of every quarter of the Globe. I do not however despair and give everything up as lost; I hope there is good sense enough among us to distinguish between shadow & substance, between names & things & to restore that rational order of things under which our Country has flourished & been happy. But I am not without apprehension that some serious convulsion awaits us; I know not the whims of the present Leaders. I believe some of them to be ambitious & unprincipled.

“The inclosed pamphlet under the signature of Lucius Junius Brutus is worth your perusal.”

Nicholas Fish married Elizabeth Stuyvesant, April 30, 1803.

“Bourdeaux May 20h 1803.

A. Noble to N. Fish

“It gave me great pleasure to find by your letter of the 25th of January, that you & all my Friends in New York enjoyed good health, and had escaped the yellow Fever of October. I am sorry to find America in so Bad a Situation as you represent it, but have no doubt that the good sense of the People will operate properly, & sett all matters to right when this Utopian System shall blow over & the Government Philosophique, (as our Good Old Friend Baron Steuben used to say) shall find its proper Level in America, as it has done in this Country. I am very sorry however so many Worthy Men should suffer by the Whims or Prejudices of the President, de la Culotte rouge.

“Many thanks for the Pamphlet, which I think is unanswerable. Even Should Tom Paine be sent for to Support the System of the Demo’s—

“I propose going from this to some of the Water drinking places, either Baneres, or Bareges, Wintering at Toulouse, and returning to England by Paris, where I hope to meet my old acquaintance Chancer Livingston. By the accounts I had from Newyork thro’ Doctor Romaine, I was taught to believe back Lands bore a respectable Price in the market, but I find by your account it is not so at Present, I hope soon however to

have a more pleasing Account & depend much on your Friendship & Mrs. Daubiny's.

"The People of this Country being heartily Tired of the Revolutionary System are about to Elect Bonaparte first Consul for Life there will be a Vast majority in favour of his Election, but some People (not many) in this Town have opposed it. I am told one Demo (who holds a Place under the Government) Signed No, No, a thousand times No, but he is a fellow of Infamous Character, Something in the Stile of his American Brethren, from what I hear & See of this Government, it is what may be called a good Strong One, and the People Seem happy, as it better protects Life & Property than any they have experienced since the beginning of the Revolution, or indeed before it, the Condition of the lower Classes of the People seem Improved, Since I was in this Country in the year 1789, and Money by no means scarce but no paper money is to be seen. Upon the whole if Bonaparte lives to Govern 10 or 20 years I have little doubt that the French will be the first People in Europe. pray remember me to all my Good Friends in Newyork particularly Mrs. Daubiny & my Dear Charlotte whose happiness I most sincerely wish, . . ."

THE YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC OF 1805

The Napoleonic wars in Europe increased our trade with the West Indies and Europe. This trade brought with it a heavy penalty, Yellow Fever. Little was known of its origin, and nothing of its mode of transmission. There were two schools of thought among the doctors. One group believed that the origin of the sickness came from abroad; the other, that it was native to this country. The reasons for believing that the Fever was of foreign origin were: 1st, Nobody liked to admit the native origin of so foul a disease; therefore they blamed the cause of the Fever on our southern neighbors. 2d, Foreign origin favored the interest of jobbers in the sale of lands, and the emigration of foreigners to this country. To back up this contention, the doctors held that the sickness was of an exotic nature foreign to this country, claiming that this fact was

proved because the ravages of the Fever always ended with the first heavy frost. On the other hand, the shippers and merchants whose trade was hampered by the strict quarantine regulations, favored the theory that Yellow Fever was an aggravated form of Malaria and native to this country.

One doctor believed that the fever would be stopped from spreading "by obliging the cities to wall and pave their privies, which in their present state, communicate so directly, through a sandy soil, with the wells, equally left destitute of walls, that on the melting of the snow in winter, and during the droughts of summer, the water in both may be seen to assume the same level. The water drank in the lower part of the city, (Philadelphia) receives filtrations from the cemeteries and privies, that in Front-street, I found the water in my decanters becoming ropy, if kept three days in the month of May, and at length acquire a cadaverous stench."

He adds further, "I will venture to say that if a prize were proposed for the scheme of a regimen most calculated to injure the stomach, the teeth, and the health in general, no better could be invented than that of the Americans. In the morning, at breakfast, they deluge their stomachs with a quart of hot water, impregnated with tea or so slightly with coffee, that it is merely coloured water; and they swallow, almost without chewing, hot bread half baked, toast soaked in butter, cheese of the fattest kind, slices of salt or hung beef, ham &c. all which are nearly insoluble. At dinner, they have boiled pastes, under the name of puddings, and the fattest are esteemed the most delicious; all their sauces, even for roast beef, are melted butter; their turnips and potatoes swim in hog's lard, butter or fat; under the name of pie or pumpkin, their pastry is nothing but a greasy paste, never sufficiently baked; to digest these vicious substances, they take tea almost instantly after dinner, making it so strong, that it is absolutely bitter to the taste; in which state it affects the nerves so powerfully, that even the English find it brings on a more obstinate restlessness than coffee. Supper again introduces salt meats or oysters; as Chateaux says, the whole day passes in heaping indigestions on one another; and to give tone to the poor relaxed and

wearied stomach, they drink Madeira, rum, French brandy, gin, or malt spirits, which complete the ruin of the nervous system.”

As neither group knew what to do, they freely aired their opinions in the press with much rancor.

De Witt Clinton, then Mayor, writes to the medical fraternity a letter of advice:

“July 27, 1805.

“Notwithstanding the partiality of medical men to their own opinions and theories, it is to be hoped that the gentlemen of the profession in this City, will become impressed with the importance of rescuing our Country from the dread and ravages of Yellow Fever. On this consideration, they will undoubtedly lay aside all prejudices, and cordially unite in investigating the nature of the disease, and in endeavouring to discover a method of rendering it less dangerous and destructive. Nor should they despair of effecting those desirable ends. The Small-pox, for a great length of time, was as fatal to mankind, as Yellow Fever is at present. Science at length found out a way to overcome its virulence, and it is no longer the dread and scourge of nations. Anyway may we not indulge the pleasing thought, that science may be equally successful in subduing the Yellow Fever; and that our American Physicians may have the honour of accomplishing the great work? Their liberal and spirited exertions in so laudible attempt, would, in any event, insure them the gratitude of their fellow-citizens: and should they succeed, they will do honour to their profession and themselves, enjoy the satisfaction of imparting health and happiness to their Country, and be ever ranked among the benefactors of mankind.”

On August 29th, the drought of the previous month was broken. It rained in torrents. The next few days were hot and sticky—fine mosquito weather. Most of the doctors hailed the rain as a purifier and were dumbfounded to see the death rate jump up in leaps and bounds. So wrong had all theories been proven that the City became panicstricken. The worst affected area was in the neighborhood of the low swampy ground near the Tombs.

There was a general exodus from the stricken part of the

City towards the northern end of the Island. Greenwich Village attracted most of those who left the City. Banks, merchants offices, the Custom House, and private individuals found temporary lodgings there. The rush was so great that it is said that a hotel opened for business one day after its construction was started in a cornfield.

Grandpa Anthon lost at least one patient, a Mrs. Teneyck, aged 60. From his case books, I find that he gave her salts, calomel, then laudanum, then more salts and then more laudanum. The old lady died in a few days. Her servant who received the same treatment survived. As far as I can make out our family suffered no casualties in the epidemic of 1805.

I believe that with the exception of the use of laudanum, the medication is about the same today, after the disease has once been acquired. We now know how the disease is contracted and can control it, but once a person has the illness, we know nothing more about giving relief than our forefathers.

WAR OF 1812

At the outbreak of the War of 1812, the citizens of New York were much alarmed for the safety of the City. A committee was chosen to take charge of the defense work. Money was raised for many different purposes. Boats were hired for patrol duty; cannon were bought; and troops were enlisted and quartered. The most interesting activity of the committee was the purchase of a torpedo with which an attempt was made to blow up the English ships off the harbor. After a number of failures, this attempt came near accomplishing its purpose. The explosion rocked the ship and dumped a lot of water onto her deck, and gave the English a good scare. The biggest task, however, was the building of the forts encircling the City. The final report of the committee on this subject, reads in part:

“On being furnished by Brig^r Gen^l Swift of the Corps of Engineers with a plan for the defense of the City against the then expected attack, the Committee immediately took the necessary steps to have it executed and completed; the Plan embraced, first a line of defense on Long Island, from the Walla-



New York Bay from the Telegraph Station
(1838)

bout to Gowanos Creek enclosing completely the Peninsula, on which the village of Brooklyn is situated. Next a line of defense at Harlaem from Benson's Point at the mouth of Harlaem Creek, across the Island to the Hudson River in the neighborhood of Manhattanville. Also works of defense at Hell Gate & Sandy Hook to defend those approaches to the City, at Williamsburgh on the Long Island shore to secure that position between Brooklyn & Hellgate, and at Princes Bay to prevent a landing in the rear of the works on Staten Island. The principal works at Brooklyn were Forts Green, Cummings, Fireman, Masonic & Laurence, connected together by lines of intrenchment, and Fort Swift, a strong detached position within the line commanding its whole extent, and also covering the Fortifications on Governors Island. The principal works at Harlaem were Forts Clinton & Fish and Nuttens Battery near Mc Gowans Pass, with a line of Towers or Block Houses No. 1, 2, 3, & 4 along the ridge, and then Forts Laight & Horn, near the Bloomingdale Road. These works including those at Bensons point on Mill Rock, and at Hallett Point, seemed to form a complete northern line of defense against any but an overwhelming force."

The Committee consisted of the following:

Nich^s Fish, Chairman

Peter Messier

G. Buckmaster

I. Mapes

Tho^s R. Smith

Gideon Tucker

Isaac S. Douglass

Actual work on the forts was carried out by organized bands of citizens, both from the City and from the outlying towns and villages.

Sam Woodworth, author of the *Old Oaken Bucket*, wrote a popular song which was sung, played, and whistled everywhere on the streets and in the trenches. It is too long to quote in full, but a few of the verses will show the spirit and zeal of the people:

THE PATRIOTIC DIGGERS

Johnny Bull beware,
Keep at proper distance,
Else we'll make you stare
At our firm resistance;
Let alone the lads
Who are freedom tasting,
Recollect our dads
Gave you once a basting.
(*chorus*)
Pickaxe, shovel spade,
Crowbar, hoe and barrow,
Better not invade,
Yankees have the marrow.
To protect our rights
'Gainst your flints and triggers,
See on Brooklyn Heights
Our patriotic diggers;
Men of every age,
Color, rank, profession,
Ardently engage
Labor in succession.
(*chorus*)
Grandeur leaves her towers,
Poverty her hovel,
Here to join their powers
With the hoe and shovel,
Here the merchant toils
With the patriot sawyer,
There the laborer smiles,
Near him sweats the lawyer.
(*chorus*)
Here the mason builds
Freedom's shrine of glory,
While the painter gilds
The immortal story.
Blacksmiths catch the flame,
Grocers feel the spirit,
Printers share the fame,
And record their merit.
(*chorus*)

The work was made a grand picnic; high and low, rich and poor, worked together. The women, four hundred strong, came out in a body and put in a day's work. Even my grandfather, a child six years old, "trundled a little wheel-barrow at the erection of the forts in Central Park." Some of the land

acquired for these forts in upper Manhattan became the nucleus of the idea of creating a Central Park.

Stuyvesant Street

Parks and greens were always popular. When new subdivisions were laid out, the owners of the land reserved part of the tract for a park. This was done by the Rutgers, Ruggles, and Stuyvesants. Stuyvesant Square is approximately in the center of what used to be the Bowery Farm.

The Bowery village was a delightful place for Nicholas Fish's children to spend their childhood, more particularly so for the two boys, Stuyvesant and Hamilton. To the north of the house lay "Stuyvesant's Meadows," with its creeks and ponds, an excellent place for shooting and fishing. Hamilton Fish used to hunt above 9th Street. He knew almost every farmer in the vicinity. One cold morning, when he was a boy, he heard a gun fired and ran out of the house in Stuyvesant Street. A neighboring farmer whose chicken house stood near 20th Street and Fourth Avenue, had shot a wolf that was molesting the chickens. The morning was chilly and there was "a vapor rising from the body of the dead wolf." In the fields, north of the meadows, on the high ground, were places to picnic and gather nuts in the fall.

The river was clean and unpolluted. There was swimming within a few hundred yards of the house. After two rather narrow escapes from drowning, the boys found out that it was best to learn to swim. Uncle Stuyvesant was rescued from one of the ponds by the family dog "Rover." From this pond, James Cook, the pioneer iceman of the City, cut the ice to supply his customers. His icehouse stood on what is now Astor Place, just opposite the site of the old mercantile library.

At the lower end of Stuyvesant Street was Orteley's dock and tavern for the entertainment of hunters and fishermen. When Grandpa Fish was about ten years old he also was rescued from a watery grave by the loafers and fishermen who always congregate on docks and piers.

Having these two close shaves in mind, it isn't strange that.

in 1826, with the prospect of a generation of grandchildren, Nicholas Fish advocated the building of canals through Sixth, Ninth, and Fourteenth Streets to drain the meadows. The edge of these canals was to be ornamented with neat iron railings for safety.

Grandpa Fish got his love for country life by living in Stuyvesant Street which, before his death, was to be surrounded by the slums of a great City.

Many members of the family,—the Neilsons, the Morrises, and the Winthrops, lived in the neighborhood. When Stuyvesant Square was laid out, there were more than twenty of our first cousins who used to play in the Park.

Lafayette's Tour

General Lafayette accompanied by his son George Washington Lafayette, Mr. Auguste La Vasseur, and one servant arrived in the harbor of New York on the morning of August 15, 1824, on the Havre Packet *Cadmus*—Captain, Francis Allyn.

Early in the morning, their arrival was reported by the ship's telegraph at the narrows. This signalling system was the invention of Capt. Samuel C. Reed of the privateer *Gen. Armstrong*. It had been installed about three years earlier for the benefit of the merchants.

Hardly had the string of colored balls been hoisted on the flagstaff at Staten Island, which spelled out the code signal of the *Cadmus*, when the watchers on the Battery relayed the news of Lafayette's arrival. The news spread rapidly through the City. In a remarkably short time the harbor was alive with every description of small craft, circling the *Cadmus*, to catch a glimpse of the hero.

It must have been somewhat of a shock to the committee which boarded the *Cadmus* to outline the plans for the following day's reception, to view the aged Lafayette. For many years his memory had been associated with his youth and pictures of a dashing young man in his early twenties, dressed in a brilliant uniform. An aged Lafayette limped along the deck of the

Cadmus to greet the committee. A stoutish old man in his late sixties, homely in face and figure, wearing a rusty brown wig, with his own unruly hair showing from under its edges, giving it a raft-like appearance. The civilian clothes he wore were plain and cut in a foreign style. The shock, however, could not have been more than momentary, for the man radiated charm—charm richer and more mellow than that of his youth. Wherever he went in his year's trip through the United States, he drew towards him the adoration of the populace.

At an earlier day Jefferson said of Lafayette, that he had an almost "canine appetite" for public applause. Well, if he had such an appetite, it must have been satisfied during his tour of the country in 1824-25.

Nicholas Fish was in northern New York with his family when the great man arrived, so he did not have a chance to meet his old friend till he returned from his first triumphal tour of New England.

The two old gentlemen met for the first time in many years at a dinner of the Cincinnati Society, held on September 6th, Lafayette's 67th birthday. On the day following, Nicholas Fish, as chairman of Columbia College, "introduced" Lafayette into the College.

On the 10th of September, the General who had just been presented with a sword of honor, drove out in his carriage to the quiet suburbs of Stuyvesant Street, escorted by the 9th Regiment band, to have dinner with the Fish family and a "select party." The General left the City with his escort at what is now Canal Street and then went out into the country to Stuyvesant Street. What a thrill it must have given the negro mammies, the servants, and the children to have the great man arrive with a military escort right at the front door!

A few days later there was a ball at Castle Garden. The decorations were the usual flags and banners, floral arches, and above all the American Eagle. This bird was a favorite patriotic emblem of the time. The so-called "Lafayette" glass, china, and furniture made at that time is classified by the eagle motif of its design. Another favorite decoration of the day was lighted transparencies.

“The General made his appearance about 10 o’clock. Immediately the dance and the song was at an end. The military band struck up a military air, and Lafayette was conducted through a column of ladies and gentlemen, to a splendid pavilion, immediately opposite to the great entrance. Not a word was spoken of gratulation—so profound and respectful, and intellectual, was the interest which his presence excited; nothing but a subdued and universal clap broke the general silence, and that but for a moment.

“The interior of the pavilion, which was composed of white cambric, festooned, and otherwise varied with sky blue, and surmounted with an American Eagle, over the letter F, was richly finished. Among other interesting objects, we noticed a bust of Hamilton, placed upon a Corinthian pillar, and illuminated with a beautiful lamp.

“But the most interesting of all the exhibitions were those presented in front of the pavilion, and seen from it, immediately over the entrance to the Garden. A triumphal arch of about ninety feet space, adorned with laurel, oak, and festoons of flags, &c. were seen, based upon pillars of cannon fifteen feet high. A bust of Washington, supported by a golden eagle, was placed over the arch, as the presiding deity. Within the arch was a painting, nearly 25 feet square, of a fine colossal figure, representing the Genius of our country, rising in her native majesty and strength, supported by the American Eagle, and exhibiting a scroll inscribed to Fayette, with the words—“Honoured be the faithful patriot.”

“Soon after the General entered, the painting just alluded to was slowly raised, which exhibited to the audience a beautiful transparency, representing La Grange, the mansion of Lafayette. The effect was as complete, as the view was unexpected and imposing. Another subdued clap of admiration followed this tasteful, and appropriate, and highly interesting display.”

P. T. Barnum couldn’t have made a better entrance for Jenny Lind. Lafayette must have loved it.

At two o’clock, two weary old men left the ball, the “finest”

ever held in this country—some said the “finest in the world,” to get on board the steamer *James Kent* bound for Albany. With them went “a select party of ladies and gentlemen.”

The Committee had planned the trip up the river to be a stag party. At the last minute their plans were upset by a band of ladies from the ball, led by a red-headed Scotch amazon, Frances Wright. “Fanny” had recruited her band to follow her dear friend the General. The situation was both ludicrous and uncomfortable. The ladies took all the available cabin space. The men spent the night, what was left of it, on deck, in a cold drizzle and fog. At 7 o’clock in the morning the boat ran aground on the “Oyster Bank” off Tarrytown. This delay made the party late in arriving at Newburgh, their stop for the night. As they approached the dock in the gathering autumn darkness, Lafayette turned to his companion Fish, and said: “Nick, show me the road to Newburgh, down which we used to slide on bob sleds with those girls in the winter of 1782.” When my grandfather showed him the line of the road he asked, “What has become of those girls?” My grandfather answered, without hesitation, “They are all respectable grandmothers.” This remark on the part of Lafayette was a gentle reminder to my grandfather that he had once not been quite as sedate as he then was. The reply of Nicholas was the retort courteous in connection with a lecture he gave Lafayette earlier in the day on the subject of the “Wright Woman,” at Dewitt Clinton’s request. Lafayette should have recognized American prudery but didn’t. As we say, “he should have been his age.”

After leaving Newburgh, the ladies were left behind except Miss Wright, and the poor tired men got a chance to sleep. Miss Wright trailed Lafayette, the comet, through the United States, always arriving shortly after him, but in time to take part in the celebrations in his honor. She was the comet’s tail.

“Fanny,” or Frances Wright, did not return to France with Lafayette. She bought a tract of land in Tennessee. On this plantation she tried to improve the condition of the negroes. In addition to her work among the negroes, for which she became famous, she was the first person in this country to start a “free love colony.”

Yorktown and Washington's Tent

In the fall of 1824, my grandfather and great grandfather accompanied Lafayette to the 43d Anniversary of the Capture of Yorktown, October 19th.

The Richmond *Inquirer* (of the time) describes the ceremonies at length. General Taylor of Virginia, in behalf of the others, made the address to General Lafayette, in the course of which he said: "I place on the head of Major General Lafayette this wreath of double triumph, won by numerous acts of martial prowess and by a life devoted to happiness of the human race."

At the close of the address he was about to place the wreath upon the General's head, when "the considerate veteran caught the hovering wreath as it approached his brow and, bowing, dropt it to his side." In his reply Lafayette said: "In this business of storming redoubts with unloaded arms and fixed bayonets, the merit of the deed is in the soldiers who execute it; and to each of them I am anxious to acknowledge their share of honour. Let me, however, with affection and gratitude pay a special tribute to the gallant Hamilton, who commanded the attack, and to the three field officers who seconded him, Gimat, Laurens, and Fish, the only surviving one, my friend now near me. In their name in the name of the Light Infantry,—those we have lost as well as those who survive,—and only in common with them, I accept the Crown with which you are pleased to honour us." He then turned around and drew Colonel Fish to the front. "Here," he exclaimed, "half of this wreath belongs to you." "No, sir; it is all your own." "Then," said he, putting it into Colonel Fish's hand, "take it and preserve it as our common property."

"The whole scene was strongly marked by the moral sublime," adds the newspaper account. Yes, it was sublime; but not just as the writer meant. Lafayette didn't want any part of that wreath, particularly not perched on top of his ratty little wig, pulling it askew. "Let Fish take it, he had a grand head of hair." Then he saw another way out that was sublime. The unwanted gift was grandly disposed of.

That night there was a dinner at Richmond. The paper goes on to say, "The lights set before General Lafayette were fine wax candles, which had been found among the stores of Lord Cornwallis, captured forty-three years before at Yorktown."

Some of these candles were presented to the guests. Those that Nicholas Fish had, together with the wreath, were exhibited by my grandfather at the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair in New York, 1864, which marked the birth of the "Red Cross." My cousin, Lina Webster, has the wreath. About fifteen years ago, in going over a trunk full of old papers, rubbish, sealing wax, etc., I threw the candles away not knowing their history till too late.

The morning after the dinner, the people of Richmond not wishing to be outdone by the New Yorkers who had dined Lafayette in a replica of the headquarters at Newburgh, served his breakfast in Washington's tent, which had been brought up from Mt. Vernon or elsewhere for the occasion.

The decoration of the Order of Cincinnati, formerly owned by General Washington and worn by Lafayette at the Yorktown Celebration, was for many years in my grandfather's custody, as President of the General Society of Cincinnati, and after his death it was turned over by my Uncle Nicholas to the Society.

On the Fourth of July, Lafayette made a hurried visit to the City of New York.

July 1, 1825.

Evening Post—New York

FOURTH OF JULY

"Active preparations are now making to celebrate the approaching anniversary of our independence. The streets through which the military and different societies pass will we presume, be cleared of all timber, bricks and mortar and other obstructions wherever practicable; the dirt should be swept up into little hillocks in the middle of the street and flags erected on each to warn the scavengers not to disturb them until the celebration is over. The Corporation, sociable or hog cart drawn by two stout horses, and guarded by a posse of constables, was

in active operation yesterday morning. On its way through the different streets it had picked up more of the swinish multitude than could be comfortably accommodated and in their crowded situation they did not fail to make their complaints known to their compassionate fellow citizens. Some grunted, some squealed and some squeaked and altogether they produced such exquisite harmony as was never before heard of "even in Arcadia itself." Willis Kent's bugle is a cornstalk to it. But never mind that, our holiday will be splendid if it don't rain."

The Fourth turned out to be a perfect day—bright sunshine and a good stiff breeze from the bay. The military paraded with their plumes and feathers. Lafayette landed from his boat on which he had come from Albany. Committees at once began stuffing him with food and speeches.

The event of the day was the boat race, or races, because there were a number of heats to decide the winner of the five boats in the race. Three got prizes: the *Crawford* first, *Despatch*, second, *Volant*, third. The *Ella Ruth* and *Count Piper* weren't in the money.

Lafayette's stay in this country was drawing to a close, so during the display of fireworks at Vauxhall Gardens in the evening, he found time to visit the family at Stuyvesant Street and say "good-bye."

He dined with President Adams in Washington on his birthday, September 6th. The following day, which had been set for his departure from this country, he seemed loath to go. He wished to spin out the last minute of his stay here. The parting salute of the *Brandywine* was echoing across the waters of the Potomac as he left the White House steps.

It was lucky that Congress had designated this fine new ship to take him back to France. The man had made himself into a veritable human grab bag. Every conceivable thing that grew or that was made in this country had been given him in the form of presents. There were live presents, too,—a grizzly bear, a raccoon, and a possum, some snakes and a bird or two. There were stuffed animals as well, and machinery, swords, and

Masonic trowels by the score. It would have taken a pretty nimble hen to have laid as many eggs as he had cornerstones, on his trip through the country. Of all the gifts offered him, only one was refused, the Yorktown wreath.

Lafayette embarked on a smaller steamer which was to convey him to the *Brandywine*, anchored lower downstream, probably below the shoal that makes out from the Mt. Vernon shore, where once I went aground in attempting to land at Mt. Vernon. At this point Lafayette and his party, who were at dinner, noticed that the band had changed its enlivening music to a funeral dirge. It was announced: "We are opposite Mt. Vernon." Lafayette came out on deck and stood at attention as the boat went by. Since that day, I believe the Navy has kept the same tradition. All Navy ships dip their colors when passing Mt. Vernon.

LAFAYETTE'S LETTERS

From 1825 to the time of Nicholas Fish's death in 1833, he and Lafayette carried on a correspondence that comprises about one hundred and fifty typewritten pages. Boiled down, there is little of interest except the recording of births, deaths, and marriages of the children and grandchildren of the two families.

With regard to French political affairs, Lafayette's letters are remarkably silent. Perhaps this is due to the fact that he was in the opposition party and did not wish to put his views in writing.

The Monroe Doctrine comes in for discussion in connection with the Holy Alliance which caused President Monroe to announce his famous stand in the matter of European meddling on this Continent.

"Nov. 24, 1825

Lafayette to Fish

"Of public news I have little to say. British publications take a great pride in their recognition of South American Independence, at least of some of those States, as if they had been

the first in the World to do it. Spain is solicited to act the same part, thereby setting at ease the foolish scruples of other Governments. But hitherto they have been deaf to reason."

"Jan. 22, 1826

Lafayette to Fish

"The death of Alexander and the late transactions in Russia with the bad state of health of the Austrian Emperor are so many death wounds to the system of the Holy Alliance. May the good Cause be also preserved from the Aristocratical Spirit of Great Britain."

An outgrowth of the Monroe doctrine was the first Convention of South American Republics held at Panama. This Convention was half-heartedly attended by representatives of the United States.

"Feb. 14, 1826.

Fish to Lafayette—

"The interesting subject of a mission to Panama is still before Congress; for some time past it has been under discussion and nothing definite has yet transpired. I presume however that the measure will be finally adopted notwithstanding the serious opposition it seems to have met with in that Body."

"Apr. 5, 1826.

Fish to Lafayette—

"We have no political news of any consequence the decision in favor of a Panama mission you have doubtless been informed on, although my anticipations on that subject were realized in the result, yet in looking back to the discussions & difficulties which took place during the progress of that measure, it does appear somewhat extraordinary that a subject so plain should have met with so much opposition."

A PROPOSED VISIT TO LA GRANGE

During his stay in this country, Lafayette took a fancy to my great aunt Elizabeth (Mrs. Richard L. Morris). Shortly

after his return to France, he invited her to stay with his family at La Grange. At one time our family almost made up its mind to send her to France. They even had a portrait of her painted preparatory to her departure. In the end she did not go, which proved best, as Captain Macy, in whose care she was most likely to have been entrusted, lost his ship early in 1827, or late in 1826. Even though no lives were lost, the experience of being shipwrecked would have been very unpleasant for a sixteen-year-old girl traveling alone.

“New York, April 5, 1826.

Fish to Lafayette—

“Your very friendly letter by Capt. Macy was duly recd & most heartily welcomed by the many particulars communicated by him respecting the delightful society of La Grange, every circumstance of your eventful life my dear Genl excited a deep interest & every incident which in any degree bespeaks your happiness & enjoyment comes home to my bosom with heartfelt satisfaction. Indeed such was the effect produced on the occasion that a trip to France soon became the topic of conversation among us and so enthusiastic were the childn. (particularly Elizh. my youngest daughter) that her Mother & I for some time delivered on the propriety of the measure; and had almost decided on committing her to the care of Capt. & Mrs. Macy on a visit of a few months to your amiable family; but on more mature reflection prudence forbade the enterprise. While the subject was under consideration, the hope of her being accompanied on her return by some of the ladies of your family on a visit to us was among the powerful motives for the measure though Elizabeth has been disappointed, we all anxiously hope that inducement may not be wanting with some of the Ladies of La Grange to visit America and to favor us by making this their headquarters and home during their stay.”

Lafayette was loath to take “no” for an answer and wrote over and over again, inviting various members of the family to visit him at La Grange.

“New York 23d Augt. 1826.

Capt. Allyn to Nicholas Fish—

“The object of my present respects is to communicate to you the disappointment of the family at La Grange at the non appearance of your daughter. In a late letter (on the eve of my departure from Havre) the Genl writes “I intended writing to my friend Colonel Fish & several others. It must be postponed to the next opportunity. You know Miss Fish, one of those amiable sisters (Elizabeth it was) had determined to go with Mrs. Macy, why should you not form in the family a party with Mrs. Allyn and leave them with us untill your return from N. York.” The Genl. so often spoke of this to me when at La Grange that I am anxious for his sake that you should consent and put your daughter under my care, and at same time assure you that it will afford me much pleasure to have an opportunity to pay any attentions to any of yours. If it will be an inducement (& I hope it will) I am to be married on Monday next at Coldenham to Miss Jane Colden & she will accompany me this voyage to France (to sail 15th Sept.) I have mentioned to Miss Colden the possibility of her having the pleasure of your daughters company and she joins with me in wishing that it may be so.

“P.S. I owe to Col. Fish an apology for my seeming neglect in not calling as promised for letters last voyage. In the absence of a pilot I was obliged to take charge of the Cadmus in transporting from East to North River and all the evng of Sunday 14th engaged in looking for my sailors. It was entirely out of my power to call, tho’ I hoped to the last moment that I should have time to do so.”

“La Grange Sept. 23d 1826

Lafayette to Fish—

“The welcome bearer of this letter, Doctor Neilson, will tell you more of this place and its inhabitants than could be expressed in a long piece of writing, nor could any lines, more than any words, adequate the affectionate feelings that bind me to you, and your beloved family. Those feelings have been lately excited in a very particular manner by a confidential

communication that my most dear young friend Miss Susan was also likely before long to change her name, a circumstance which altho, not unforeseen made me more than ever sensible of the lively and deep interest I take in her welfare, so that I have two blessings instead of one to confer from the bottom of my heart upon both sisters. Hamilton's name I had the pleasure to see very honourably mentioned in the papers. Your last words to Captain Macy, my dear friend, have not been lost upon me. You have said on board the Lewis, one single more invitation to come to La Grange should be sufficient to determine your visit to us. Be pleased then to receive and record this additional most eager invitation and make us all happy by a family party to this side of the Atlantic making of course La Grange your home from where to make excursions to what is to be seen in these parts of the World. Such a plan will be to every member of our colony truly delightful, and to Mrs. Fish and family not so inconvenient, as to sea passage, fatigue &c., as is perhaps anticipated. We have sometimes the pleasure to see Doctor Winthrop, who has been a great traveller, and hope he will soon return to La Grange. He thought he might be obliged to shorten his European time of residence on account of some town lot concerns in New York, of which I will know more when he comes again. You have seen in the papers that Barton's affair had been, to my great gratification, settled, for in our dear American Country everything, will or not, find its way to publication.

"Mrs. Macy is returning with her husband our dear Miss Elizabeth would be on the point of embracing her beloved parents after having made me very happy. I hope it is only differed. Present my most affectionate respects to Mrs. Fish, to your daughters, remember me very affectionately to your sons and to our Brothers in Arms. Governor Lewis and his family, Miller Varick, Van Courtland, Platt &c. &c. My Son offers his best respects, so does Le Vasseur who is returned with his amiable young Wife. My family beg to be most tenderly presented to you all.

"My best respects to Mrs. Hamilton and family. I have requested Captain Macy to get for me some trees from Mr.

Prince's fine nursery, in which I beg you to have the goodness to assist him."

"Dec. 5, 1826.

Fish to Lafayette—

"Once more I have the happiness of addressing you. I could not permit Capn Macy's return to France without accompanying him with a few lines acknowledging the receipt of your kind letter by Dr. Neilson & of expressing my grateful sense of your many & kind remembrances. Dr. Neilson's description of La Grange & its inhabitants, its hospitality, its delightful & enchanting society, indeed its everything was received with joy & gladness by every member of my family who one & all participate in no small degree in everything relating to the welfare and happiness of the inmates of La Grange.

"The interest you take and so feelingly and elegantly express towards my daughters Susan & Margt on their approaching marriages bind me more firmly than ever to you, and have impressed their minds with the livliest gratitude. Susan's marriage took place five weeks ago, her husband is a Son of Mr. Herman Le Roy formerly a very respectable merchant of this City of the firm of Le Roy Bayard & Co. & who for some years past has retired from business. My Son in law is a young man of good understanding of liberal education of correct principles and habits, handsome expectations as to fortune and in good business, and though last not least in my opinion a descendant from one of our oldest & most respectable families.

"It will afford you *please* to hear that my daughter Margt is to be married this evening; her intended husband and his family being well known to you, I need not say anything more of him than that his prospects in the line of his profession are flattering, & that his father (Dr. Neilson) being himself a Physician of high standg proposes to practice jointly with his Son.

"Hamilton feels himself peculiarly honored and gratified by your noticing him, and the more so from the handsome & friendly manner of communicating it and if you will excuse a Father's fondness (I should perhaps say weakness) permit me

The Star Spangled Banner!

Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts our watch'd were so gallantly streaming
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the smoke that our flag was still there,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foes hung in vain and silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze doth convey o'er the towering steep
As it wellfully blows half conceal'd and discloses
Some new-born glory, the gleam of the sun-beam
In full glory, the star-spangled banner
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! where is that land who's mountingly swore,
At the havoc of war and the soldier's confusion,
A home - and a country shall we have no more
Their blood was washed off our face for this pollution
No refuge can save the hirelings and slaves,
Then the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

Oh! then be it said that from this blessed land
Between their shores and the war's desolation
Bless'd with the power of the Lord, may the heaven-rescued land
Purged the power of the Lord, made and preserve'd us a nation
Then conquer we must, when our cause is just
In this our motto - in God is our trust
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

Written by Francis S. Key

Autograph copy of Star Spangled Banner
by Francis Scott Key
From flyleaf of Peter Stuyvesant Fish's Diary
Gov. Fish's Inkwell & Pens

to adv. that Collegiate honors of the first grade were again conferred on him yesterday at a full meeting of the Board of Trustees, of the faculty of the College and in the presence of all the Students.

“Mrs. F. and my Children all unite with me in thanking you my dear Genl for your very kind & renewed invitation to La Grange. It would gratify & delight us to partake of the Society of yourself & amiable family but desirable as it would be we find so many difficulties as compel us to forego the gratification.”

Fish to Lafayette—

“Our friend Capn Macy has soon recovered from his late misfortune, great exertions have been made in his favor and he is now in the command of a larger and better Ship than the Lewis. He is the bearer of this letter and to him I must refer you for many things which I cannot write at present as the state of my Eye forbids a further use of it. Accept my dear General and friend my best and warmest wishes for your health and happiness including all the members of your dear family, particularly your Son & Mr. Lavasseur and permit me to offer you the affectionate and kind remembrances of Mrs. Fish and all our Children.”

There may have been another reason why Elizabeth didn't go to France:

“July 14, 1820.

Fish to Lafayette,

“The information you mention respecting my youngest daughter (Elizabeth) is very true, but the marriage is not to take place soon, as the parties are quite young enough to make a short delay desirable, the match is perfectly agreeable to both families. He is an amiable young man of good education and habits with a moderate fortune, grandson of the late Genl. Lewis Morris a former delegate of Congress & a signer of the Declaration of Independence & Nephew of the late Gourverneur Morris.”

POLITICS

With regard to the bitter political campaign of 1828 which brought Jackson into power and the high tariff of 1827, called the tariff of "abominations" which caused a serious panic, Fish writes on July 31, 1827:

"You have seen in our public prints certain indications of a vigorous contest for the Presidential Chair at the next election, with this subject is associated that of domestic manufactures and a new Tariff of Duties on certain imported articles. Considerable intrigue and negotiation are already at work to enlist particular States and Individuals and it is difficult to say who are or are not already committed. The part which this State will take in this great question is uncertain, if united, her weight in the scale may have a preponderating influence. I think it not impossible that out of the present conflicting interests a new direction may be given to public opinion and a third Candidate selected in exclusion of both those now before the Public. As to myself I have no very strong predilection in favor of either nor am I politician enough to be in the secrets of either party but from present appearances there is reason to apprehend that this subject will greatly increase the public excitement and produce irritation and asperity to an alarming degree."

"La Grange, Sept. 11th, 1828

Lafayette to Fish—

"Some little progress is made on a better political road, but slow, and entangled with all the difficulties of Monarchy, Aristocracy and Priestly ambition. Yet I feel that my duty to the cause, the country, and my good constituents is to offer my mite of influence and American principles. The affairs in the East seem to be far from being settled. Had the Western powers gone timely into the plan of Grecian enfranchisement, Russia might have been kept within her boundaries. They were deaf to the voice of justice and humanity, and self interest, as it often happens, has paid for the error. Now the conduct of England continues to be unfeeling and ungenerous, as far, at

least, as I can judge of it. The French expedition, on the contrary, I think to have been planned on a liberal scale and I know to be supported by a liberal public opinion. It atones in a degree for the Spanish invasion about which so much Party and Court displeasure has been lately excited when I have called it criminal. Much indignation has been spent away in patriotic and ministerial papers, namely those of Great Britain against the tyranny of Don Miguel, but I would not wonder to see matters arranged to his satisfaction, and the Cause as well as the defenders of national liberty sacrificed there as they have been in Spain and elsewhere, unless the excesses committed in the Peninsula arouse a spontaneous insurrection to which the European Courts must accede, although, they don't wish for it. But the home materials, for such patriotic work, are very indifferent. Governor Lewis and family will probably come to town about the time you receive this letter. Present my affectionate regards to them."

There is very little in Lafayette's letters about the Revolution of 1830 or the events that led up to it.

"June 25, 1830.

Lafayette to Fish,

"Public papers will inform you of the state of affairs in Europe, particularly in France. There is a contest between national opinion, and the obstinacy of the Counter Revolutionary party. The new elections in spite of intrigues, frauds, ministerial, and royal influences shall give us a decided majority. The Resolutions for non payment of illegal taxes have become very popular. King, Heir Apparent, and Prime Minister seem hitherto determined to go on. What will be the result a short time must decide. The Court must recede or assume unacknowledged powers.

"The greatest difficulty in the Algerine expedition was the landing on a dangerous coast and under a frequency of contrary and stormy winds. Now that the Army is ashore the occupation of Algiers, more or less dearly purchased, is in that end insured. It has been undertaken rather for interior purposes than with

political views, yet if there is no obstacle on the part of European diplomacy, it might be made beneficial and philanthropic.”

“August 10, 1830.

Fish to Lafayette,

“France now is a great Theatre the most important results depend on contingencies. The elections and the Algerine expedition are subjects which interest us all. As to the latter I know not what to wish, but as to the former it is big with so many consequences of the deepest & most important nature that every friend to liberal principles and good government here as well as in France feels most deeply solicitous. We have nothing new to offer you from this side of the Atlantic. You know our division of parties and it is extremely difficult to foresee what may happen. I think however that our Union is safe notwithstanding all that has been said as to nullification or dismemberment of the Union by South Carolina. The idea of any one State withdrawing from the Union whenever she may judge it expedient or when the measures of Government may in her opinion bear hard upon her is I think subversive of the principles on which the Union and government were formed and altogether inadmissible. My friend *Lavasseur's Book* is a faithful and well told narrative of the visit and tour through the U. States, his style is easy & classical and his various descriptions show correct taste and accurate observations; his kindness to me in the several instances in which he has noticed me is very flattering and I beg him to accept my grateful acknowledgements.”

“Dec. 19, 1830.

N. Fish to Lafayette—

“My late indisposition which compelled me to leave the City and to seek relief from country air & retirement from the vicinity of the Sea, continued several months with symptoms at times somewhat alarming with occasional intervals and has at length fortunately terminated so far at least as to authorize a moderate use of the comforts of life and the enjoyment of the

Society of friends. I avail myself therefore of the opportunity it affords of tendering to you my dear General my sincere & hearty congratulations on the result of the late glorious Revolution which secures to France a free and liberal Government, and affords a precedent and good example to other Nations. The very distinguished & all important part which you have taken in organizing and accomplishing this great & glorious Revolution, adds new lustre to your fame & fresh laurels to the many already decorating your Brow. When the page of history shall be embellished with the details of this great & patriotic achievement of Liberty to France, the Name of Lafayette will ever be associated with it, & with all the blessings & benefits resulting therefrom. I know not how to describe to you the universal and enthusiastic joy occasioned among us by the intelligence of this great event, a common feeling prevailed all descriptions of persons & resulted in public rejoicings and grand processions of which I presume you have been already informed through the Newspapers. The temper & moderation which have characterized the whole transaction from it's commencement to it's completion, reflect the highest honor on the heads and hearts of all concerned in it, and every patriotic bosom must applaud the glorious achievement and feel an ardent desire that the actors in this great drama may long live to enjoy the glory and abundantly participate in the fruits of their patriotism & valor.

“Public affairs with us continue pretty much in *status quo* arrangements preparatory to the next Presidential Election are in active operation and the result as doubtful as ever. Your old friend and ex-Presidt. Monroe, (since his late family affliction) has left Virginia and become a Citizen of New York residing with his daughter Mrs. Gouverneur Wife of our Post Master. His health is infirm and his constitution and bodily strength appear to be much deteriorated, his mind however, is not impaired and his memory is good. He frequently speaks of you, and always with all the warmth of affection whenever we meet, your eventful life and great usefulness to mankind never fail to afford a delightful topic of conversation.”

PENSIONS

“Albany, January, 1806

Gen. North to Col. Nicholas Fish

“I don’t know any better way to inform you of the situation of the Widow Hunt than by enclosing Peter Yeats’s letter—as to double postage, the Father of the widow and fatherless will credit you with the amount, the which credit may, one day, be of great service in balancing the charges which will appear against you; or, if you prefer present pay, charge it to the Society. Hunt was a poor officer and a poor man—but like many others who were as little fit for it, he got a commission and never, that I know, was disgraced. He latterly kept a grocery and sold dumb fish, which spoke loudly, to the contrary. He is now dumb himself poor fellow, and has left his wife and little ones to cry to the Cincinnati who, I trust, unmovable at the shout of any army, will lend an ear to the still small voice of the poor little children of a once brother Officer, who without assistance may perish for lack of food. I wish your wife as much, and you more, happiness than you deserve; may you live till our present Government go to War—without their being pushed by the bayonet of the enemy—this therefore will bring you to the age of a patriarch; the war-whoop in the President’s message and Jack the Giant Killer’s 6743 into the bargain notwithstanding. I am your friend and Serv’t.”

It took the Government over forty years to come to the aid of the needy officers.

“March 4, 1910

S. Fish, Sr., to Sarah Webster

Speaks of finding an old desk—notes to widows and relatives of Revolutionary soldiers. Jokingly suggests selling same for value of signatures.

“December 5, 1826

N. Fish to Lafayette

“The application to Congress at their last Session in behalf of the surviving Officers of the Revolutionary Army will be renewed at the present meeting. Some of our poor brethren rely with too much confidence on the justice of their claim confident

of success to a certain extent, but I think it's fate is very doubtful."

"July 14, 1828

N. Fish to Lafayette

"From the deep and lively interest you have always felt and taken in favor of your old Revolutionary Brethren you must have been highly gratified in the eventful success of their application to Congress. The law in their favor having been published in the Newspapers you are doubtless acquainted with it's provisions.

"It is indeed to be regretted that the subject had been so long deferred that a large proportion of brave and honorable men who were entitled by their services to it's provisions should by the delay have been deprived of the benefit of them. Still however it is honorable to the Government even at this late day to make so handsome provision for all the survivors of the Army of the Revolution by placing all on a full Pay Establishment for life with an advance of two years Pay in Cash."

An earlier letter from General North on another subject is amusing:

"Duaneburg, October 19th.

Gen. North to N. Fish,

"In the name of God amen. Peace be to him who seeketh the right way to walketh therein. The fly has made its appearance in my wheat and many a verdant head has been laid low. but why should I expect to be exempted from the ills which betide my neighbors? have not the poor wretches who surround me had their fields blasted, and shall I be safe? No, forbid it Heaven, let the fly take its full swing and go to the Devil. Tis the fashion of the Catholic Church to invoke the Saints when any calamity overtakes them—as a Catholic, I invoke you O most beneficent Saint Niclaus, to assist me in this my melancholy situation, lift up thy sweet countenance upon my forlorn estate, & if thou canst not scatter these accursed flies—at least scatter my ignorance in political matters. Send me the 2d Volume of the federalist & let me be enlightened in the matter of

tryal by jury—doubtlessly you have it for you subscribe to the works of Genius.

“Remember me to Dot, say, though I remember all her tricks, and wiles(?) towards me. Yet I was pleased to see her grin when the final settlement of Congress at New York was announced. I hope her house is marked by all that decency and Decorum which held it up as the most eligible place in the world for modest men, when I was there. A little news, a few papers and federalists, dear Nick, addressed to the care of whose fair daughter smiles whenever you are mentioned will find me out. Think of this fly and thank God your Salary is sure that all our crops should be cut off by them.

“I have somewhat against you Nick, as the Apostle Paul said to the Colosus of Rhodes, Inasmuch as you, inflated with the (pomp?) points and variety (vanity?) of the World, have forgotten your friends. I will not say you first love for Mrs. R is alone to that appellation—She, who now pines in anguish for having given up the substance and grasped the shadow. believe me to be in proportion to the number of books, papers, and letters which you shall send. Your friend—W. North.”

He wrote nice letters. I wish I had more of them. The diseased wheat was imported from Europe and was one of the early pests to be transplanted here.

GREEK FRIGATE SCANDAL

The revolt of Greece against Turkey brought with a wave of popular sympathy for the Greeks. Byron's aid to the Greek cause made the revolution a major foreign issue in Europe and America. Financial aid was sought for the Greeks. I. S. Racardo of London and Le Roy Bayard in New York raised a fund of £2,000,000 to aid the Greeks. Up to this point the transaction was fair and above board. The loan was a great success. How much of the money was raised here and how much abroad, at this date, is pure conjecture. The indications are that about £100,000 were raised here. At this stage G. G. and S. Howland associated themselves with Le Roy, Bayard & Company in the management of the American funds. Both here and abroad the

Greeks were grossly cheated by the bankers, shipbuilders, and many others who succeeded in getting a finger in the pie. The affair became a scandal and a commission was appointed to investigate the matter. The commissioners found in favor of the bankers and the other leeches, and after giving them a nice coat of "whitewash," rendered a bill of \$11,500 for their services as a final bit of graft.

Lafayette to N. Fish

"There has been in England great mismanagement with respect to Grecian concerns. Large sums of money coming from the loan have been sunk to no purpose. Greek associations in France, Switzerland, and the upper part of Germany have done much better. I wish the American money which you mention had been employed either in forwarding the frigates, or purchasing a steam armed vessel, and am not only actuated by the superior consideration of utility to the cause. I also want the people of the U.S. to have due credit for what they are doing, and so I am very proud of the intrinsic merit, generous devotion, and capital services rendered to the Greek Navy by a young American of New York, formerly a midshipman in the Navy of the U.S. now a distinguished captain and friend of Admiral Miaullis, Captain Allen."

"December 5, 1826.

N. Fish to Lafayette

"As to Greek affairs, I have nothing of a pleasant nature to communicate, you have doubtless heard the fate of the two Frigates, and I presume too, of the controversy in relation to them, but lest you may not have seen the several publications on this subject, first that of the Arbitrators, then that of Contostavlos himself then that of Wm. Bayard and last another of Mr. Sedgwick. I have inclosed them all for your perusal; public feeling was for a time strongly excited but has greatly subsided since the publication of Mr. Bayard. Genl. Lallemande's statement has not yet been published, but will as I understand from him, appear in a few days both in French and English."

The firm of Le Roy Bayard failed shortly after this unpleasant affair. Old Mr. Bayard was spared the disgrace of seeing

his former firm fall. He died just before the crash. The Howlands came through but suffered greatly in reputation. Mr. G. G. Howland thought it would be best to take his family to Europe for an extended tour, during which he spent part of his ill-gotten gains in buying fake "old masters."

"May 8, 1827.

N. Fish to Lafayette

"This will be presented by Gardiner G. Howland esq. of New York, one of our most respectable and distinguished merchants."

SCHOOL, COLLEGE, AND LAW PRACTICE

The letters and papers that follow, for the most part, have to do with my grandfather, Hamilton Fish. I will not endeavor to write his life, or to give his political views, except as they are shown by the papers in question.

My grandfather once said that the story of his life would never be written. Nevins has written a very excellent history of the time in which he lived and the part he played in the events of the day. But with it all, Nevins fails to show the more intimate side of Grandpa's character.

The intimate letters that follow show his quaint, elfish sense of humor, tolerant criticism, and an unshakeable belief in God and the life hereafter.

At the age of seven, Hamilton Fish was sent to Valentine Derry's School, located at 336 Broadway. He remained in this school for a year or two. The second school he attended was run by M. Bancel, a French Royalist. Hamilton Fish's thorough knowledge of the French language was derived from his studies under M. Bancel. On the flyleaf of a small, nicely bound copy of Voltaire's *Histoire de Charles XII*, is the following notation:

"A. H. Fish, from his Tutor
M. Bancel
as a premium for excelling in French
Grammar, December 31, 1818."

He had another remarkable teacher before he went to college, Joseph Nelson. "Josey Nelson, as we used irreverently to call our blind preceptor, who, by the way, was the very best classical pedagogue I ever knew, and yet, for many years, had not been conscious of a ray of light (material light I mean,) if it be material, for he imbibed, notwithstanding his physical infirmity, intellectual light, continually."

[*H. Fish to Erastus Brooks*—May 12, 1871.]

In 1827, Hamilton Fish graduated from Columbia College with highest honors. Immediately after graduation he entered the law office of Peter A. Jay, son of John Jay.

On May 14, 1830, he was admitted to the bar, and started a law practice of his own. This law practice was never very extensive and dealt chiefly with real estate. His clients were mostly members of the family and personal friends, chief among whom was his uncle P. G. Stuyvesant.

It is said that he kept an office on the ground floor and that much of his business came "through the window." Besides being a lawyer, he was a notary public and Commissioner of Deeds. The large number of small fees he got for recording deeds and witnessing papers, passed in at the window of his office by his clients, furnished the bulk of the business. During his active practice of the law (1830-42), he changed his office at least seven times. Ground floor space may have been hard to get.

The more important cases he tried all came directly, or indirectly, from his uncle, Peter G. Stuyvesant.

For a time Grandpa had as a partner J. Rutsen Van Rensselaer. During the winter of 1832, Fish and Van Rensselaer searched the title of a large tract of land near Piermont on the west bank of the Hudson. They were employed by the Erie Railroad, of which Peter G. Stuyvesant was a director.

The Erie Railroad tracks were laid over the lands whose title Fish and Van Rensselaer had searched. At the end of the line, a great pier was built out into the Hudson. Concerning this pier and the effect of it on his place at Tarrytown, Washington Irving writes:

“Greenburgh June 30th, 1841.

Irving to Kemble—

“I rejoice to find you once more reseated in the “old saddle at the Foundary,” and hope you will long stick to it. Brevoort’s nestling himself at Beverly, also, is a very gratifying piece of intelligence. I think it will be a place that will just suit him and his family.

“I am busy hay making and building a bulwark to protect my little domain from the encroachments of the river, which is forced upon our bank by the docking out of the Erie rail road company. As soon as I get through with all my rural occupations I will turn my face toward the Highlands.

“Give my kindest remembrances to your sister and to Mr. Parrot, and shake Brevoort by the hand for me when you see him.”

By 1833, Grandpa left Van Rensselaer and became the partner of William Beach Lawrence. They had offices at No. 1 Nassau Street. Their practice was fair but neither of the partners were fitted to the profession. In the next few years Grandpa drifted away from the regular practice of law into the field of politics.

In the spring of 1832, he and Wm. Edgar traveled to Washington with Daniel Webster, who, in 1829, had married Caroline Le Roy, sister of uncle Daniel Le Roy. The trip down was by land in the stagecoach. It was most fatiguing. In crossing the state of New Jersey, between Trenton and New Brunswick, the coach was hub deep in mud for hours at a stretch. In Washington they stayed with Daniel Webster, who introduced them to President Jackson. They returned from Baltimore on the steamer *George Washington*, in company with Philip Hone.

A little later that spring P. S. Fish paid a visit to President Jackson.

“Baltimore Sunday Evening,
May 6, 1832.

P. Stuyvesant Fish to Hamilton Fish—

“I consider it a duty as well as a pleasure to answer your letters, as you have been so kind & attentive. This morning I left Washington & arrived here about 4 o'clock after a most delightful ride. I should have liked very much to have remained at Washington till a final answer had been given to my application but when I reflect that not only appearances were favorable but that the management of it had fallen into so *kind* hands as those of Gen'l. Ward & Secretary Livingston, therefore I regret more that I did not remain to take a seat in the National Convention which I was very strongly urged to do. I was introduced on Friday morning to Major Donelson who invited me to take tea at the “*Lions*” that evening but not to calculate on meeting any one, of course the invitation was accepted & at about half past seven I arrived before the Palace, the usher conducted me to Major D's presence & after a short interval I was requested to set down my hat as the Pres. was coming. On his entrance he walked towards me & in a very gentlemanly manner (calling me by name) said “I need no introduction to the son of a Revolutionary Officer.” I sat with him for about a half an hour during which time coffee was handed in & afterwards the Gen'l. called for a smoke upon which the waiter handed in two pipes ready loaded one of which was offered to me which I need not say I refused. He conversed upon various subjects, observed one or two self evident truths & left the impression on my mind as of one doing everything to make himself popular. The reason of my having been so egotistical is that I think in neither of my former letters have I said much concerning myself since my departure—Washington was getting very interesting as I had formed several acquaintances with young men belonging to “*our convention*,” than whom it is generally said a finer set could scarce have been chosen in any quarter of the Globe.”

The object of Stuyvesant's visit to Washington was to obtain a midshipman's warrant which he never got.

It might have been more tactful to have smoked the pipe of

peace with Jackson or taken the seat offered him in the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, to which, he being a strong whig, sarcastically refers as "our convention." Armed with such credentials, I have little doubt that Jackson would have granted him the commission he desired. As things turned out Stuyvesant went to sea on the frigate *United States* as Captain's clerk.

The convention made up of "men than whom it is generally said a finer set could scarcely have been chosen in any quarter of the 'Globe'," nominated Jackson for his second term. The whigs had already nominated Clay.

FAMILY CONNECTIONS AND MARRIAGE

My great grandmother, Sarah Sabina Morris, was the daughter of Col. Jacob Morris, who served on the Staff of Gen. Charles Lee until the latter was dropped from the army. Needless to say there were no charges of any kind against Morris, who continued to enjoy the confidence of his associates and superiors in the army. An amusing incident in his life was that having married, in or about the year 1782, he settled in what is now Otsego County, New York, at a place known as Butternuts and latterly as Morris. He was appointed to take the Federal Census of 1790 for and in the County of Montgomery, which at that time embraced all of the state of New York lying west of Albany and the other North River counties. He was so much impressed with the importance of his office that he gave to a daughter born at that time the extraordinary, and so far as I know, the unique name of "Censa." She died young, and I believe is buried in the Butternuts churchyard. By his first wife he had twelve children. After her death, when he was a man of about seventy, he married a youngish woman approximately thirty, by the name of Pringle. By her he had one son, Wm. A. P. Morris. My father met him in 1915. On this occasion, in talking familiarly, he used this phrase: "When father went up into Otsego County in 82"—meaning 1782 if you please! He was the last surviving son of a Revolutionary officer at the time of his death in 1921.

My grandmother, Julia Kean, the third child of Peter Kean

and of Sarah Sabina Morris, was born at Ursino, near Elizabethtown, New Jersey, on the 17th December, 1816. Her paternal grandfather was John Kean, a member of the Continental Congress from South Carolina (1785-87).

There was nothing in her ancestry that my grandmother was more proud of than that her grandfather, in 1787, had been on the Committee which reported the first ordinance with a clause prohibiting slavery in the Northwestern States. Both in debate and by his votes he showed that in those days a Southern man could be an advocate of freedom. Afterwards he was chosen Cashier of the First Bank of the United States, and removed to Philadelphia where he died in 1795, leaving an only child, Peter Kean. His wife was Susan Livingston, daughter of Peter Van Brugh Livingston, a niece of Governor William Livingston of New Jersey and also of William Alexander, and Lord Stirling.

Lord Stirling had two daughters, Mary who married one of the Watts, and Kitty, who married a "Duer." Those ladies were always known as Lady Mary Watts and Lady Kitty Duer, long after the Revolution. Of Lady Mary Watts, it is related that when she was born she was doubled up and put into a silver tankard, which is at "Ursino," the home of the Kean family at Elizabeth, N. J. After the death of John Kean, Mrs. Kean married Julian Ursin Niemcewicz, a Polish exile, the tutor of her son. "Ursino" was named after his confiscated estate in Poland.

Sarah Sabina Morris married Peter Kean. The education of the children was personally supervised by him.

My grandmother's unusual precocity is shown by the fact that much of her familiarity with English literature and a great deal of her enjoyment of it were associated with her father, who died of typhoid at Lebanon Springs before she was twelve. Her mother was a woman with an extreme sweetness of disposition. She was left a widow with three children and no means of supporting them, so she was forced to live with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Niemcewicz, a rich arrogant woman, utterly lacking in consideration for others. Daughter-in-law and mother-in-law did not get along well. Aunt Tinie destroyed

certain correspondence between the two, found at "Ursino," because she thought that the letters were of such a character that they should not be preserved. In 1831, Mrs. Kean married Looe Baker; after that, my grandmother's girlhood was spent in New York. Following a short courtship at Ballston Spa, during the summer of 1836, she married my grandfather on Dec. 15, 1836.

"Edgartown, Feb. 6th, 1837

John Rutherford to Susanna Robertson,

"Our friends in New York have been very gay in celebrating the wedding of Mr. Stuyvesant's nephew Hamilton Fish and our cousin Julia Kean which has occasioned many festive parties among the young folks. They came here with our grandsons and spent three days very agreeably, Mrs. Jay and Mrs. Watts were here a day or two after with their daughters."

On their honeymoon they attended the inauguration of President Van Buren. A longer wedding trip that they had planned was curtailed by the Panic of 1837.

"New York, 31st March, 1837

My Dear Grandpa,

"I received a few days since the very pretty little cross you were so kind to send me—for this kind of remembrance of me as well as for the wishes you express for my happiness please accept my most sincere thanks. I should have written you before but have been taking a journey to Washington, which occupied us some weeks. We spent also a week in Philadelphia with our excellent friend Mrs. Thomas Biddle. We saw there Mrs. Palmer and her two daughters who are both married and at housekeeping in Philadelphia. We have for the present given up all idea of going to Europe. We wish first to see something of our own country and expect in about a month to set out on a long tour to the Far West. We shall go to the Mississippi River and then North to the Lakes—this will occupy about three months and on our return I think we shall go to housekeeping here. I trust however the day is not very distant when we shall see the other side of the Atlantic. My husband is as anxious to go as I am, so that I think we have great reason



The President's House from the River
(1839)

to expect it. Then I trust I shall have the pleasure of seeing you my dear Sir.

“You will be much pleased to see Mr. Van Burgh Livingstone who sails for France in a few days with all his family. He is of course much changed since you saw him—he has 11 children whom he intends to educate in France, a bad school in my humble opinion for American citizens.

“My mother and husband unite with me in very kind regards to you.

“Believe me my dear Grand Papa your affectionate Grand daughter,

Julia Ursin Niemcewicz Kean Fish
Please address your letters to
Mrs. Hamilton Fish
21 Stuyvesant St. New York.”

Their marriage was a complete union of heart and soul which continued for fifty years, exerting a deep influence on the innermost character, as well as the outward fortunes of both. Her interest in public affairs was always keen. Her girlish disappointment when General Jackson was elected for a second term, was only less than the grief which she shared afterwards with her husband in the defeat of Mr. Clay by Polk.

Throwing herself heartily into my grandfather's political aspirations, when he was elected to Congress in 1842, she was ready to break up her easy home life in New York and to move backwards and forwards with her young children to Washington and later on to Albany.

In the spring or summer of 1838, Daniel Webster came to New York on a visit. At the Astor House, room No. 8 was regularly reserved for his use. Grandpa had a note to collect, drawn on Daniel Webster. He went to the Hotel directly to room No. 8, unannounced. There he found Webster in a most affable mood. Of course he would make payment the next morning. The great man, with his charming manner, dismissed further conversation about money matters—“Fish, you were recently married—have you any children?” He was told there was one child, a daughter, Sarah. Then Webster discoursed

eloquently for a time on the advantages of the first child in a family being a girl—"a younger mother"—to help guide and direct the brothers and sisters to follow. With a pat on the back, Webster said, "come back tomorrow."

The next day at nine o'clock, Webster's room at the Astor House was vacant. On making inquiry at the desk, the clerk told Grandpa that Mr. Webster had taken the boat for Boston, "a few minutes after you left yesterday, Mr. Fish."

In the early 40's, Grandpa received a large inheritance from his uncle, Peter G. Stuyvesant. Instead of continuing their former, modest mode of living, Grandma and Grandpa decided to spend more money and give their children the greater advantages of schooling and education which they could now well afford. In the new house that the family moved into at about this time, they built a bathroom (one of the first in New York). It was considered quite a piece of "swank" in its day. From then on Grandpa devoted himself more to politics and to the management of his increased real estate holdings. By 1842 he had given up the practice of the law and ran for Congress, to which he was elected.

POLITICS

"Garrison, August 26, 1873.

H. Fish to S. A. Brown,

"There was distraction in the Democratic party in my Congressional Dist., but it was a square open fight between my old College companion and friend John Mc Keon (Columbia 1825) and me; no side issues, except as far as his party (The Democrats) were in confusion, much of which (my vanity allows me to think) I caused them."

In 1844, there was a split in the Whig Party and Grandpa was not re-elected.

"March 30th, 1916.

S. Fish, Sr. to Prof. J. B. Moore,

"In the Presidential campaign of 1844 he was chairman of a Whig Committee in New York, and had occasion to write,

or tell, Mr. Clay that the State of New York could not be carried unless Mr. Clay came here personally and stumped the State. For some reason Mr. Clay took this wrongly, and when things turned out as my Father had foretold Mr. Clay seemed to feel, and perhaps said, that Fish had betrayed him in New York. There was thereafter a very decided coolness between them for some years, which my Father deeply regretted; but when he was elected to the Senate and went down to Washington to be sworn in, he encountered Mr. Clay, who, grasping him by the hand, welcomed him most warmly, to my Father's great and lasting satisfaction, especially as Mr. Clay died shortly thereafter.

"My father and General Houston were members of the committee appointed by Congress to convey Mr. Clay's body to Kentucky, and attend the funeral at Ashland."¹

On leaving Buffalo by steamboat rough weather was encountered. My father with his usual prudence had secured a comfortable stateroom. Gen. Sam Houston had not. Although a man of undoubted courage, Houston had an overwhelming fear of drowning, which my father observing, and also noticing that the newspaper "fiends" had begun to talk about Houston's bearing,—persuaded him to go to the stateroom and so got him out of sight, and calmed him. Some years ago, happening to meet Mr. Swenson, the father of my friend Eric Swenson, who had been on Houston's military staff, I asked him what his recollections were about Houston's fear of water. He said it was notorious; that in marching through the country Houston's aides always rode up and surrounded the old man at the crossing of any stream, even where the water was but a few inches deep, so as to prevent the soldiers from seeing the old man show his fear. Mr. Swenson added that, curiously enough, Houston came to his death by water—although not by drowning. It seems that he went out in a boat, possibly at Galveston, became thoroughly drenched, got pneumonia and died.

As to my father's admiration for Mr. Clay, I am well informed, and at the risk of repeating myself, let me say, that

¹ Among the canes which my father left, and I think among those which I have, is one labelled in my father's hand "Ashland" with the date, and is undoubtedly a memento of the trip.

in or about the summer of 1870, when I was a lad in college, I rowed my father and Mr. Bogaart of Aurora, New York, across the Hudson River to West Point. When we were about the middle of the river the two old gentlemen in discussing Mr. Clay, became quite enthusiastic. One of them said, "I am a very poor swimmer, but even now if I thought it would do Mr. Clay any good, I would get out of the boat and struggle ashore the best I could." The other said, "I can't swim at all, but I would go with you." This, after Mr. Clay had been dead many years.

"January 29, 1915.

"Mr. Bogaart was, so far as I know, the last educated native of New York to speak the language of Holland by inheritance. He spoke it fluently, and I have heard him on repeated occasions, while addressing the St. Nicholas Society in English, turn to the Minister from the Netherlands, and address him in the language of his own country."

The sequence of the above has been slightly changed and a word added here and there to make the meaning more clear.

While in Congress, Fish met many men with whom he was to be thrown in after life, among others, J. V. L. Pruyn of Albany. Even though Pruyn was a Democrat, he and Fish held many views in common. They both had a mutual distrust of Seward, who is often referred to:

"New York, March 2, 1844.

H. Fish to Pruyn,

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"I have just finished reading the "Danish Secession" pamphlet. Old fashioned conservatism and believes in the legitimacy or in the faith of treaties and of settlements, and those who attach any validity to contracts or purchased renunciations might think that it made a very fair case for Denmark. I confess that I incline to sympathize in that direction myself but am embarrassed to know how *you and I* (good Democrats) can reconcile these things with our Democratic principles of 'popu-

lar sovereignty' and of "State Sovereignty" &c &c Holstein (Teutonic and a southern province) once was independent of Denmark (Scandinavian and a northern state) South Carolina once may have been independent of the U. S. (but certainly was not *then* sovereign). Holstein became attached to a part of the Danish government, not by the voluntary voice of her own people. South Carolina did thus become attached to the northern states and part of the government of the U. S. Now both Holstein and South Carolina wish to secede. A gentleman in Albany (high authority with us "Democrats") who is always playing upon his "harp with a thousand strings" is eternally dinging into our ears "State Sovereignty" the inimitable logic of which (as I think he has more than once told us) is that "Secession is a *right*," although it may be appealed to improperly or for insufficient reasons. Now, to be consistent with this teaching of our *chosen Democratic leader* or candidate *for future honors*, how are you and I (Democrats) to take part against Holstein? I incline to sympathize with Col. Rassloff now. Pray help me."

"January 12, 1916

S. Fish, Sr. to Mrs. William Graham Rice—

"In the earliest of the letters which you sent me, March 2, 1844, and in one of the later ones, February 24, 1864, mention is made of Colonel Rassloff, which is an entirely new name to me. Can you without worrying yourself give me a clue to his identity? He would seem to be a Dane, and this brings to my recollection a thing which happened at my father's table in Washington when Denmark proposed to sell to the United States the island of St. Thomas, to which General Grant's administration was favorable, but Congress other minded. After the treaty of cession had been rejected the wife of the Danish Minister, Madame De Bille, (nee Zabriskie) gave my mother a little gold cross which had been manufactured by the natives of the island, and was a singularly pretty thing. It was passed about the table, and when it reached the Russian Minister, Catacazy, (whom we had to send back shortly thereafter,) he wittily remarked, "Voilà la Danemarque crucifiée.' "

It is easy to see what fun my father had in speaking of himself as a Democrat from 1844 on.

Colonel Rassloff was probably the writer of the pamphlet referred to. He was one of the chief negotiators on behalf of Denmark for the sale of the Danish Islands and was much upset by the failure of the negotiations.

When Count Catacazy, an unprincipled, witty rogue, was a young man, he ran off with the beautiful wife of the Neopolitan Minister to Brazil. For a time she lived with the Count as his mistress. Later, probably when her elderly husband died, she and the Count were married. After this happy event they were duly received in Washington society. The Countess, even in middle life, had many admirers. Daniel Webster was one; another, James Blaine, writes to Mrs. Hamilton Fish:

“December 4, 1876.

James G. Blaine to Mrs. H. Fish, Sr.

“Will you please give me the name of that starred, and gartered, and epuletted and bespangled Russian, that I met at the Williams reception on Friday evening?

“In conversation with a “Muscovite,” you can get along well enough by either omitting the name or substituting the “haff” preceded by the three sneezes, but it is quite another thing when you come to putting the name on a card. In the domain of autography, you can with a little cleverness hide the most profound ignorance, but in orthography you must play the part of Lord Bacon’s “exact man.”

“I naturally come therefore to you as the unfailing authority in such matters. And then I must add a little confession that I am still more anxious to be instructed as to the title of the Russian’s wife—the style of address &c. of which I am profoundly ignorant. I shall always remain so, on such matters, so long as I have the pleasure of living near enough to you for appeal. Is she Countess, or Lady or Madam?

“I found her a most charming person—allied, I thought, to a stupid man—the most deplorable of fates for a Lady.

“I have written you a note of sufficiently free criticism to hang me in diplomatic circles—and one that will frighten

Mr. Fish from ever recommending me to the mission at St. Petersburg.

“Please favor me with a reply at my house.”

(WHY at his house?)

“April 25th, —44.

Mrs. N. Fish to Mrs. H. Fish,

“Your account of the being you saw at the Capital amused but did not surprise me, do you know he has an edict (?) on his children coming to either of our houses, is not this truly ridiculous? I had thought that perhaps I might scribble on to make a longer epistle than usual as the girls had gone to the Philologem Society and I left alone in my glory—but just as I began to feel as if getting in the true vein—Elizth Morris came in and then Marg^t (Mrs. John Neilson) and then Mrs. Chanler (Elizabeth S. Winthrop). So the evening passed on and now within a few minutes of eleven I must bid you good night—Susan was to have left New Orleans the latter part of last week so that we may look for her in about a week from this. How delightful you must be with your mother’s visit I can enter into the joy of you both and am sorry it will so soon be over, give my love to her and Christine—to my dear Hamⁿ and the children say all that affection prompts. God bless you all.”

The Philologem Society, whatever it was, is now long extinct. Mrs. Nicholas Fish, living as she did, surrounded by her married daughters and their children and friends, was always prepared for impromptu visits of the kind described in this letter. A light supper could, on these occasions, be gotten ready at a moment’s notice. Family larders were better stocked in those days, and servants more willing.

The strange being referred to was, I believe, Daniel Webster. A few pages back, I mentioned my grandfather’s attempt to collect money from Daniel Webster. Having failed to get any results by constant dunning, Webster was enjoined from leaving the country for England, where he was bound on a diplomatic mission. This led to a coldness between the two families. What still further widened the breach was the broadly published story of a Whig rally held at my grandfather’s house

in the spring of 1844. Webster had been persuaded, with some difficulty, to address this gathering. When the time for the meeting arrived, Webster did not show up. Scouts were sent out to locate him. He was finally discovered near St. Paul's Church staggering along the street blind drunk. He was loaded into a hack and carried to an upper room in my grandfather's house. He had made no intelligible remarks on the trip uptown and collapsed in an armchair, from the depth of which he murmured hoarsely the one word "brandy." In the condition he was in, it didn't seem as if more liquor would either benefit or harm him, so he was handed a bottle of brandy and a glass. With an unsteady hand he poured out a tumblerfull, drained it, got up out of the chair, blinked, adjusted his cravat and clothing, then apparently quite sober said, "Gentlemen, I am at your service." Followed by the others, he walked unaided down the stairs, up which he had been carried a short time before. During the meeting he was quite himself and the life of the party.

"Washington, October 16, 1873.

H. Fish to Robert Carter, Esq.

"With regard to the election for Governor & Lieutenant Governor of New York in 1846, the facts were (generally) as follows: one section of the Whig party favoured the nomination of Millard Fillmore; another was in favour of John Young. The Whigs of New York City, & of the neighborhood thereof, were strongly opposed to the nomination of Mr. Young, who was supposed to favour, more or less, the Anti-Rent party, which then controlled many thousand votes, & dominated in several of the large counties of the State; their principles were regarded as in opposition to the rights of property, & to the observance of contracts, or destruction, in fact, of the foundation of society.

"In the State nominating convention, the struggle was long, & somewhat bitter, over the selection of the candidate for the office of Governor. At length Mr. Young's friends succeeded in claiming for him a bare majority; it is not necessary to refer to charges made at the time of improper influences at work in

obtaining this alleged majority. Mr. Fillmore's friends reluctantly acquiesced; Mr. Young's friends then thought it necessary to have a counterpoise in the nominee for Lieutenant Governor, who might counteract the suspicion of Anti-Rentism resting upon their candidate for Governor, & who also might be expected to bring to the ticket the support & the confidence of the Whigs in New York City & in the River counties & the more conservative Whigs throughout the State. I had been, perhaps unnecessarily, pronounced in my denunciation of Anti-Rentism, & was also a very avowed supporter of Mr. Clay for the Presidency, to whom Mr. Young was understood to be opposed. It resulted that very much against my inclination I was nominated as Lieutenant Governor. I was a Member of the Convention, & had three times declined the nomination, when at length my own friends insisted upon my acceptance. I wrote that evening from Utica to a friend in N.Y., saying that 'John Young would be elected, but that I would be defeated; that the Anti-Rent party would nominate him for Gov. & the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor.' The result did not disappoint me. The Anti-Renters cast (I think) some 25,000 votes, or more, & elected the Whig nominee for Governor, & Judge Gardner (the Democratic Candidate) for Lieutenant Governor, by some 12,000 or 14,000 majority. I do not think that Judge Gardner, who was a very able & a very pure man, had any sympathies or any understanding with the Anti-Renters; but those parties wanted Young elected, & I flattered myself at the time that they especially wanted me defeated. Certainly I was, & am more satisfied with opposition from those who under the excitement of the time avowed their principles, than I should have been to have been elected by their support.

"It was a strange delusion that swept within its influence many very honest & upright people, who were temporarily blinded. It is among the things of the past."

"Garrison, August 26, 1873

H. Fish to S. A. Brown—

"In 1848 John Young was a most earnest candidate for renomination as Governor, and, what is more, he most con-

fidently expected it. I made but little effort for the nomination, because it was not necessary. Gov. Young had made himself unacceptable to the Whig party & I did not wish to make him more so. His friends were active all through the State. Hearing that in their speeches & their conversation while traversing the State, that they were personally abusive of me, & were telling the people in the remote Counties that I was unpopular in my own neighborhood I sent word to Young that outside of the Counties of New York, Kings & Richmond, I should not make an effort to obtain a delegate to the renominating convention, but that in those Counties, which might be regarded as “my neighborhood” & in which also the largest patronage of the Governor lay, I should contest every district with him, & that I should carry four-fifths of them against his. Of the 21 or 22 districts within the three Counties, Young finally abandoned, one by one, the contest in all but three. I carried *every one* of them, & carried the one most strongly contested, & upon which, at the last moment, Young’s friends concentrated their strength & their efforts, by about three to one.

“In the Convention I beat him (I think) about four to one. He was a pretty good fellow, & had many good points. I should never have quarrelled with him, but he chose to have a fight with me. I could not help it; I went in to *win*, which I did, and by large odds. He was mad at the result & cross with me. I could not help that either. It had, all through, been *his fight*. I was a passenger, who took part in the fight, because the Captain persisted in attacking *me*, and it was others, not I, who threw him overboard, and made me Captain. Well! when he was fairly overboard & about to sink I tried to help him, & worked hard & got him a lucrative appointment from the General Government. He wanted to be made Collector of the Port of New York; to that I objected, but I asked Gen. Taylor to make him “Assistant Treasurer,” which he did, & I believe that Young administered the duties of the office honestly and efficiently. He was a man of very considerable ability, & died sufficiently poor to escape suspicion of having made money improperly out of his official positions.

“Whether the press of the present day would have allowed

his widow & family to escape hearing him charged with speculation & fraud, may well be questioned, but although he did not like me, & was not just in his dealings with me or toward me, I contend that he was honest and upright in his transactions & not corrupt in his public career."

Grandpa's two years in office were uneventful. The family lived at 15 Elk Street. Among his neighbors and close friends were J. L. V. Pruyn and Daniel D. Barnard. He also became acquainted with Thurlow Weed, the sagacious politician. It was Weed who suggested Fish's name to President Taylor for Secretary of the Treasury, which position he would have held if Taylor had not died before the appointment could be made.

To me it is very touching that Grandpa should write the first and last letter while he was Governor to his Mother. Just after he entered office, he writes as follows:

"Executive Chamber,
Albany, January 2, 1849.

Hamilton Fish to his Mother—

"I wish that the first letter which I write from this place, after my inauguration, shall be to my beloved Mother, to her to whom I owe not only my being but those principles, early inculcated and steadily enforced both by precept and by example, which have carried me successfully thus far through life, and would have enabled me to gain thus much of the confidence and esteem of my fellowmen as to place me in the position which I now occupy.

"To you, my dear Mother, am I indebted for all the honors which I have attained, and it is fitting that my acknowledgment should form the subject of my first letter written after my entering upon the duties of the highest office of the State. Accept then, my precious Mother, my thanks for all the pains you have bestowed upon your child. I know that the most grateful return which I can make for all those anxious hours in the assurance that you have not bestowed your labor and your care in vain. It has been, and shall continue to be, my earnest endeavor to furnish that assurance.

“The New Year passed off very well, the day was fine, at eleven o’clock I took the oath of office, and from that time until 21¼ I continued to receive calls at the Executive Chamber; then I entertained the Albany Burgess’ Corps with a cold collation and a glass of wine; afterwards my Military Staff dined with me, and during the evening I recd. company at my house, until a late hour when I retired thoroughly fatigued. Poor Julia had a severe day of it. Today, however, she is as bright as usual. Little Julia, I think, has the measles. She coughs dreadfully and is somewhat heated, *as yet* no eruption; to-day, however, she keeps her bed. The others are well. Betsy left us this morning; she must have had a cold ride. At sunrise the Thermometer stood at 6°, but it has since fallen and at midday indicates 4°, and this with a high wind.

“I am obliged to close. Good-bye dear Mother. Love to all.”

I think more of Grandma than of Grandpa after reading this letter. There she was moving into a new house, with a family of young children, a crowd of strangers to feed and welcome, a child coming down with the measles, and she herself sick with a severe cold. The next day however “she is as bright as usual.”

“Betsey” was a servant of Mrs. Baker’s lent to help out in the moving of her daughter’s family to Albany. “Betsey” was needed back in New York, as Mrs. Baker’s other daughter, Aunt Tienie, was about to be married.

In his first Annual Message to the Assembly, January 2, 1849, after going into great detail with regard to the various State activities, H. Fish mentions the fact that John Jacob Astor, who came to this country as a poor German emigrant, died during the year leaving \$400,000 as an endowment fund for the Astor Library.

Also, during the year, the War with Mexico came to a successful conclusion. He refers to it as being “That war not only unwise and impolitic, neither just nor necessary.” The message advocates the exclusion of slavery from the territory thus acquired, advancing as an argument the fact that slavery was

not allowed in Texas or Mexico prior to the war, therefore Texas should enter the Union as a free State.

The amusements at Albany in those days were limited. "Fanny Kemble" gave a reading of Shakespeare's *Tempest* in the spring of 1849. She is described as "about thirty-five or forty—rather fleshy and not very beautiful." There were a host of temperance lectures. The Legislature was largely for prohibition. This may have accounted for my grandfather's not serving anything alcoholic to the members of the legislature "when near 300 were entertained on January 25th—it was a stand-up party, whist being played upstairs, with dancing and music below, piano and bass violin. A room at the extremity of the hall was thrown open at 10 o'clock, where there were tables loaded with the finest oysters, creams, etc."

There was another dinner, March 8th, which the writer speaks of as "a most magnificent dinner—Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Kean, her sister-in-law, were the only ladies present."

In December, a few months after his election to the Senate, Grandpa began to realize the fact that the brief truce due to the compromise of 1850 was over and sectional lines, rather than party lines, would prevail.

"20 Dec. 1851.

H. Fish to Gov. Hunt,

"The political cauldron is beginning to warm and the ingredients which Macbeth's witches used for the hell broth were not more various or infernal than those which are being thrown into the mess now preparing."

In the next few years he began to see more and more clearly that the Whig Party, for which he had labored in the past, would soon be split wide open and that its existence as a national party was over. However, he continued to have hopes that the party might survive. In 1855, the Republicans began coming forward as the sectional party of the north. That autumn, the Republican and Whig Conventions both met in Syracuse. During these Conventions, the New York Whigs went over to the Republican Party in a body and Seward assumed the State leadership.

At a meeting of the few Whigs who had not as yet joined the Republican party, held in the house at 17th Street in February, 1856, it was decided not to hold a Whig National Convention that year. For the time, at least, Grandpa half-heartedly joined the Republican party. He had no hand in its organization and therefore it was a foregone conclusion that he would not be renominated to the Senate. This proving to be the case, he considered his political career ended. Accordingly, he made plans to take his family to Europe. Of his feelings at the time he writes:

“I left the Senate of the U.S. in March 1857 with the full determination that I would not again enter into public or active political life. For an almost continuous period of fifteen years I had been in public political service—having been a Representative in Congress, Lieutenant Governor & Governor of my native State, & one of its Senators in the Congress of the United States. If public offices are to be regarded as honors, I felt that more than any merit of mine could claim had been most generously bestowed; and if they are to be regarded as duties, & as service, that having given so long a period of the best and most active years of my life, I had served out my time, & was entitled to a discharge.

“I therefore decided upon a somewhat extended visit to Europe, partly for amusement, relaxation & instruction, but largely for the purpose of the education of my children.”

TRIP TO EUROPE

Grandpa wanted a rest. He saw evil days coming and as he himself said he therefore decided to visit Europe for amusement, relaxation, and the instruction of his children.

In July, 1857, the Fishes boarded the French line steamer *Arago*, Captain Lynes master. I have a carefully kept log of the trip, in my grandfather's handwriting, showing weather conditions and the daily runs made. The trip across was somewhat rough but not really stormy.

The family party made quite a caravan, the older girls in

their teens, the youngest (Aunt Edith) only fifteen months old. The two older girls were placed in a school in Paris, the rest of the party started on a tour of Europe. For this purpose, a large traveling carriage was purchased and in addition a barouche was hired. Among the places visited were Dijon, Geneva, Paris, and Rome.

At Rome the family were granted an audience by Pope Pius IX, at the end of which, when my father was offered the Pope's hand to kiss, he gave it such a resounding smack that it upset the dignity of the occasion.

My father referred to this visit rather irreverently, nearly fifty years later.

"March 7, 1903.

S. Fish to Alvey Adee—Dept. State—

"I am particularly thankful for the personal letter to Mr. L. M. Iddings, which will be most useful if I go as far as Rome, where I have not been since Pius IX blessed me as a boy six or seven years old. Perhaps his successor will be as kind. Like vaccination, these things should be repeated occasionally through a lifetime."

The family visited all the usual sights in Switzerland—The Gruenwald Glacier, Trummel Bach, Staubach, Tells Cappele, etc. The little book by Voltaire that his school teacher gave grandpa, as a prize, may have been the cause for a rather unusual side trip.

"After dinner drove in two barouches with all the children to Ferney, the residence of Voltaire, a short distance beyond the line dividing France and Switzerland; a beautiful drive and a fine view. Saw a church with the inscription, "Deo erexit Voltaire MDCCLXI." The old rogue! He who devoted the great ability which God had given him to deny the existence of and to ridicule that very God, to erect a Church and memorialize his doing so by such an inscription."

Uncle Nick and Uncle Ham, one eleven, one eight, were placed in a Swiss school. It is strange to note that the only worry expressed by my grandfather is for his children's spir-

itual welfare. "God grant," he wrote, "that I have decided and acted for the best advantage of my dear boys. God bless, protect, and preserve them. May they ever look to Him for aid and support. He will not fail them." Ten days later the sons visited their parents in Geneva. "I endeavor," he writes, "to make the day as pleasant as possible for them and they seem to enjoy it." In the evening he takes them back to school. "'Tis hard to say farewell to my dear children for so long a period, and to leave them with strangers. . . . I carry to bed a heavy heart. God bless my dear children, one and all. I trust that I may, without any preference, indulge at this moment an especial prayer for those from whom I am separated; may our Heavenly Father have them in His protection." Whenever the family spent Sunday in a Catholic town, they scrupulously recited the Episcopal service in their rooms. Every day, in the evenings, family prayers were said.

In all the letters to their children Grandma and Grandpa constantly commend them to the protection of the Almighty, but they are never reminded to wear "rubbers" on a rainy day. The mothers and fathers of that day placed more confidence in the ability of their children to cope with everyday life. My father, at the age of six, was sent, unaccompanied, from Paris to Geneva to attend the school his older brothers had previously joined.

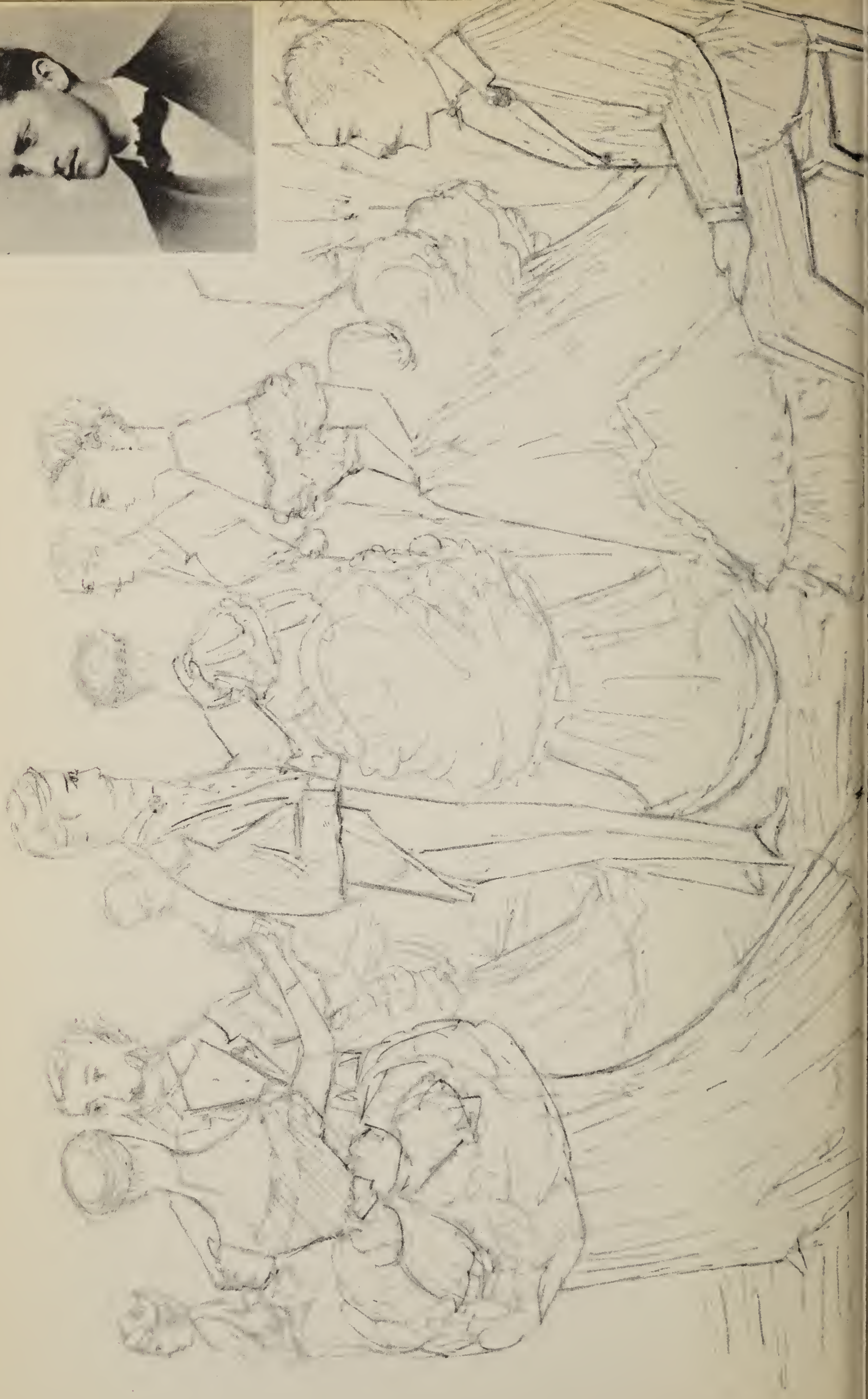
Although the boys were commended to the care of the Almighty, they were not wholly free from temptation. My father, age 6½, according to the Court records of Veuvey, Switzerland, was charged with robbing a vineyard. Whether this criminal record is still on the books of the Court, I cannot say. The arrest and charging of the criminal was a very formal affair and made a marked impression on the mind of the culprit.

"December 8, 1920.

S. Fish, Sr. to Wm. Sherbrooke Popham,

"We, that is the Fish family, in 1859 boarded the *Arago* as she lay in the stream in the mouth of Southampton Harbor, having spent some time previous at Cowes in the Isle of Wight. I am one of two of my father's children referred to in the letter

Stuyvesant Fish as Julia Newberry saw him



as having had measles in May 1859, which important event took place at Maurice's Hotel, rue de Rivoli, Paris.

"Captain Lynes, who commanded the *Arago* was a good sailorman, but not very highly educated; he came to my father on one Sunday during our trip home and asked him to read the service, as there was no clergyman on board to do it, to which my father consented. A little later Lynes came up with a prayer book in his hand, and said, "Governor, will you point out to me the proper 'plaster' for this day?" The poor man Lynes afterwards committed suicide at Niagara Falls, jumping into the river."

"P.S. I well remember July 4, 1859 on board of the *Arago*, homeward bound, and the noise we children made with others of our age. My uncle and Aunt, Mr. & Mrs. Daniel Le Roy, Mr. Paul M. Forbes and his family, Mr. Wm. Woods and other New Yorkers were on board."

CIVIL WAR

The "hell broth" that grandpa talked about in 1851, by this time was boiling over—

"I returned in the latter half of 1859. The country was agitated with the political disturbance growing out of the most unnecessary & iniquitous disturbance of the "Missouri Compromise" & the consequent troubles which the associated names of Kansas, Nebraska & Lecompton, will bring to the memory of those old enough to have appreciated the enormities of which political ambition & political recklessness were then capable."

"Sympathizing in the extremest disapproval of the course then taken by those in power, I did so as a private citizen. What influence I could exercise in that capacity was exercised against the then existing Administration & its measures & in the shortly succeeding Presidential Election in favor of the election of Mr. Lincoln."

My grandfather went further than that. He had many Southern friends in Washington. Early in January, 1861, he went to

Washington to see if he could be of any service. One day he was lunching with General Scott, when a telegram arrived. It announced that the *Star of the West*, sent on January 5 to reinforce Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, had been fired upon, whereupon he remarked: "My further mission in Washington is useless. I return home at once; this is war." On his return, January 18th, he writes:

"The movement at the South is, I think, beyond control of those who originated it; they have succeeded in inflaming passions and in exciting alarms and hatreds which they cannot stay, and which are sweeping themselves along in this mad torrent they have let loose." Most Congressional leaders are for peace, "and on either side are willing to accept less than the others would grant"; but they dare not say so publicly for fear of their constituencies and of rivals eager to seize their seats. "And thus we are drifting on, possibly into a civil war."

After the attack on Sumter in April, 1861, there were a series of mass meetings in New York, the result of which was the forming of the Union Defense Committee, of which Grandpa was a leading member.

"Garrison, Sept. 5, 1873.

H. Fish to S. A. Brown—

"The Union Defense Committee deserves more than I state in its behalf. It was under the control of those who organized it that the great meeting in New York was held on 20 April, 1861. This meeting gave the tone to and aroused the loyal sentiment of the country, which up to that time had not taken alarm & was not being heard. For many days, when the ordinary communication between Washington & New York was interrupted, this committee by its agents maintained the only mode of communicating from Washington to the loyal States. Our messengers got through without fail but at imminent risk, & with great strategy."

The important part that the Union Defense Committee played during the latter part of April and early May of 1861,

has never been given due credit in history. For a period of about ten days Washington was cut off from all communication with the rest of the Union. During this period the Committee issued orders for the movement of troops, requisitioned arms and supplies, not only in New York but in other states in the Union. They chartered ships, armed them, and took a number of prizes. In the end it was an expedition organized and, to a great extent, armed and equipped by the Union Defense Committee that landed troops at Annapolis and reopened communications with Washington. If Washington had been captured at that time the Committee was ready to carry on the government of the country until the Federal Government could be reorganized.

Despite the fact that Washington was cut off from communication with New York, General Scott was not deprived of food.

“Washington, May 25, 1861.

Winfield Scott to Hon. Mr. Kemble—

“The basket of jowls is one of the most acceptable presents that I have received in my life. Nobody in the world, but you could cause jowls to be so cured, & nobody but you could have thought of a distant friend in connection with such *provend*. God knows whether I shall ever again have the happiness to enjoy your Saturday dinners; but the past happiness of those most agreeable meetings, will never be forgotten by me.

“My kind regards to the Parrotts, your nephews.”

The head of a pig was cured according to a long forgotten Dutch receipt and served at Christmas and other festive occasions, with an apple in its mouth. It was both a decoration and part of the feast. When the meat was cut away from the head and cured in the same way, it was called “jowls.”

During the war, my grandfather was scrupulously loyal and took a quaint way of expressing his loyalty. He was in the habit of ordering four barrels of Monongahela Whiskey a year from one of his friends in the South. The last shipment arrived in 1861, just after Sumter was fired on. The whiskey was rebel

whiskey and for that reason should not be drunk, therefore a picket fence was built around it and a sign denoting the fact that it was taboo, was placed in a conspicuous position. After Lee surrendered, the fence was removed and as far as the Fish family was concerned the whiskey was back in the Union.

My father well remembered the family ceremony of destroying the fence and running what was left of the whiskey after four years of shrinkage into demijohns.

In 1862, Grandpa served on a committee to arrange for the exchange of prisoners of war.

“When Mr. Lincoln had been elected to the Presidency and was on his way to Washington, & was passing through New York, at his request, I met him. He was kind enough to say some things which led me to say that, while there was no office under the Government which I was willing to accept, I thought that I foresaw a civil war as imminent, & should it come I should feel it the duty of every citizen to assume any position, whatever might be its discomforts or dangers or privations, to which he might be called, & that if any such duty should arise, which I should be called upon to discharge, I would not avoid it. I was called upon to undertake a duty of peril, discomfort & privation, & accepted it. The refusal of the Confederates to admit within their lines Commissioners appointed to visit & to minister to the wants of Federal prisoners, wherever they might be within the Confederate lines (& they were in almost every part, including Texas), alone prevented the completion of the journey on which, with my associate Commissioners, I had entered.”

“Garrison, Sept. 5, 1873

H. Fish to S. A. Brown,

“Shortly after Mr. Stanton’s appointment as Secretary of War, he appointed Bishop Ames & myself “to visit & look after the condition of our prisoners within the Rebel lines.” I have not the papers &c at hand, & the words put in quotation may not be precisely those used in the appointment, but they convey the meaning borne *on the face* of the appointment. It probably

was not very seriously expected by Mr. Stanton that the Rebel authorities would admit the Commissioners whom he thus appointed.

“There was at the time (Jany. 1862) much objection made by Gov. Seward, then Secretary of State, to any regular exchange of prisoners, lest it be construed as a recognition of the Confederacy. Mr. Stanton told me that while not desirous of antagonizing Mr. Seward, he did not share his apprehensions of the consequence of establishing a regular exchange, which he saw must soon be agreed to; that he felt its necessity, & that, if the Commissioners should not be admitted, the establishing of a regular Cartel for Exchange must be attained. The Commission referred to in the extract which you give from the French Cyclopedia was appointed ‘to look after the prisoners’ &c. I proceeded to Fort Monroe, & then, through the military authorities, communicated this object to the Confederates, & asked permission to enter their lines for that purpose, & the proper personal safe-guard &c while engaged in this duty. The Commissioners remained at Fort Monroe some days, at the end of which time they reported a proposal from the Confederates for the establishment of a regular system of Exchange of prisoners, which was adopted & practiced through the remainder of the war, very much to Mr. Stanton’s satisfaction. Whether the records of the War Department show that the avowed object of the Commission was to bring about the Cartel, I do not profess to know—probably not, for the reason already suggested. It is saying as much as under the circumstances is perhaps right for me to say, that, while the Commission did not ‘conclude the arrangement of a Cartel,’ the Cartel was established, in accordance with the wish of the War Department, & in the interest of humanity, as an immediate consequence of their Mission.

“You will readily infer from my reference to this subject that I do not feel wholly justified in declaring all that occurred, although in fact nothing would be other than to the credit of all the parties then in charge of the Gov. so far as relates to that business. Mr. Seward had a very delicate duty to perform; his apprehension was in the interest of the Government, al-

though events proved that what he apprehended did not follow the act which he wished to delay.”

Except for the forwarding of troops and supplies and the building of a few forts at the mouth of the harbor and the narrows, New York was little changed by the war.

“November 8, 1861

H. Fish to J. V. L. Pruyn—

“Mr. Senator—let me congratulate you upon your election. I thought when you spoke doubtingly (in words) of your prospects, that there was a latent confidence that assured me that the State would have in the Senate the services of one who is very ‘Low Church in doctrine, but very High in Aesthetics’—of one who in spite of being a Democrat in profession, is really honest in practice—strange inconsistencies these—are they not? but as we advance in years we learn not to be surprised at such things. Was ever anything more queer than the election (in my district) of Royal Phelps, by the votes of *Union* men and Republicans—he was the candidate of these two organizations—and (as you heard) is *very* southern and quite ‘pro slavery.’ I not only voted for him, but am somewhat responsible for his nomination. Party shackles hang lightly in such times on patriot arms! (there is a fine sentence for you). I saw the evidence of it in your conversation; although you are not aware how entirely you are miscalled when men call you ‘a party man’ or a ‘Democrat,’ in truth, you never were quite bad enough to deserve the latter name—you were only in bad company.

“Well Sir, what think you of my being a Grandfather? so it is—Sarah was confined last evening, giving birth to a stout, hearty boy, both well today.

“After we parted on Monday, Aspinwall insisted that his salt spoon had not been returned, Sargent said his razor had not been found, and last evening Lamsen (the Reverend) came to see me and says that he has not recovered a hat which he lost in the cars, when riding with you as far as Garrisons. It has been suggested that when election was over the several articles would be returned, inasmuch as certain candidates felt bound

to 'play Democrat' until the close of the canvas. I don't know what was meant by the suggestion."

"New York, March 19, 1862.

H. Fish to J. L. V. Pruyn

"Your session is drawing to a close and the period for wicked legislation is approaching but I hope the same spirit which thus far has placed the present Legislature far above its predecessors of several years past, will prevail to the end. The City Rail Road interest seems to have obtained a powerful hold in the Assembly. Is there virtue enough in the Senate to protect us if the house is borne down?

"We want a new Charter, or at least some very extensive amendments to our City Charter. And we want some relief against the increased taxation which has unequally and therefore oppressively come upon us. In illustration, let me mention that our real estate here is assessed at very nearly its highest value—in many instances I should be glad to sell some of my property at the prices at which it is valued. In other counties the valuation is less than one third what property can be, or in fact has been, sold for. I was shown a few days since a tax bill in one of the rural counties on a piece of property, valued at less than one-fourth of what it has just been sold for. In this disproportion do we pay State and School and Federal taxes? You will get a large vote for governor in this city if you can afford us relief in this respect.

"Will it suit the interests of the Central to have the Government make the Baltimore & Harrisburgh route a Government route?

"Nothing new here today. Burnside divides honors with Ericsson."

The victory of Burnside at Roanoke Island, high taxes, and the sinking of the *Merrimac* interested my grandfather more than Grant's victories at Fort Henry and Donelson. The war plays a minor part in all his letters.

“January 12, 1916

S. Fish, Sr. to Mrs. Wm. Graham Rice—

“Of the persons mentioned in the letter Aspinwall was William H. Aspinwall. The Reverend Lamsen I take to have been the Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Paris.

“The letter of March 19, 1862 curiously enough states a thing which we hear much of today, namely real estate in New York City being assessed at its full value, while that in other and especially rural counties assessed at less than one third of its value. In it my father asks, ‘Will it suit the interest of the Central to have the Government make the Baltimore & Harrisburgh route a Government route?’ My predecessor as President of the Illinois Central R.R. Co., Mr. James C. Clark, was at about that time operating (I think as General Manager) the Northern Central Railroad running from Baltimore through Harrisburg northward into New York State to Geneva or Canandaigua, and I well remember his telling me how he managed to get the Government to take over the operation of his railroad, thereby relieving the owners of responsibilities as common carriers for non-performance of their duties in consequence of the railroad being blocked with Government freight, and also securing during the Government operation the very decided improvement of the property. Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania was at that time one of the large owners of the Northern Central.”

A bit of scandal with regard to Secretary Seward, is the subject of quite a long letter:

“New York, Feb. 5, 1863.

H. Fish to J. L. V. Pruyn—

“Webster showed me a few days since your letter enquiring about the Departmental Tintinnabula which were to consign unnumbered men to unmeasured durance, and were also to attest the strength of one form of Government. I feared that the vulgar boast could not be publicly used without transmitting him to whom it was made.

“But I have another matter which is at your service. A cer-

tain Company wishing to build a bridge on a certain river found itself annoyed by questions raised as to the right of bridging over certain rivers, etc. etc., which questions were to be decided by the U. S. Supreme Court. The Company retained Counsel, some for professional, one at least for political purposes, or on account of political reputation and position. This one received a very liberal fee, and did nothing, or next to nothing, professionally. The Court was understood to be about equally divided on the question of right, etc., but there were some vacancies on the Bench.

“The Company was visited by a friend—a ‘fidus Achates’ a Diplomatic agent—a Minister—not exactly a ‘Nuncio’ for that term applies only to Ministers or Ambassadors *from* the Court of Rome. Be this as it may, he was a very important personage, and represented a still more important personage, who could touch *this* bell and *that* bell, and do great things—moreover an *official* personage.

“Well, the Representative personage, in behalf of the Official personage, presented to the Bridge Company a demand for ten thousand dollars!! Directors ask, ‘What for?’ ‘For very valuable services.’ ‘We are not aware of them—’ ‘What are they?’ ‘Why—official personage controls the appointment and patronage of the Government—his word is the law—he touches a bell, and this man goes on to the Bench, he touches another, and that man walks off with a flea in his ear—he makes bridges—and he has enquired into what will be the judicial views on the question of building bridges, etc., of any man who has been named for an appointment to the Supreme Court bench, and he has taken care of one and can decide other appointments. It is worth more than ten thousand dollars to you—the claim is reasonable and moderate.’

“Directors were astonished—they considered—discussed—appointed a Committee, etc., etc., etc., What was finally done I need not now state, but if you wish to expose a corrupt and corrupting proceeding, on the part of a high public functionary much worse than the vainglorious bragadocio about the bells, I think that I can put you in the way of substantiating all that you may wish to say.

“What say you? I will tell you where you can get the names, dates, etc., etc., if you will use them, and then if you choose you may say that it was I directed you where to procure the circumstantial facts, etc.,

“I want to make a bargain—will this be one between us?

“The Morgan horse walked over the course easily. Great breed that ‘Morgan’ stock! He certainly distanced ‘the *Field*’ pro hoc et pro tanto, gratias!”

“June 10, 1916

Mrs. William Graham Rice to S. Fish—

“I find a telegram from Mr. Blatchford to my father saying Mr. Seward wishes \$10,000 as his fee for his services in the Bridge Case—you will surely know.”

The bell referred to hung over Secretary Seward’s desk in the State Department. When the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, Mr. Seward boasted to the English Minister about the arbitrary powers he possessed:

“My Lord I can touch a bell on my right hand and order the arrest of a citizen of Ohio; I can touch a bell again and order the imprisonment of a citizen of New York; and no power on earth, except that of the President can release them. Can the Queen of England do so much?”

A hundred or more persons were arrested under orders from Mr. Seward and deprived of their right of trial by jury.

The go-between in the Bridge Case was Judge Blatchford. Seward is obviously referred to as the “official personage.” It would be interesting to know where the bridge referred to was.

My grandfather had a very poor opinion of Mr. Seward’s character, as shown by an incident which he used to relate. When he went up to Albany as Governor, he hired a butler on Governor Seward’s written statement of the man’s honesty, and later found him to be a thief, not only of such things as wine and cigars, but of silver spoons, etc. He then asked Mr. Seward why he had given the man a reference as being honest. Seward

answered, "because if I had not the poor man couldn't get a place."

"Census Office, Dept. of Int.

Washington, D.C. July 2, 1863.

John G. Kennedy to H. Fish—

"It appears the general belief is that Meade will handle his army well & we have strong hopes now of the serious discomfiture of Lee & the capture of more than he has plundered—It is amazing that he did not direct his attention to this city which, bereft of all outside efficient protection by Hookers absorbing all the cavalry & infantry out of the fortifications was at his mercy had he known it— In fact Stuart approached within a few miles with 9000 men + 24 pc^s of artillery. The absence of pickets caused some dozen officers to fall in his hands as they were enroute for the army—also a large wagon train—no pickets being available to give notice— On Sunday Heintzelman *had not a cav'y regt at his disposal*—this I know—We are now better off in this respect & have distant pickets—but no considerable outside infantry or cav. force—Lee however will have his hands full thanks to New York for trouble in his rear if he attempts to fall back— The appointment of McClellan would have done more to inspire confidence than anything else—for it is indisputable that he retain the confidence of the army to a remarkable degree & his former success on the same field would have inspired the men & officers with confidence, but I believe Meade will do as well as any *new* Gen could do—Hooker admitted to the President that he could not safely lead to battle the army of the Potomac, as he fully realized that since the battle of Chancellv^e he enjoyed neither the confidence of men or officers—whether he made this humiliating confession in anticipation of a supersedure or not, I cannot say, but my opinion is he made it to give color to the idea of having relinquished the command voluntarily—after he knew change to be inevitable—I know he made it—but not precisely in what connection— What he admitted must have been known as well to the Prs & Mil Auth^s before as after the admission unless they were blind to what all others apprehended so painfully as to

anticipate the certain destruction of the army & probable loss of the Capitol—

“I realized so painfully the condition of affairs on Saturday that I really feared insanity—I went on Saty & Sunday morning to see the Pres^t but when I approached the White House my heart failed in apprehension of being treated with contempt for expressing my opinions—I went to Heintzelman who gave me some relief by the assurance of the change which was announced on Monday— Extreme men appear alone to have free communication with the Pres. & this fact deters conservative men from venturing to offer counsel— It is time that patriotic men everywhere should plainly indicate their views— Men of your position might at this moment effect more for the good of the country if they would speak, than they will ever be able to do hereafter—”

The almost universal opinion favorable to Gen. George B. McClellan even after his many delays and costly blunders was not shared by our neighbor William H. Osborn.

When General McClellan was appointed in command of the Army of the Potomac, my father and grandfather, while walking near Clenclyffe, chanced to meet Mr. Osborn. He and my grandfather began discussing McClellan, who had served in the Illinois Central Railroad under Mr. Osborn. He prophesied that McClellan would not succeed. This made my father feel that Mr. Osborn was not true to the Union cause,—the false inference of a boy of ten.

It was said sometimes that the popularity of the Illinois Central in the South was due to the fact that it had in its service before the war three monumental military failures—McClellan, Nathaniel F. Banks, and E. A. Burnside.

“Glenclyffe,
(Garrison P. O. Putnam Co. N. Y.)
June 17, 1864.

H. Fish to J. V. L. Pruyn—

“Will Grant get Richmond? or (what is more important) will he destroy Lee’s Army? This latter done and we may *begin*

to talk of the 'beginning of the End' but then there will be that large army of contractors, and of leeches, and blood suckers, and parasites of all kinds that has taken possession of every approach to every department of the Government, (if not of the Departments themselves) that will perhaps be more difficult to drive out and to overcome than Lee himself has been.

"I congratulate you on the approach of your adjournment, Washington is not very pleasant in July and August.

"Congress is of course, in its very nature, a wise body but sometimes it has a strange way of accomplishing its results. Wishing to 'reduce the price of gold' (which is worth precisely as much and no more than it was three years ago) it creates 'National Banks' with authority to print rags and call them dollars, and then Mr. Chase keeps any amount of engravers at work making pictures which he sends out as money, with 'Legal tender' stamped upon them—and Congress hopes to *legislate* down the price of gold, and dreams pains and penalties and makes all sorts of doings illegal, etc. If instead of suppressing such paper issued as those of the World and Journal of Commerce, you gentlemen in Washington would suppress National Bank paper issues and what you call 'legal tender' paper issues there would be an equilibrium soon restored between gold and other values—provided always you give an honest, fair, and sufficient tax bill—but such tax bill should not be aimed at a few interests alone. It should be free from demagogism.

"Does the 'little bell' ring as often as formerly? It was a mighty nice thing to do but verdicts of \$9,000, and indictments against Marshall were not among the reducings formerly thought of."

From another letter to Pruyn, February 24, 1864—

"Do not trouble yourself to give my love to Lincoln, or even Seward, or Chase."

"January 12, 1916

S. Fish, Sr., to Mrs. Wm. Graham Rice,—

"And after the Civil War was over we began to realize that our trouble really lay with 'that large army of contractors, of

leeches and of blood suckers and parasites of all kinds that had taken possession of every approach to every department of the Government, if not of the Departments themselves.' Now as then the troubles in Europe will begin to affect us in America seriously when they begin to count their losses. When peace comes the belligerent nations will be so impoverished, so overwhelmed with depreciated paper money, debts and taxes, as to make it necessary to disband not only the armies now in the field, but also those they had so long been regularly maintaining. When therefore some ten millions of European men shall be taken out of destructive consumption and set at productive work, we in America will meet a competition requiring of us far more of commercial preparedness than we possess."

If we consider the present war in Europe a continuation of the first World War, we still have to face the facts when peace comes. Most of what my father foretold has happened but with a patchwork of cartels, embargoes, etc.—the full force of European competition has been held back. Much worse things than what my father feared have come to pass and more are yet to come.

Even though he failed in trying to persuade his Southern friends to stay in the Union, Grandpa never broke those friendships and after the war was ready once more to welcome his old friends to his house. In the latter part of 1865, General Taylor, son of Zachary Taylor, who had served in the Confederate Army, was a guest at our house, when every other house in town was barred to him.

"November 13, 1872.

Barley Tucker to Mrs. H. Fish—

"Will you excuse the liberty I take in enclosing to *you* the accompanying *private* letter to your excellent husband? It is upon a subject that I am sure will interest him, but I am anxious that it should not reach him with his usual official mails, as it is written in a spirit of entire freedom and frankness and therefore to some extent confidential in its nature.

"How often my family and myself have talked of you and

yours and of the joyous old times in Washington before dread war and all its terrible consequences came upon us. My daughter Maggie, especially recalls, with much pleasure her school days association with your daughters in Washington, and afterwards in Paris, I think.

"I trust you are not, as rumour has it, every now and then, going to leave Washington. We Southerners feel truly, as if we had friends 'at Court,' as long as your distinguished and kind hearted husband is the *Premier*."

SCHOOL

The first schooling my father got was from a private tutor M. Bonfile. The "M" is the French equivalent for "Mr." I do not know his first name. My grandfather's early teacher, M. Bancel's name was Lewis.

"April 20, 1915.

S. Fish, Sr., to James A. Scrymser,

"When I was a little child of six or seven years old in Paris with my parents, the thing in that neighborhood, a cul de sac, running off from the Rue de Rivoli, which interested us children most was a shop kept by a negro mammy, who did American cooking, including cakes and molasses. The cul de sac has since been opened up as a part of the rue de Mont Tabor. We had apartments in the corner of the latter street and what was then known as the rue de Luxembourg, now known as rue Cambon. Voisin's restaurant stood, as it stands now, at the corner of the latter street and the rue Saint Honoré. My father used to give my tutor, M. Bonfile, a small stipend every morning for our expenses including the mid day meal. It was our practice to march out of the apartment which stood where the Hotel Metropolitan now stands, through Voisin's, where we made our bow to the dame de comptoire, and so on out,—all of which enabled me, when asked where we had been to answer 'Chez Voisin,' whereas in fact our money was chiefly spent riding on the top of omnibuses, seeing Punch and Judy, and buying goffres."

While my father was considered too young to take the regular course of study with his brothers, he was allowed, upon his own request, to spend the summer months, May to November, at school in Geneva with his older brothers.

Upon the family's return to this country in the summer of 1859, he entered Mr. Charlier's School, in 1859 or '60.

"May 5, 1922.

S. Fish, Sr., to Hon. James W. Wadsworth,

" . . . I began to think of old times,—first of when your father and I were small boys at Charlier's School in East 24th Street in 1860. Later of an incident which occurred at another school, Churchill's at Sing Sing, during our Civil War, when your grandfather was nominated as Republican candidate for Governor of New York. My youthful enthusiasm for him, largely stimulated by my acquaintance with your brother, induced me to jump on the large table in the big school room and propose three cheers for General Wadsworth, the next Governor of New York. A boy about twice my size by the name of Hébard from Louisiana, got me by the leg, pulled me off the table and threw me on the floor. Many years afterward when I was President of the Illinois Central, I happened to walk through the Pullman cars attached to one of its trains on a trip of inspection. The Pullman conductor (not colored porter) who had charge of those cars, saluted and I returned his salute. As I went back through his cars to my own which was at the end of the train, he said, 'Mr. Fish you don't remember me. I am Robert Hébard who was at school with you at Churchill's,' the same boy."

Churchill's School was rather primitive, according to modern standards. It had a pump—no running water, and a "two-holer." The furnace merely heated the classrooms and mess hall.

If a boy felt cold, he would have to go up to the room of some master who liked him and would allow him to warm himself at the stove that was located in each master's room.

On entering the school building the boys were obliged to take



"Derby Day"
Courtesy of Racquet & Tennis Club

off their shoes and put on slippers. This rule was a wise one, and as they were under military discipline, rigidly enforced. The boys took care of their ball field, etc.

On Saturday nights certain boys were chosen to fight each other. Kid scraps we used to call them.

“March 28, 1922.

S. Fish, Sr., to Rev. John Fredk. Milbank,

“Curiously enough James J. Van Alen and I have been lifelong friends, our friendship beginning with a fight at School. He was then some five years older than I, and the ‘elder Statesman’ of the School decreed that on the next fighting night, which I think was a Saturday, he should be put in a corner of the gymnasium with a brick wall on either side, and two smaller boys, myself and another, then aged about ten, should make a fight against him. We did him up in such short order that the next Saturday night I was put up to fight him alone, and got a very good licking. That was when there were boys at School, and not solely ‘young gentlemen’.”

Every Sunday morning and evening the boys were marched down to St. Paul’s Church in Peekskill to attend services there.

The list of the boys at School looks much like the list of the schools Sidney and I attended. The Van Cortlandts, Weekes, Moores, and the Webbs were my father’s classmates, as they were my brother’s and mine.

“March 11, 1921.

S. Fish, Sr., to Dr. William Seward Webb,

“Not only does the letter now sent you show the intimacy which had begun during the Revolutionary War between your grandfather and mine, but the further fact which is so well known to you and me, of the continuance of that intimacy down through three generations, (now four, S. F. Jr.), to the time when you and I, Walter and Creighton, were at school together and to this day. Think of it—here is an intimacy which probably began in the early years of the Revolutionary War and ran along through something like one hundred and forty five

years, with only three generations on each side, showing a pretty good record as to longevity!"

Maj. Gen. Aaron Ward who failed to get Peter Stuyvesant Fish his commission in 1832, is referred to by my father.

"March 10, 1915.

S. Fish, Sr., to Dr. A. McCollom, Sr.,

"I well remember the old gentleman. In the early part of the Civil War, presumably 1862, the boys from our school were ordered to take part in a review of some raw recruits. We boys were very well trained in the Manual of Arms, as the volunteers were not. After a while Gen. Ward got us all into line, our school on the right, the volunteers in the center and the boys from Mt. Pleasant Academy on the left. The order was then given to 'load with blank cartridges and fire at will.' After a little Gen. Ward thinking we had wasted enough powder, rode up and down the line shouting 'Stop Shooting'; the proper word of command being 'Cease Firing,' the boys in our school paid no attention to him. The General then called up our Adjutant, who gave him the proper command, 'Cease Firing,' which we at once obeyed. The effect on our minds was that while the old General might be a gallant officer, he did not know the 'Manual,' " . . .

"Sing Sing Feb. 2nd, 1865

Stuyvesant Fish to H. Fish

"I wrote to Ham yesterday, and to Mama on Monday so I think that you cannot say anything to me about writing letters. Have I not written enough? I have been thinking about asking you if you would let me go to the Naval Academy next autumn. I would like to go very much. It is not a mere dream like I used to have about post captains and the like but I really think that it would be better for me. If I do not go I will be unhappy and dissatisfied, and I will not be able to apply myself to any thing. I think too that I ought to go. I do not think it right that Nick and Ham and I should grow up to be men and none of

us go either in the army or navy. I do not think it right that we should all stay at home and none of us serve our country. That I can pass the examination I feel certain. In Arithmetic they examine you on the four ground rules of arithmetic and on fractions. In Grammar you are obliged to write a letter and parse any one sentence. In geography they ask you the principal Capes, Rivers, Mountains and Lakes. In Spelling they give you a Dictation. I will be old enough by next June and if I get the appointment before next June I will be examined then, but if I do not get my appointment until after that time I will be examined in September and be obliged to stay at the Academy but if I am examined in June I will have a leave of absence until the 1st of October. I think that I could stand well in my class because I will have no Latin or Greek and I think that if I were to leave them off I could stand well now. If you will but let me try I feel confident that I could pass the examination and keep up with my class while at the Academy.

“The Naval School is going to be changed back to Annapolis next summer. I learnt all these facts from one who tried to enter last year but who could not pass because he was too small and was not prepared in Arithmetic. Now I do not think it right that we should all stay at home and be like the Redmonds.

“Now if you want me to go I go and I beg you that you will let me but try. I pray you to get me an appointment. But if you will not let me I will have to stay for I can not think of running away as a common sailor. Now I ask you again will you not let me go to the Naval Academy?”

New York, February 8, 1865.

Hamilton Fish to—

Commander R. A. Wise, U.S.N.

“My youngest son, (Stuyvesant) has lately expressed a wish to enter the Navy—& *seems* to have more of earnestness, & of consideration of the matter, than often attends the occasional expressions of the same kind, which (I suppose) every Father of boys, has learnt to treat with but slight regard—”

The rest of the letter relates to the way of obtaining an appointment to the Naval Academy and what the qualifications for such an appointment are.

The letter closes with the rather cryptic sentence: "I am inclined to think that porter is rather a heavy drink for butlers to indulge in freely."

This reference is to charges brought against General Porter at this time, which resulted in his court martial. After the war, the findings of the court were reversed.

The war was not without tragedy as far as the family was concerned. General Butterfield's stepson, Lt. Frederick J. James, who my father told me was engaged to my Aunt Julia, died from a fall while riding horseback. The fall in itself would not have proved fatal except for the fact that he had recently recovered from a serious wound. Years later, the man responsible for young James' death was a guest at Glenclyffe. Judge James Fentress, late of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry C.S.A., was sitting on the porch with my father after dinner. Fentress began to tell of his experiences during the war. He spoke of a cavalry raid and of how the Rebs had Sherman bottled up near a little mud fort at Collierville, the railroad cut ahead of him and behind him. Sherman's troops were being driven closer and closer together within the limits of the fort which the confederate guns were pounding to pieces. Sherman had no artillery. Of the events that followed Sherman gives the following account:

"In the fort was a small magazine containing some cartridges. Lieutenant James, a fine, gallant fellow, who was ordnance-officer on my staff, asked leave to arm the orderlies and clerks with some muskets which he had found in the depot, to which I consented; he marched them into the magazine, issued cartridges, and marched back to the depot to assist in its defense. Afterward he came to me, said a party of the enemy had got into the woods near the depot, and was annoying him, and he wanted to charge and drive it away. I advised him to be extremely cautious, as our enemy vastly outnumbered us, and had every advantage in position and artillery; but instructed

him, if they got too near, he might make a sally. Soon after, I heard a rapid fire in that quarter, and Lieutenant James was brought in on a stretcher, with a ball through his breast, which I supposed to be fatal.

“After the fight we sent him back to Memphis, where his mother and father came from their home on the North River to nurse him. Young James was recovering from his wound, but was afterward killed by a fall from his horse, near his home, when riding with the daughters of Mr. Hamilton Fish, now Secretary of State.”

It was during this sortie that Fentress who was in command of the Southern sharpshooters ordered his men to pick off the leader of this small party. He, like Sherman, supposed that James was fatally wounded.

I am certain that my father told me that my Aunt Julia was engaged to Lieutenant James. Other members of the family deny this. As my father was closer to Aunt Julia than any of his brothers and sisters, the engagement may have been a secret confidence between sister and brother.

There is, unfortunately, very little in any of the letters that refers to the girls and the life they led. We know they were more carefully watched over than the boys at school and at home.

“June 5, 1908.

S. Fish, Sr., to Sarah Webster,

“My father was very particular about having the lamps or candles lighted whenever his carriage went out, especially when my elder sisters were in it. Apparently nobody else did likewise, and there being a number of them, Brown never called Governor Fish’s carriage as ‘such and such a number East 17th Street’ (it was changed once or twice in those days,) but invariably shouted out ‘Call the seven wise virgins’—why seven I don’t know; the parable speaks of five, and I did not have that many elder sisters.”

Brown was sexton of Grace Church, besides burying, the ‘fashion’ of New York, he filled their bellies at parties, perhaps making for himself more trade in his dual capacity.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

When my father's class graduated, the College ironically enough occupied the old "Deaf and Dumb Asylum" buildings, at 49th Street and Madison Avenue. The buildings were shabby and not venerable. President Barnard had a good conventional pressed brick and brown stone house. There were also some brick buildings for the School of Mines.

"With the exception of the Law School and the then highly independent Medical Department, all there was of Columbia rested on a short block of land bounded by Madison and Fourth Avenues, 49th and 50th Streets, containing rather less than two acres. On it we did however find room to play foot ball, as it was played in those days.

"But how of the City and of the world at large? We had long had railroads and telegraph, but Pullman cars and Atlantic cables were still in their experimental infancy. Elevated and underground railroads had been suggested, but not undertaken. No bridges crossed over and no tunnels burrowed under either the East or North Rivers. Most of our streets were paved with cobble stones, Broadway with large square granite blocks, asphalt pavement was unknown in New York. The railroads were operated by steam down Fourth Avenue to Forty Second Street, crossing all streets at grade. Public conveyances consisted of horse-drawn omnibuses and street cars. Few private dwellings had been built north of Forty Second Street. No cars ran on Madison Avenue. Omnibuses ran no further than Thirty Fourth Street. The Grand Central Station had not been built, the trains of the Harlem and of the New Haven Railroads started from Twenty Sixth Street where the Madison Square Garden now stands. The College stood as it were in the country,—an Orphan Asylum and a Brewery being its near neighbors to the eastward. In the latter was 'Fritz's,' which may recall to my older hearers memories of when this was a free country and a man might take his comfort in his Inn. Not only Fritz's, but every one else's pretzels, schwartz brod, schweitzer kasse and mustard, have vanished, along with beer, under a recent amendment to that

Constitution which the People of Thirteen Sovereign and Independent States established to 'secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity.'

"Typewriting machines, telephones, and automobiles were not. No, nor even bicycles. The first we saw of the latter was when John Jacob Astor Bristed, of the Class of 1869, rode up to college on what was then called a 'Velocipede.'

"Commencements and the Students' Semi Annual were held in the old Academy of Music, in Irving Place. By the bye what has become of Semi Annual? Things were simpler then than now and men's clothing less polychromatic, especially that of our instructors and of our clergy. I well remember Dr. Barnard's first appearance in a red gown, which, with an L.L.D., had been conferred on him by some foreign university. From the back of the old Academy, Singleton Van Buren who had graduated some years earlier, asked me who that was 'in bright array' on the stage, I replied 'The Prex,' and he added, 'Oh! I thought it was the scarlet woman of Babylon!' using however the more exactly descriptive word of the book of Revelation."

My father played in the first game of football. Columbia played an outside College. Other members of the team were:

J. H. Henry
Arthur D. Weeks
Dr. Valentine Mott
Casimir de Rham Moore
Judge Robert C. Cornell
Chester C. Munroe.

"October 19, 1915.

S. Fish, Sr., to Geddes Smith,

"I remember spraining my ankle and while I have not been a cripple in the meanwhile, the first cold days in the autumn brings a remembrance of the game at Rutgers,—in which we were gloriously outgeneraled. The boys there played with their heads and their muscles and brawn,—we had only the muscle and brawn. I say this with more shame as I was captain of our team."

My father didn't make much of an impression on Julia Newberry, despite the fact that he was Captain of the Football team and prominent socially. She says in her diary:

"Thursday evening last I went to my first dinner party and never in my life was I so bored. I had the illustrious Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, who in spite of his having a Grandfather, is less than an idiot."

After leaving college my father took a trip West, over the then recently finished Union Pacific R.R. A relic of this trip remains—a large nickel-plated revolver, about a foot and a half long. It fires a slug as big as a large thimble.

In my early youth, it lay in a table drawer near my father's bed; there I used to take furtive, forbidden peeps at it. Another protection of the home during my childhood was the newly invented burglar alarm, which alarmed with "hair-raising" clamor.

My father was usually the last to go to bed. Just before retiring he would wind up and set the alarm. If all the doors and windows on the ground floor were properly closed the machine would remain peaceful and silent. If a door or window was open a bell of horrid loudness would start ringing. A tour of inspection would then be in order. My father and his bristling red mustache, in his long white nightgown, stalking about the house with the huge colt revolver, must have been an awe-inspiring sight.

GRANT'S ELECTION, CABINET APPOINTMENTS, ALABAMA CLAIMS, ETC.

"June 5, 1908.

S. Fish, Sr., to Mrs. Sidney Webster,

"The Fifth Avenue, played a notable part in the life of Grant. He always made his home there in rooms No. 43 and No. 44, on the Twenty-Fourth Street side. His favorite promenade was on Twenty-third Street.

"It was at the hotel that George Peabody gave a dinner to General and Mrs. Grant, Friday, March 22, 1867. Among

the guests were Admiral Farragut, Bishop McIlvaine, Attorney-General Evarts, ex-Governor J. H. Clifford, George Bancroft, Mr. & Mrs. John Jacob Astor, ex-Senator Hamilton Fish, and General Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame.

"After dinner, Fish proposed Grant for the Presidency to a little group, including Evarts, General Butterfield, and two or three others. In taking leave, Fish exclaimed 'Good Night, Mr. President.' It was the first mention of Grant for the Presidency."

Much to my regret I must confess that on a like occasion (in 1928), at a small private dinner in the "Union League Club," the stronghold of the Republican Party, I proposed the toast to the next President of the United States—Franklin D. Roosevelt, he being present.

Shortly before Grant's election, rumors began going around Washington to the effect that my grandfather was to be Grant's Secretary of State. Mr. Pruyn relays these rumors to my grandfather who flatly denies their truth. The source of these rumors was "Wormley," a Washington Innkeeper, who Mr. Pruyn said was ready to turn over the best of rooms in his house to my grandfather for Grant's inauguration.

"New York, February 10, 1869.

Hamilton Fish to J. V. L. Pruyn,

"It is very modest in you to ascribe the results of your kind intercession with Wormley to the delusion under which you think him to be laboring. But if the poor man really entertains any such idea, pray do not undeceive him—it is *his* delusion, and may, while it lasts, possibly give him some satisfaction to think that he is to entertain not exactly Angels, but a cabinet minister, and may tend to my advantage in some additional comforts and attentions during the few days I shall be in Washington. He will soon be undeceived and as I shall probably return here before any nominations are made, having paid his bill, (which I doubt not will be *liberally* made up) Wormley will readily find another and a brighter star to form part of the constellation, whose composition and names are so much the subject of present wonder and anxiety."

“January 12, 1916.

S. Fish, Sr., to Mrs. Graham Rice,

“Wormley, in later years kept a hotel on the corner of 15th and H. Streets. He was of the African persuasion, had been a slave to Cassius M. Clay, and in the latter’s declining years Wormley showed him much kindness. When I began to go to Washington on railroad business in the late Seventies and early Eighties, Wormley was still keeping his hotel. I stopped there many times. While Wormley never told me that he had been the first man to suggest my father’s going into General Grant’s Cabinet, I know he had a great admiration for him.

“I am exceedingly glad to have the letter of February 10, 1869, as it confirms my father’s unwillingness to return to public life and public duties at that time. Other letters of his show that he at first refused the office absolutely, and only accepted it when he found that General Grant had already sent his name in to the Senate for approval.”

Any member of the family can easily get the history of Grant’s two terms in the White House and the part played in it by my grandfather. One fact, however, that is little known is that in the all-important Alabama claims treaty before negotiations were taken up, it had been agreed between the United States through my grandfather, and Great Britain through Sir John Rose, that Great Britain would express regret for what had happened with respect to building, equipping, arming, and putting to sea the rebel cruisers,—in a certain set form of words. At almost the last session, Lord Ripon, chief of the English commissioners, handed grandfather a paper showing that Great Britain would express regret in the words therein stated, and asked if they were acceptable to the United States. Mr. John C. Bancroft Davis, at that time Assistant Secretary of State, then produced a memorandum which had been made eighteen months before at my grandfather’s house between him and Sir John Rose. On comparing it with the paper submitted by Lord Ripon, the two were found to agree literally. It is singular to notice how in this, and in other matters diplomatic, more is often settled quietly over a dinner table than through commissions

of any sort. At the agreement entered into between Sir John Rose and my grandfather in his house in I Street, Washington, D. C., the only persons present were my grandfather and my grandmother, Mr. Davis and Sir John Rose. My grandmother's part in this conference was, I think, no small one. Her tact may have even helped word the apology so that both Governments would not "lose face."

My grandfather felt that he had two things to do in Washington. First, to run the Department of State, and second, to settle the Alabama Claims dispute with Great Britain. I have hinted that his wife aided him in this. And I know they discussed the details of the negotiations.

"June 24, 1872.

Mrs. H. Fish to Stuyvesant Fish,

"The Treaty correspondence is published and I hope you will get time to read it. It looks now as if everything would be satisfactorily arranged and your father's work be rewarded for his patient toil, by seeing the Treaty fully carried out."

"June 27, 1872.

S. Fish, Sr., to Mrs. H. Fish,

"I have read the Alabama correspondence as published in the "Herald" of June 24th. Poor Papa! How much worry and abuse he gets for doing his duty, but such unfortunately, seems to be the fate of anyone who serves this great, but ungrateful country."

Wm. H. Osborn to H. Fish—(undated)

"*Slander* is the tax the public levies upon public men and it sometimes strikes me that this infamous tax is in proportion to their services. I believe your official action has the respect and confidence of nine out of ten of the good men of this community and of the country generally. Hence, Dana and Stone (of the Journal of Commerce) who wish to brush up the harmony of the Cabinet strike the hardest blows on your head. I trust you will have the temper to hold on to your even course and not gratify them by seeming to feel their vile slander."

The Alabama Claims correspondence was published at this time to present both sides of the dispute which had come to a seeming impasse.

“June 24, 1873.

H. Fish to S. Fish, Sr.,

“I trust however that my service here will prove not to have been without beneficial results to my country and that my family may not have cause to look upon it without at least the consolation of the reflection that the years passed away from them have been devoted to the best of my ability in an honest and faithful effort to advance the honor and the interests of the country, and without a single act unworthy of a name which I have endeavoured for three score years and upward to keep untarnished and free from every reproach.”

THE LETTER BOOK

LIFE IN CHICAGO IN 1871

When my father died in 1923 he had some eighty-four or eighty-five tissue paper, letter press books of the letters he had written from “1871” to the day before he died—seventy to eighty thousand pages. These letters form a huge diary.

As a preface of my father’s letters which follow, I give the only account that he has left of his early business career:

“My father wanted me to take up the profession of the law and was greatly distressed when I declined to do so. I entered the Service of the Illinois Central R.R. Co. in the Autumn of 1871, under an agreement between my father and Mr. Osborn, made in my presence and by me assented to, that for the first year I was to live on what the Company might pay me. My pay was \$50 a month. My position, clerk and private secretary to Mr. Osborn.”

Mr. Osborn, who had been an old South Sea Trader, was very direct in his speeches and letters. One of the first letters Mr. Osborn dictated to my father was the reply to a rude Church of England clergyman:

“I have your favor of the 14th ult. and note from the superscription that you are a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, and therefore by Act of Parliament a ‘gentleman.’ I am sorry to observe from the context of your letter that the Act has in your case been inefficacious.”

In June, 1872, my father was transferred to the Chicago office of the Illinois Central. The trip from New York disagreed with him “horribly.” On reporting to Mr. Newell, the President, he was asked if he would like to go down to Springfield.

“I lied like a little man and said, ‘Yes’.” To add to the discomfort and heat of the trip, the car caught fire during the night. My father must have been, as he says, “a pretty sick boy.” He often mentioned this horrid initiation into the railroad business as a nightmare of the past.

On his trip through Chicago in 1870, he saw old Chicago that had grown up from a frontier trading post into an ugly western city, poorly built, chiefly of wood. In the interval between 1870 and his return in June, 1872, the Chicago fire destroyed the greater part of the town. On his return the fire-scarred ruins lay sprawled out over the Prairie. “What a desert Chicago was in 1872 and how hopeful we all were with very little to hope for.”

He was homesick and lonely, I know because I went through an identical experience about twenty-five years later. But neither of us were forgotten by the family.

“New York, June 24th, 1872.

H. Fish to S. Fish, Sr.

Most earnestly do I wish you many, very many, and very happy returns of this anniversary.* Today you enter upon all the responsibilities of manhood. I have great confidence that you will discharge them manfully, truthfully, honestly. Your childhood and youth have afforded very great comfort and satisfaction to your parents and we look with sincere confidence and earnest hope that your future, will under God’s Providence, fulfill the hope which the past has inspired. Let truth and hon-

* My father’s birthday.

esty continue ever to be the aim and the principle of every act of your life. Do to others as you would they should do unto you. Remember your Creator and daily give thanks for the mercy he has vouchsafed to you and implore the continuance of his blessings, his protection and his guidance.”

In substance and in wording, a letter from my grandmother, on the same occasion, is much like my grandfather’s. Both letters breathe a similar thought on life—a viewpoint of love and faith now crowded out by modern theories. It cannot be recaptured, or can it?

“New York, June 24th, 1872.
251 E. Seventeenth St.

Mrs. H. Fish to S. Fish, Sr.

“Your father will write to you today and send you the deed for the house which he so generously gives you.

“I enclose you a cheque from your grandmother for a hundred dollars. Truly, my dear son your friends are liberal to you. I have nothing but good wishes to offer you and I feel almost too much to express myself right. God bless and keep you. This day you are in every sense a man and I know you feel the responsibility resting upon you. You will I am sure use the abilities which God has given you, and try to be a useful and successful man. You are never out of my thoughts and lately you have even filled my sleeping as well as waking hours. It is something you cannot understand *now* but one of these days perhaps you will comprehend this constant anxiety about our children, this intense desire that they should do all things well.

“You will of course write at once to Grandmamma and thank her for her present.

“I can hardly believe that it is only a week today since we parted. The house seems more than ever lonely without you.

“Many many happy returns to you, dear Stuyve, of this day and may each one find you better and wiser and growing in every good thing, until at last you pass from this transitory life to that blessed State for which this is only a preparation.

“Believe me always with the truest and fondest affection your devoted mother.”

“Chicago, June 24th, 1872.

S. Fish, Sr., to H. Fish,—

“I could not let today pass without writing to my father and mother to try to be with them as far as may be possible on my birthday.

“Since arriving here I have made one trip down to Springfield and may go to Cairo tomorrow. I sincerely hope not, if it is to be as hot there as it was in Springfield on Thursday.

“Chicago they say is rising, phoenix like, from her ashes, but she has not yet had time to shake herself and it is without exception the dustiest place I ever saw, this side of California. Many new buildings are going up, mostly with brick and stone fronts.

“The energy of the people in this place is truly wonderful. Already one third of the business part of the town is rebuilt, and hundreds of new buildings are going up in all parts of the City. (People allude to the fire as an epoch of the remote past.)—Everything happened ‘so long before’ or ‘so long after the fire.’ Everybody lost something at the time, but very few seem to have been permanent sufferers from its effects.”

The fire took place early in October, 1871. Over half the City was burned.

“When I first arrived I ‘put up’ at the Tremont House on Michigan Avenue. Finding it rather expensive and not very conveniently located with respect to the Office, I determined to look for new quarters. By Mr. Newell’s advice I visited Hyde Park (6½ miles down the I.C.R.R.), where I found a very nice hotel, fronting on the Lake, with a good ‘table,’ and where the prices were more reasonable. From Hyde Park we have trains both ways all day long. I have only been at H.P. a day or two but so far think it very pleasant. I rise at six, take the 7.06 A.M. train, reach the office at about 7.45 and returning take either the 5 or 6 P.M. train.

“July 5, 1872.

“I wonder how the family like the reconstructed house at ‘Glenclyffe.’ Ray Hamilton and Haliburton Fales, classmates,

spent the 'Fourth' with me at Hyde Park, we had a lovely day and I enjoyed their company very much."

"My grandfather bought "Glenclyffe" from a Frenchman, a Mr. Dutilh, who built the house in the late 1850's, taking as his model a house he had seen and liked in the south. Once, while Mr. and Mrs. Dutilh were traveling from Garrison to the Catskill Mountains in a public stage, a commercial traveler attached himself to them. He offered Mr. Dutilh a cigar—reply, "Thank you, I don't smoke." At some place where they stopped for a meal, the traveler asked Dutilh to take a drink, which was also politely declined, and later the traveler said, "You don't smoke, and you don't drink, and you don't talk English; may I ask what you are?" Mr. Dutilh who was a very dignified old gentleman, was much offended, but replied calmly, "I am a Huguenot." The traveler then said, "That's somewhere up on the Rhine, isn't it?"

The house at Glenclyffe was never beautiful. Like "Topsy," it just grew. After each "reconstruction" (addition) it became more hideous. Coming up the drive, which was shady and pretty, the great pile of red brick slapped you in the face, right in the glare of the sun, with an almost treeless lawn in front of it.

The grounds were lovely—the glen where the mint (imported from Henry Clay's place at Lexington, Ky.) for making juleps grew, "Picnic Rock," where the children ate when the house overflowed with guests, ruins of the old dock on the river over which we boys used to pick our way when we went in swimming—the walks—garden and greenhouses.

I was once forced to go and see the Taj Mahal by an enthusiastic friend at sunrise, noon, and sunset. I would never do that again, but I would like to see the view from the south piazza of "Glenclyffe" as it used to be before railroads and bridges marred the landscape—it was gorgeous.

"July 17, 1872.

"I go to St. Paul's Church, Hyde Park, Cooke County, Illinois. Service begins nominally at 10³⁰ A. M. actually at about 10⁴⁰ A. M. I sit in pew No. 46 in the north or right hand

aisle, about half way up said aisle. I spend my Sundays in reading books not always appropriate to the day, in walking, and in swimming and eating. My books are drawn from Cobb's Circulating Library, 471 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Cook County, Illinois. To this library I have subscribed \$2.50 which entitles me to the use of one volume at a time for the space of three months, from July 1st 1872 i.e. until September 30th, 1872."

(This rather curt paragraph is from a letter to his mother, who wanted to know whether he was going to Church regularly or not. At Glenclyffe every guest was asked on Sunday, "will you drive or walk to Church?"—all went, either on foot or in a carriage).

"August 28, 1872.

"Pinckney writes to ask if I remember our dinner at Delmonico's, and although now suffering from a colic the effect of some (Chicago) Mock turtle soup and six peaches, my lunch for today, I think I could go another just like it with equal gusto."

Henry B. Livingston, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, spoke of this dinner many years later and said that my father carried uptown one of a pair of iron lions that used to grace the front steps of a Broadway Hotel, probably to the Delta Psi House at Columbia. St. Anthony, the patron saint of that Society, had, I believe, a fondness for Lions.

1870-1900

WHILE in Chicago, as I have shown, my father's office hours were long. The office was undermanned. The clerks worked in their shirtsleeves during the summer, wearing black wristlets to protect their cuffs. The work assigned to my father was chiefly copying letters and papers. Believing that there was not much of a future in store for him there, he obtained a position with Morton, Rose & Company in London.

In London, on the other hand, one went to the City at a leisurely hour. Silk hats and frock coats were worn by all. Lunch was quite a function and not a hastily snatched sandwich. Tea was served in the office at five. This "rite" usually ended the day's work in London. There were long weekends in the country and on bank holidays. The Derby, Ascot and the boat races required the attendance of the "City" folk.

It was on these weekends and dinners and luncheons that the business of the London firms was originated. By far the greater number of wealthy Britons preferred to leave all their money matters in the hands of their bankers who would collect the rents, cash, coupons, etc., and render an accounting at certain stated intervals. The very rich and the nobility preferred to leave all such matters in the hands of their agents and bankers. All they wanted was money when they needed it. It was up to the bankers to get it for them.

Of the rather trusting way business was transacted my father writes:

"February 24th, 1874.

"My position in this office is a pretty good one having rather a confidential post. The exchange of \$3,000,000 N. Orleans Jackson & Great Northern & Miss. Cent^l R.R. Bonds for New

Illinois Cent^l Sterling 5's has been effected during the last week; yours truly, having charge of all the details. The accommodating way in which Banks make loans here is something rather remarkable. About a week ago we arranged with Glyn, Mills; Currie & Co. our Bankers to loan us £250,000 on \$1,500,000 of the Bonds of the above Southern R.R'ds. I went over to the Bank with \$50,000 of the Bonds in my hand and \$1,450,000 in a locked box. The manager asked me if I had the key, I told him Yes, he told me to keep it. He now holds the package of 50 Bonds and a locked box of which we have the key and which may, for anything Glyn & Co. know to the contrary contain old shoes."

"March 11th, 1874.

S. Fish, Sr., to Cas, (Moore)—

"I do the best I can to enjoy myself and learn the English style of business, which consists in having about three clerks to do one man's work. However I am having a pretty good time and hope you are doing the same in New York.

"The London papers make quite as much of a fuss over Techborne, alias Orton as ours did about Tweed, describing his conduct in prison, his clothes, the cropping of his hair &c &c."

Techborne was a clever, spectacular swindler of the time.

"Sometime ago I wrote to Mr. L. P. Morton, mildly suggesting the propriety of my receiving some compensation for my valuable services as per verbal agreement with him and Mr. Bliss in N. Y. Yesterday I received a note from him saying that M. B. & Co. had passed £100—\$545 c'cy to my credit with M. R. & Co. and that he had directed M. R. & Co. to pay me £200 more for my year's services, making in all say \$1635 per annum. Last evening I happened to mention the receipt of the letter from Mr. Morton to the C'h Cl'k and manager of the office here, and he said that Sir John Rose had hesitated about complying with Mr. M's letter for fear of hurting my feelings and putting me on the same footing as the salaried clerks in the office and that it had been decided to give me a present on leav-

ing the office. Of course this is very agreeable to me and I told Mr. Stride the manager to say nothing to Sir John about my letter from Mr. Morton. Stride by the bye is a brick and a thorough business man as well. He was for several years head clerk in Brown Shipley & Co. London."

"March 13, 1874, he speaks of lunching with the directors of the Bank of England:

"It was a novel feeling for one of my years to be at table with the patriarchs of the Bank."

A few days later he dined at "The Goldsmiths' Hall with the court of that Hon^{ble} Company. Very good dinner, excellent wines, some fine plate & poor speeches."

"March 26th, 1874.

"Our people here are cursing away at the Cotton which they bought some time ago on telegraphic advice from New York, as it shows them a loss. . . .

"Sir John Rose talks of Cotton not being part of the legitimate business of the house and says he is glad of the loss &c &c. It does not seem to afford the other partners the same amount of innocent amusement."

Sir John Rose sold Erie short for the English firm against the joint account of the London and New York firms in Cotton:

"Erie has taken a downward swoop, selling at 37-1/2 this P.M. much to the gratification of M. R. & Co. who, as you well know, have been selling."

"Mr. L. P. Morton's retiring from U.P. Directorship has caused almost as much disturbance in Wall Street as Mr. Jay Gould's accession to said Directorship."

Mr. Morton's resignation from the Union Pacific Railroad board was due to the Credit Mobilier scandal in connection with the building of the Union Pacific. He was a bit tardy in sending in his resignation. The scandal was fully disclosed in the January 30, 1873, edition of *The Nation*.

At about this time, Jay Gould bought control of the Union Pacific.

“Mr. Grenfell, Sir John Rose’s partner, is going to America the 25 April with his wife. Should they go to Washington, please call on them as they have been very kind to me. Mr. Grenfell rejoices in the Christian name of Pascu du Pré, his wife is a South American by birth and has a very sweet face, considering that she is the mother of ten young ones, like Sue Rogers’ four ‘all of an age.’ The infant prodigies are not to be carried over to America, so you need not fear them.”

“March 23, 1874.

S. Fish, Sr., to John Russell,

“The best piece of American news I have seen for some time is contained in the enclosed slip from the morning paper, I only hope it is true. ‘Half a loaf is better than no bread’ and we have no reason to expect much that is good from either Mr. Richardson or Congress and should therefore be thankful for what little we get.”

On March 23, 1874, the House and Senate agreed on an inflationary currency bill, which though bad, was not quite as bad as some of the plans suggested by the Western Greenback Party, whom Secretary of the Treasury Richardson, was trying to placate.

“April 30, 1874.

S. Fish, Sr., to John Russell,

“What a splendid thing the Prest’s veto is. There is but one opinion about it here, every one, Republicans and Democrats, American and English, say it is the best thing Grant ever did, his greatest victory &c.

“Of course the directly beneficial effect is not yet so visible at home as it is here. The markets of Europe all regarded the inflation bill as a breach of faith and now they are secured against this species of fraud. American securities must be looked upon more favorably than they have been of late. There is little advance in prices as most things quoted here and on the

Continent are 'Gold Dollar' or 'Sterling' Bonds. The effect is more moral than material and hence more likely to be enduring. The tightening of money here has had a tendency to prevent any rise in prices of American securities. Bank rate up to 4% rather unexpectedly this morning and this in face of high price in New York of exchange on London and the consequent shipments of specie."

Grant's veto came as a great surprise to the members of his cabinet, who, with the exception of my grandfather and Mr. Creswell, were in favor of the Bill. A long interview that these two gentlemen had with Grant, a few days before, may have influenced his decision, as he expressed his intention of signing the Bill during this interview. Grant's action in vetoing the Bill was characteristically like all of his actions. He made up his mind on the spur of the moment.

Once more my father was dissatisfied with his job.

"August 18, 1874.

S. Fish, Sr., to Mr. Osborn,—

"From a remark Mr. Bliss let fall a day or two ago, I think he fears I want to become a stock or a gold broker, than which nothing is further from my mind. I did not understand his allusion at the time or I would of course have undeceived him at once and have had no opportunity since then.

"As to what I shall do on my return, I am as much at sea as ever and therefore would like to retain a place with M. B. & Co. not so much on account of the salary as in order to have something to do for respectability's sake. In common with everyone else, I feel that a revival of business in New York, must come and may come soon. As I have some little means of my own, I feel that I should be on the spot to seize any good opportunity which may turn up, and as I have now been a clerk for nearly three years, I want naturally enough to do something on my own account.

"Had I my choice, I would prefer taking a small interest in an old house, but would 'set up for myself' as the phrase is, rather than continue much longer as a clerk.

“As you have already been so kind to me on so many occasions, I have little hesitancy in asking if you know of any good house in New York, wanting a junior partner with a fair amount of means, say \$75,000. This sum, I think I could procure without difficulty, my own means cannot be under \$27,500, and I feel sure my father would advance me \$50,000, if it were needed to get me a place in a good house of long standing. Possibly father would advance more, but as I have never written him on the subject, I do not like to count on more. Of course as my business education has been confined to one branch, i. e. what we call Banking and Exchange, I would only be fit to go into some house in that branch of trade.”

My father returned to the office of Morton, Bliss & Company in New York. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Morton's seat on the Exchange was transferred to my father's name. While he was on the Exchange Mr. Morton thwarted a raid on Western Union Telegraph Co. by Jay Gould. My father executed the orders for Morton, Bliss & Company.

AMUSEMENTS

Both my father and Bliss were put up at one or more clubs. As my father put it, so now I am “down” at two clubs and become a howling swell.

The places of amusement were Argyle, Evans, Clives and the Cremorne. They used to go with Schuyler Parsons, the Arnolds, F. Dickerson of Epsilon and many others and listened to the singing. “The music was very good, all male voiced, mostly boys.”

“June 9, 1874.

“The Arnolds, Graydon, Ray Hamilton, Dan Moran, W. Evarts, and others have been here. Much slaughtering of champagne and brandy and soda has followed in consequence.

“Derby Day, 3d June, having sat up at my rooms with Bob Arnold and two others playing ‘21’ until five thirty, we, that is 2 Arnolds, Ray, Bliss, Schuyler Parsons, Graydon, Chas. Davison, Evarts, four Englishmen from Cambridge University and

I started off for Epsom on a dray. No dust and a beautiful day. Road very crowded, lots of chaff on the way down. Pretty barmaid and a lovely 'slavey' (anglice for 'biddy') a public house, where we stopped to water horses made the trip down very pleasant. Got a good view of the course from the top of our coach. Fairly good luncheon and lots of 'phiz.' Race won easily by 'George Frederick,' which put about £8 in my pocket. Do not think I am becoming a gambler far be it from me.

"Returning from Derby the fun began. Everybody was armed with pea shooters and peas. We began firing away when an infuriated butcher boy, or such like, struck at me with a whip I mildly replied by showering some more peas at him, whereupon he hit me on the knee with the butt of his whip. As my right knee has always been very tender and as I had a good deal of liquor aboard I was irate and jumped off the top of our coach into the one horse cart which the butcher boy was driving. I missed the man I meant to squash but grabbed two others and was amusing myself with them, when my friend having jumped out of the cart hit me on the back of the head with the butt of the whip, which blow I scarcely felt at the time owing to my long thick hair. However this was a signal for a general free fight in which after having routed one or two carts of 'cads' we returned to our coach, followed by a volley of stones which we returned in soda water and champagne bottles. Our wounded were two, our waiter having been cut on temple by a stone and myself bleeding on the back of the head. We repaired injuries and went on.

"Of course when I got off our dray all the other boys accompanied me, though in a somewhat more orderly fashion. The rest of our journey was uneventful, being marked by another flirtation with the aforesaid barmaids and slavey who is really very pretty.

"Most of the party went to Cremorne that night where there was a general Derby Day Row. I went home to wash up and being rather 'tired' went to bed where I found myself in morning with boots on.

"Next night at Cremorne, Parsons and Davison had a foot

race about 40 yards down a deserted dancing hall. Nearing the door they ran together and both fell Parsons knocking his head against door post and tearing trowsers at knee. He had to be carried out before he recovered consciousness, we all feared he had seriously hurt his leg. He behaved very pluckily and finally limped off with a little help. Parsons is a very good fellow indeed. Do you remember him, a cousin of the Rives?

"Friday went with W. A. Patou to the Oaks Race for filly's 3 yr old. Same course terms and length as Derby for colts. We went down by train, did the respectable for a change having done up the rowdy on Wednesday. From the top of Grand Stand saw the finest start imaginable and that with 3rd year fillies at this season of the year.

"Altogether we have been very dissipated since the Arnolds came here. They go tomorrow.

"Please don't show this letter about much as it contains some rather disgraceful episodes and altho' I can not describe it fully I have seldom seen more of the low side of a great city than in the last two weeks. An English crowd is the most brutal and cowardly one I have ever seen. At the Derby so long as we were on the ground although the 'cads' outnumbered us they did not stand up or show fight. As soon as we mounted our coach they threw stones."

"June 17, 1874.

"London is very full, this being the week in which everybody comes up to town, lodgings can not be had for love or money. Every theatre and place of amusement is thronged. You can not imagine how sick I am of this business of dinner &c."

"May 14, 1874.

"Yesterday I went to Tunbridge Wells, (45-1/2 miles S.E. of London) on a stage coach and back in same conveyance. Fine country, splendid roads, good horses, a good dinner and fair weather and above all a pleasant *companion* united to make the journey one of the pleasantest I have ever made. (To avoid misunderstanding, allow me to state that the companion was a Mr. Lothrop of Boston, at present a partner in E. Fischer & Co. of Japan.) We averaged 8-1/2 to 9 miles per hour includ-

ing stops for changing horses, which we did four times on each trip, having five teams in all going down and the same coming up. Stopped one hour at T. W. for dinner and reached town at 7 having started at 10 A. M.

“Would it be possible to run a line of stage coaches out of New York, say to Sing Sing or to some point at about that distance from town? Of course I do not mean to make the thing pay a dividend but so as to pay for the keep of the horses, wages of men, repairs of coach and other running expenses. Interest on capital invested being necessarily lost, or rather being waived by the gentlemen who own the concern, in consideration of the honor and pleasure of driving the coach. I may write more on this subject, as I am very coach-mad at present. Go to Dorking on coach this P. M. returning in morning.

“You ask me about the great boat race training &c. As you suppose, I saw the race, which as a race is a farce and is only great as a show of people and boats, viz: steam, sail and row boats. I can give you no points about rowing, as I have not seen any except the college race and have met no rowing men. I would suggest the advisability of asking George L. Rives of 1868 to give the Captain and trainer of the crew some hints and ideas. Glad to hear prospects are good and have told Cass Moore to sell my boat and give a part of the proceeds to paying expenses of crew at Saratoga. Will you do what you can to help Cass sell the boat?

“Last week, I dined with an American friend at Richmond to which place, 8 or 9 miles, we drove in a ‘hansom.’ It is certainly one of the prettiest places I ever saw. Shall go again soon.”

On a very hot morning (1892), my brother, governess, and myself, on my father’s advice, took a boat up the Thames to Richmond and found Richmond sadly changed since my father’s day. The neighborhood was grown up with small semi-detached villas, badly paved streets and what made matters worse, no boat back to the City till evening. In despair we chartered a hansom, which cost us a sovereign.

“July 18th, 1874.

“Have just received an invitation to go to Bellingham in Northumberland, August 20, from Mr. Charlton to shoot grouse &c. Very kind of him is it not?”

“August 18th, 1874.

S. Fish, Sr., to C. de R Moore—

“Bob Cornell, who has been in the North of England and Scotland has just now reached London. Dined with him last evening he looks very well and fat.”

My father and “Bob” Cornell talked about rowing at Columbia and the giving of cups to be raced for. The cups to be preserved as trophies and “exhibited at reunions—suppers, Goodwood, Class Day etc.”

“Bob” (Robert Clifford) Cornell was the son of George J. and Caroline Cornelia Cornell. He married Malvina H. Lamson, granddaughter of Charles Marshall. Cornell was City Magistrate, 1895–1905. When the Court of Public Relations was established in 1910, he was chosen as its first magistrate. His theory of the cause for marital troubles was 1st, on the part of the husband, drunkenness and shirking of responsibility. 2nd, on the part of the wife, extravagance and unreasonableness.

“May 1st, 1874.

S. Fish, Sr., to Robert C. Cornell—

“As to Mr. Timson’s rowing in the crew, nothing could be fairer. His motive in joining the S. of M. is nobody’s business, the fact of his being a student is all that is required.

“Every society in college admits this by taking in special students of the S. of M. Besides which, in 1869 Mr. Joseph Story Fay of Harvard Law School, who was little more than a ‘professional’ and who admittedly joined Law School to be on the crew, rowed both at Worcester and in England. My informant about Fay was our old friend Bob Russell who was Capt. and stroke of Harvard’s Freshman crew in 1869.

“Your experience will probably bring to your mind some

other similar cases. This one was not cavilled about at the time either in America or England.

“By all means, let Mr. Timson row if he is a good oar.”

In June, 1873, there are more birthday letters. Both parents write in the same vein and express their sorrow for the scattering of the family.

“Washington, Feb. 2, 1874.

Mrs. H. Fish to S. Fish, Sr.

“Do you know much about Luther Manard Jones? I have heard stories affecting his character as a man of honour and truth. I only give you this hint as to what I heard may not be true.

“The season here is drawing to a close and every one is rushing about wildly making visits and going to two or three parties a night. Lent is anxiously looked forward to though why is it not possible to decline invitations and stay at home before Lent?

“We are to have today a dinner of four. Mr. Cushing who is soon to sail for his post. Your father is to give him a dinner and try in every way to atone to him for the cruel manner in which he was abused when his nomination as Chief Justice was before the Senate. He will make an excellent minister to Spain.

“Have you called on the *Schencks*? Your father sent you a package of letters from our kind friends Mr. & Mrs. Rothing. They told me their friends were among the quiet people in London but I have no doubt you will find among them some useful and agreeable acquaintances.

“Hamilton (H. Fish, Jr.) seems to be very gay in Albany and writes more about parties and Germans than about his legislative duties.

“I feel anxious to know about the elections in England. So far Mr. Gladstone seems to have lost ground and yet I cannot believe he will be defeated.

“I suppose the Mr. Courtenay you speak of is of the family of the Earl of Devon. I did not see him at least I don't remember him I remember some years ago seeing one of the family who was very unaffected, pleasant and intelligent. Lord Tartar

has left a long list of goucheries committed by him here which proves him the peer if not the superior of Lord 'Dundreary.' Indeed Sir Edward Thornton told Southern two or three that he might use to advantage in that character. The poor half-witted viscount seems utterly without education and one cannot but wonder what sort of Duke and Duchess his Father and Mother can be to let him expose himself as he has done here, but then perhaps they look upon us as outside barbarians.

"Let me know where you go to church. I trust you will go regularly and not get into this way so common among young men of spending Sunday just as they do every other day.

"You are now so entirely thrown on your own resources and the responsibility rests so entirely on you that I hope you will think seriously and do what is right not only to please your parents but from a far higher motive."

LODGINGS IN LONDON

My father first lived in "lodgings" in Half Moon Street, later moving to better quarters in 11 Downing Street, the former abode of Lowell, Judge Hoare, and "some other Boston swells."

The lodgings in Half Moon Street were probably much like those occupied by Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes. I hardly think they would seem quite as cozy to an American as they would to an Englishman.

Of course there was no central heating system, and therefore the tiny coal fire in the sitting-room gave off just enough heat to prevent one's face and hands from chapping and bunions breaking out on one's toes. I visualize a stale smell of food, and a dowdy charwoman dusting equally shabby furniture.

These quarters were located in the center of a small American colony. George Bliss was my father's roommate. The two had very little in common and bored each other.

Staples, Samuel Lothrop, Jr., and Luther M. Jones, a Yale graduate lived across the street. My grandmother for some reason distrusted Jones and warned my father against him. My father, on the other hand, liked him and found him well read and a good companion. Jones was desperately poor at

times—half starved, and Bliss and my father, out of charity, would have him in for meals, which had “a more substantially, gratifying result of preventing our mutually ‘bore’ing ourselves to death.” These five young men were the permanent residents of Half Moon Street. Augustus Jay, James A. Scrymser, and Lloyd Bryce took up their residence there for shorter periods.

There were innumerable Americans passing through London who had to be entertained. On these occasions there was a hurried visit to the “Fishmonger’s” for ice, an article very difficult to obtain in Europe at that time.

There is quite a lot of correspondence about a certain Hugh Leslie Courtenay, who borrowed £5 from my father in New York and passed himself off as a relation of the Earl of Devon. He was an English or American bounder. My father hunted that man and his alleged relations all over England, interviewed admirals, his supposed uncles, dukes, tailors, etc., but never found him or the £5. Courtenay was finally caught up with by the London and New York police. Two years later, March 23, 1876, the New York *Tribune* and I believe *The Times*, carried an article describing his activities, which ranged over Europe, America, and Australia. He was a handsome fellow, about twenty-one years old, six feet two, brown hair and eyes. He spoke more like an American than an Englishman. Traveled on steamers, where he made a point of picking up Americans. He was put up at the Union Club in New York for a while, passed bad checks in New Orleans, New York, the Middle West, and San Francisco.

Cable Cushing was a democrat. He served as counsel at the Geneva Conference. Later President Grant nominated him for Chief Justice of the United States. The Senate did not confirm his nomination and in 1874 he was appointed Minister to Spain to replace General Sickles. Sickles, and Schenck, our Minister to England were two of the many unfortunate appointments of General Grant. Schenck who was not well off, to help out his personal fortunes became what the English called a “guinea pig,” or paid director, of a “shady” enterprise. Shortly after his arrival as Minister in England, Schenck signed a circular

recommending the purchase of stock in the Emma Mine, which proved to be a swindle.

General Sickles, before he resigned as Minister to Spain, had always been a source of worry to the State Department. Reports of important events in Spain were often received by the New York papers before the official reports of Sickles were received at the State Department. One leak of this kind is described by James A. Scrymser:

At a time when a plan was proposed in Congress to buy the Islands of Cuba and Puerto Rico from Spain, Scrymser received an inspired cable from his friend Gen. Wm. F. Smith. "Baldy Smith" at the time was a go-between for the plotting Spanish officials in Madrid and the rebel leaders in Cuba. The cable asked Scrymser to see General Butler and try to get him to introduce a resolution in Congress to recognize the independence of Cuba. The closing paragraph of the code message from General Smith in Madrid, which read as follows, at once caught Butler's eye: "Tell Gen. Butler there is ducats in it." "Captain, what does that mean?" queried Butler. "General, that is the 'Spanish' for spoons," laughingly Scrymser replied.

During the War and during the carpet-bagging period, General Butler developed a fondness for silver plate and spoons that belonged to the Southern owners of his headquarters and their neighbors. His quaint hobby of collecting these articles gave him the nickname of "Spoon Butler"—the more unkind called him "Beast Butler."

Far from taking offense at Scrymser's pointed remark, Butler set about making plans to turn an "honest penny." At a second conference held the same afternoon Butler disgustingly confided to Scrymser that nothing could be done and that Sickles had blundered by not sending the information sooner. "Here we are," he said, "at the end of December, on the verge of the holidays, Congress will adjourn in a few days and nothing can be done until it reopens the middle of January; by that time the scheme will have grown cold. Please cable General Smith that nothing can be done at present. There still might be a hope for the future."

Scrymser was an interesting old empire builder, who built a great network of cables up and down the coast of North and South America, starting with a "shoe string" and hope. It was he, I believe, who, when asked by my grandfather if he was going to attend the funeral of General Butler, said "No, but I approve of it."

In a later letter, my father comments on Secretary Belknap's disgrace "which has fallen like a pall over the whole community. I trust it may lead to further exposures and a thorough rooting up of corruption."

It did. Grant's last years in office were crowded with scandals that smirched nearly all of the men with whom he had surrounded himself. Grant was a good general, but not a wise ruler.

The Belknap and other scandals were the cause of many resignations in Grant's cabinet. In the fall of 1874, my grandfather sent in his resignation. Much against his will, Grant persuaded him to continue in office for the remainder of his term.

"March 5th, 1874.

S. Fish, Sr,—

"Of late I have dined out at a tremendous rate, three and four times a week, thanks to some letters of introduction from some English friends in Washington. The cooking is generally poor, wines from ditto to so so. Women rather plain and excessively poorly dressed, conversation in this particular set rather intellectual. Apropos of which, I am reading Darwin, my progress is like the 'Descent of Man' very gradual, however I am much interested although I still adhere to my original opinion upon Darwinism viz. 'Not Proven,' which Russell is Scotch enough to understand. The last place I dined at I sat next to a very pretty girl, her first season &c, had very good time at dinner, but as luck would have it the unfortunate creature has a voice, and she was carried off to sing immediately after dinner and I saw no more of her, Alas! Alas!"

“March 5th, 1874.

S. Fish, Sr,—

“Last night I dined at Mrs. Godfrey Lushington’s, where I met Mrs. and Miss Russell, the mother and sister of the Mr. Russell (perhaps Lord Russell) who is now in Washington.”

There is a long letter to Robert C. Cornell dated March 11, 1873, in which my father opposes the forming of an Inter-College Debating Union for two reasons,—Columbia was too small to diversify her interests and should stick to rowing and football; the other reason was the old family grudge against New England,—“Besides which we saw enough of the New England American College student at Springfield to make us be wary of seeing any more than we can help of him in the future . . . we never before, condescended to meet them except where there was plenty of air to mitigate the contamination of associating with such vermin.”

“March 13, 1874.

S. Fish, Sr,—

“Last night was enticed to a dancing party, had a very good time with some girl, of whose name and belongings I am in blissful ignorance. Think her name was Parker but fear it is paradox. In other words don’t know anything about it. Of course I did not dance but enjoyed looking on at the playful antics of the young Britishers. As usual one couple came down with a tremendous crash.”

“March 13th, 1874.

S. Fish, Sr,—

“Yesterday all London turned out to witness the entry of the Duchess of Edinburgh. As the Queen accompanied the Duke and Duchess, there were great preparations in the way of flowers and other decorations, some of which were very tasteful. But even Queens and Duchesses can not regulate the weather and the party came to London in a snow storm, the worst and almost the first of its kind this winter. The wet spoilt the appearance of the decorations and the uniforms of the troops,

which were very fine. When the Royal party appeared they looked wet, hungry and tired. Poor things, from my comfortable seat under cover I looked at them shivering in the cold and wished less than ever to be 'As happy as a Queen,' the only one I have ever seen looking anything but awfully jolly."

S. Fish, Jr.

"I saw a Queen today—(June 10, 1939)—, pass up the Peekskill Road. Five carloads of our friends, their children, and servants had gone out to see her go by, on her way to Franklin D. Roosevelt's place for dinner. Two little boys, the sons of an English Naval Officer, were dressed in the uniform of the 'Guards' with red coats and bearskin hats. Though the Queen was whisked by at forty miles an hour, she caught a glimpse of the two little tots and smiled. The tribute, I hope, pleased her. I remember the wave of the hand and smile of a happy Queen on another rainy day."

This visit to Hyde Park, had far-reaching effects in determining the future policy of Franklin Roosevelt.

"March 13th, 1874

S. Fish, Senior,—

"Last Sunday, I spent at Bromley Common, with Mr. and Mrs. Norman to whose daughter, Mrs. Bonham Carter, the Rotherys sent me letters."

"I had a splendid time, the day was perfect and a long walk in the country was very enjoyable to me, a poor 'cit.' The Norman's place is very large considering its nearness to London. In the afternoon we walked over to Holwood Park which formerly belonged to the younger Pitt. There we saw 'Wilberforce's Oak' under which he is said to have decided to bring forward the motion in the House of Commons which led to the emancipation of the slaves. The view from this spot is lovely, a hilly, wooded country stretching off in all directions. On a stone bench under the oak is an extract from Wilberforce's diary alluding to the incident."

Mr. and Mrs. Norman were the parents of Montague Norman, whom I have met at Mrs. J. E. Grote Higgins' house in Mt. Kisco.

TRIPS TO THE CONTINENT

Early in 1874, George Bliss and my father went on a short trip to Paris. The passage across the Channel was rough and I guess their stay in Paris was not very interesting, as they bored each other:

"To tell you that I am homesick would not be quite true, but to say that I am in want of some congenial companions would about express it. Bliss is a very good fellow, but we have not a common past to talk over and now that I have told him all my yarns and he has told me his we both long for some new elements in our select but somewhat contracted circle. Besides which B. is not very well, which of course prevents our doing many things which I should wish to, together."

Apropos of going home he adds, "Time flies but I wish it went *by rail as being a more rapid conveyance.*"

A little later that year he had a more pleasant time in Europe with his friend John Russell, when they toured Switzerland and visited Uncle Nick.

"Sept. 26th, 1874

"Most of my time was spent with John Russell, whom I met by appointment in Geneva, to which place he had just returned from the ascent of Mount Blanc."

In other letters, John Russell's sunburn is described, also his guide, who had a goiter. About a visit to his brother Nicholas he writes:

"From Cologne by rail to Berlin, where I of course saw Nick, Clemence and the young 'uns, as well as Mr. & Mrs. Davis and Mr. Coleman, whose acquaintance I had made in London. I arrived on the 7th, Nicks wedding day, and of course was doubly welcome on that account. The Legation being tempo-

rarily in Nick's apartments, made it a little inconvenient for them but on the 30th, they expect to get rid of the Legation as Mr. D. has secured apartments. Nick seems well and pleased with his promotion. He evidently takes great interest in the business of the Legation and is well up in everything connected therewith. Clemence looks well also, and has enjoyed a few weeks at Elster very much. Lilly is a bright affectionate girl, very old for her age, and as thorough a little French woman as I ever saw. My departure was the cause of a copious outburst of tears on the part of Lilly. Hamilton is a big hearty boy and looks like the Keans, Mr. Davis says, looks like me. As he does not speak, he is not very entertaining. He is great fun to play with however, as he never cries because of bruises &c of which he gets a good many. He has a very decided temper of his own and when thwarted sets up a very good squalling."

About twenty-four years later, my father received a letter about the little boy who was great fun to play with as he never "cries because of bruises, etc."

During the Spanish American War, W. L. Bull writes to S. Fish, Sr.:

"July 18, 1898.

"My son Henry's letter, of which I spoke to you at the Club, is dated June 27th. In it he says—

"'Poor Ham Fish was the first one killed; less than a hundred yards from me; fighting gallantly at the head of his Squad. He was the most popular enlisted man in the Regiment.'

"Henry was very fond of your nephew whom he had known long in College and in their Fraternity. I hope that his testimony to the estimation in which their son who now fills a hero's grave was held, may bring some slight comfort to his sorrowing parents.

"May I ask that you will express my very sincere sympathy to them; and believe me to be,"—

RETURN TO NEW YORK

My father returned to New York in the fall of 1874. On October 1st he writes: "How beautiful Sandy Hook looks from a steamer!" He was loaded down with various coats, hats, shoes, and other things that he hoped to get through the Customs for his friends. Among other things, the latest novelty, a pair of "pahjahamahs" for his personal use.—"Do you remember Goude's "pahjahamahs", night clothes, or whatever you may please to call them? I am going to get some made for myself; they are quite common here among returned China and India merchants."

I doubt if he ever used them. The males of my father's generation clung to their nightshirts.

My father's coaching days in England kept him "horse and coach minded." Of some of his friends who were likewise inclined on this side of the Atlantic, he writes:

"I have not seen the Dog Cart, but have heard it greatly praised. Dan Moran and C. H. A. have adopted the English phrase of 'Tooling their traps in the Park,' one of them was asked a few evenings ago, if he had spent the afternoon in 'trapping his tool in the Park.'"

For some time coaching to the New York suburbs was carried on each spring.

"March 26th, 1874.

S. Fish, Sr. to John Russell,

"You are in error in thinking that I write to any young lady at home. I copy all my letters in a letter book (which thus serves as a journal of my thoughts and adventures) and am willing to show you all the letters I have written since Jan'y 1874. Allow me to premise however that my letters are none of your d. — business, and that it is a great condescension on my part to take any notice of your impertinence. So consider yourself snubbed. Please tell arthur weeks (I spell his name advisedly with small initials to show my contempt for the youth) to mind his own affairs in future and that Pick (—a nickname of my father's—) is abundantly able to take care of himself."

“May 23rd, 1874.

To John Russell,

“Please send to Miss Mamie Anthon a handsome basket of flowers on the 8th of June with my card. I want something very handsome but not too large. I would not exceed \$20 or \$25 at present prices of flowers. Debit my a/c. If the Anthon's are out of town please send by express so as to arrive on the eighth June.”

The 8th of June was my mother's birthday. She told me that she once went to a dance with my father and he forgot to send her flowers but Mr. Robert W. Goelet did. Perhaps this lot of flowers had something to do with my father's lapse of memory the winter before.

“June 9, 1874.

“Hope you sent flowers yesterday.”

“May 6th, 1874.

To Mrs. Fish,—

“Mr. Hunter (William), was here about a week ago, he is as shabby as ever. I took him over the Bank of England and to the American Legation where I introduced him to Mr. Benjamin Moran, Secretary of the American Legation, who, poor dapper little man, was rather shocked at the appearance of the Second Assistant Secretary, whom he had never met before.”

Hunter was one of the fixtures in the State Department, every detail of which he knew, so both under Republican and Democratic rule he was continued in office, despite his dress.

Another strange character my father met was the Secretary of the British Legation at Washington, home on leave.

“There are advantages in being a linguist, for instance, the Secty of the British Legation, who speaks some seven or eight languages, went home rather high the other night with a French attache', to whom he confided all his private woes, in-

cluding love affairs, &c &c, but as the Frenchman understands only his mother tongue, and as the confidences were made in Persian there was no great harm done.

“Last evening I went to the Clives’ to a dancing party. Awfully stupid, for me at least. Rather a good band, a Hungarian one in costume. Several of the players looked like the mulatto waiters in Washington. These Hungarian bands are the ‘swell things’ at present.”

This was probably Ludwig Strauss’ orchestra, then in London.

“May 14th, 1874.

“Ches Munroe writes me that Denning and Fred Wilmerding are about to set up business, as stock brokers, I suppose. Fulton Cutting must have done a good thing in marrying Miss Schenck, that is if he got the pretty one.

“The New York market must be bare of young men, we the remaining stock on hand, must needs advance in price. Do you propose to realize at present or hold out for the further rise which is sure to follow the decreased supply? But, joking and metaphor apart, what a lot of men in our class and set have been married in the last few months.”

“March 3rd, 1876—New York

To E. H. Youngs,—

“You remember the Misses Anthon, both of whom have more than once asked to be remembered to you, well I am engaged to be married to the younger Miss Mamie. Engagement took place yesterday, will be announced Monday, as yet have only written to Father and Mother. I go to Washington tonight, where I hope to see Johnnie. Doubtless all this will surprise you a little.

“There is little other news to communicate. Mrs. Watts, John Russell’s Grandmother died about a month ago. Mrs. Chester Munroe has another boy. Lucius Wilmerding is engaged to Miss Murray and about a hundred other men to a like number of girls. The poorer we get the more we marry.”

“March 24th, 1876.

To George Bliss,—

“The little business I referred to in my last has taken up so much of my time and attention, that I fear my absent friends have all been neglected, yourself, shame to relate, among the number. My happiness is but a poor excuse for neglecting so warm a friend in his time of trouble, but as you know altho’ misery loves company, joy is selfish ever. When I tell you that my time from leaving the office at P.M. 4 until P.M. 11, is taken up getting to and from Astoria, where Miss Anthon is now living, you will see that I have not much margin for letter writing. My trips to Astoria, tho’ not daily, are pretty frequent. It is now settled that we are to be married the first week in June probably on Thursday, the first, my only regret will be your absence. However, I hope you will be back and well in September, and that we will see a great deal of you.”

My grandfather Anthon died in 1875, leaving my grandmother in very strained circumstances. While he was alive, he made money readily in his law practice but spent it as he made it. The family consisting of my aunt, Miss Meert, and my grandmother, went into a huddle, pooled their resources, and moved to Astoria, then a suburb of New York. Uncle John, a boy of 15 or 16 years, went to work in the wholesale dry goods business for H. B. Claffin & Co., I believe, and so the family carried on. While in the dry goods business he met Harry T. Eschwege, the son of a lawyer and in the Foreign Exchange Dept. of Lazard Frères, and between them developed a friendship which lasted many years. Eschwege in turn, was an intimate friend of Charles Graef, Agent in the United States for “Pommery Sec” Champagne. At the solicitation of Mr. Graef, he entered his service about 1891, leaving the Illinois Central R.R. Co., where Uncle John and he were then both employed.

“Just after the wedding (June 1) went up to my Father’s country place. I delayed answering your letter. Before I had, M.B. & Co. telegraphed for me to come to town as Cross had gone to Illinois about the Gilman sale, leaving Morton and

Bliss alone in the Office, neither of whom could open the safes or would sign cheques &c. This necessitated four days in town, then I returned to Garrison."

My mother never forgave Morton, Bliss & Company for breaking up her honeymoon with my father. It was largely due to her advice that he left the firm and re-entered the service of the Illinois Central in 1877. When George Bliss returned to New York, my father saw that his chances for advancement in that firm were slim. My father re-entered the railroad service and was often away from home. These trips worried my mother.

"Thursday"

"My darling old Stuyve,

"I cannot tell you how delighted I was to find the little note you left for me when I came home—we had a very good time but it is hardly necessary for me to tell you how very much I missed you. I really don't know what I shall do without you all this long time—for it is almost ten days before you will be home again. Tess is coming this morning which will make it a little less dull for me— However I shall not let you go away again without me if I can help it—as I think it is horrid—I send you Petrie's bill for rent, which has just come—what shall I do about it? He may turn me out, and then you would not know where to find the 'toutsome bird.' (I don't know whether I have spelt it right) when you come home— Please write to me often—and let me know the exact hour that you will be home on Saturday so that I can have everything nice for you, and do remember what you promised me about not jumping from one car to the other, as you might get hurt.

"Now good bye darling and God bless you. With ever so much love, believe me, always your loving wife,

MAMIE."

Tess was my mother's sister, then Miss Anthon, later Mrs. William S. Callender. There is an old white rose marked "June 1st," the day of my father's marriage. My father kept

it all his life. I found it carefully preserved after he died, with this letter.

Either just before or just after my mother and father were married the check in payment of the Alabama Claims was presented to Morton, Bliss & Co. My grandfather signed the order in behalf of the government and my father for Morton Bliss & Company. A wag in the office, seeing the two signatures remarked, "I see the Father and the Son, but where is the Holy Ghost?"—whereupon my father said "That is the mutual trust and confidence that makes the whole transaction possible."

In contrast to my mother's affectionate letter, is the proposal of John Boonen Graves to Sally Attwood, written a century earlier:

"Dear Sally:

"It would be acting tyrannical to myself if I delayed any longer to confess you the affection which I have felt for you these many days, an affection not only of friendship and esteem which we owe to all worthy Carracters but an affection of attachment and Love. If it is in yr. Power to form an idea of a true and upright lover you certainly will lament his situation. A constant change of Passions devours him. One instant he lives in hope, the other he despairs. One hour he passes in full joy, the next in deep melancholi. This is the condition you have thrown me in. Your charms, your virtue, your merits are the cause. I owe the loss of a calm mind to them. They have wounded my heart but it is in your power to restore former tranquility to heal the wounds which your love occasioned. Only return me your affection. How happy should I be if it was in my power to describe all your merit in its proper colors but in my own language I should hardly know most expressive words to explain the sentiments of my heart. How then should I find them in a language which is strange to me? Let it therefore be sufficient that I declare you never to have meet before with a Person for who I have felt what I do feel for you and with who I so ardently wish to be united.

"Perhaps you will think it strange that I acquaint you by letter of my affection for your Person but please to take two

circumstances in consideration which I flatter myself will serve for justifying appologies already in favor of somebody else and who can tell if I don't labour under the same mortifying averseness which one of my acquaintances has experienced. Either one of these cases would effect a very deep wound in my heart which would be remembered if your own lips were to acquaint me thereof.

"Now dear Sally I have one favor to begg. Declare me with that plainness and uprightness which characterize you so visible if you feel any love for me and if you think a union between us would promote happiness to us both. No doubt it will if you possess but one spark of the fire which consumes me. For Heaven's sake don't put me off with an answer but too fashionable amongst the Lady's, to take the proposal in consideration. You know I have but few days to stay in Town. My public as well as private affairs calls me home where the doubtfulness and despair of ever obtaining your affection would soon put an end to my existence. I don't mean to press you for a decisive resolution this would be taking advantage of you, far from it. The matter is of too great importance to trifle with. On the contrary I wish you to make inquiry into my moral character and circumstances before you determ to give me your hand and your heart. All what I for the moment entreat is to know if you feel any affection for me. You cant plead being unprepared for an answer to this question as you undoubtedly have discovered my sentiments in your regard this many days. Tomorrow I am going on a Party of pleasure which will prevent me to wait upon you but Monday forenoon I will take the liberty to send somebody for an answer which will probably determine the happy or unhappiness of my live.

"I am very respectfully and with great attachment Dear Sally

Your most obedient and very affect Servant and Adorer.

Boston 17 Aug 1787

"Excuse my bad writing and orthography."

BABIES, SERVANTS AND THE FAMILY

“July 20, 1879

S. Fish, Sr. to Mrs. Hamilton Fish,—

“Our boy was christened, Livingston, at the Church of the Transfiguration, by Dr. Houghton, during the morning service today. The Godmother was Maria Theresa Anthon and the Godfathers, Hamilton Fish, Jr. and John Kean, Jr. [You will perhaps fail to recognize Mamie’s sister “Tessa”, when called by her somewhat formidable full name.] The day was perfect and Livingston behaved himself with great decorum while at Church; between you and me he was asleep the whole time. There was some fear of Ham’s being late; as he came down from Garrison’s on a train due at the Grand Central at half past ten, which was today fifteen minutes late; fortunately he found a “Jehu” who drove him down to the Church with a great clatter just as the second lesson began, so that he was, as usual, barely in time. After the service was over we had a little lunch party at home, Mrs. Anthon, Miss Meert, Tessa and John Anthon, Ham, John Kean, Jr. John O’Conor (whom I met coming out of Church and asked up) and myself, making eight in all. We had asked Aunt Tinie and Dr. Houghton but neither was able to come. We drank the boy’s health and then his Mother’s in some of the Madeira which you so providently put away for me when I was about his age, I fear he won’t have anything as good to drink his son’s health in. I believe you already have the exact date of the boy’s birth, Tuesday, July 1st, at quarter past ten o’clock in the evening.

“Mamie continues to improve steadily, was on her feet for the first time today, walked across the room several times and looked like her old self in a white muslin dress. Her only drawbacks at present are the irksomeness of the nursing and of being kept in town so late. You can not imagine what a boon our new home has been to her, a flood of light and plenty of air from three sides have I doubt not contributed very materially to her and the baby’s well being; they have certainly made the summer in town much pleasanter to the rest of us.”

Miss Meert was my mother's aunt, Maria Theresa Meert, a fat jolly spinster who spent her time knitting endless baby clothes for the children and the grandchildren of her friends and relations. She sang well and we children used to pester her to sing the old English folk songs and ballads, of which she knew a great many, "Taranty My Son," "Lord Lovel," etc.

Dr. Houghton, an uncle by marriage, was one of those people who by doing his duty as he saw it suddenly woke up one day to find himself famous. Early in 1871, a little known Actor by the name of Holland died. His friends went to the pastor of a Fifth Avenue Church and asked him to perform the burial services, which he refused to do. When asked where they could obtain the services of a clergyman, he said in an offhand manner, "Oh, go to the Little Church Around the Corner." Dr. Houghton gladly performed the service. The church has been known by that name and been the actors' church ever since. A large part of the church debt was paid off at the time by contributions that actors throughout the country sent in out of gratitude.

My sister's child was born in an apartment house directly overlooking the house in 56th Street. When my father and I went up to see the new baby, he looked down on to the roof of the old house and said, "those copper stacks on the chimneys were put up just before you were born—they did better jobs in those days than they do now."

The confidante to whom every member of the family told their griefs and joys was my Aunt Tinie (Mrs. William Preston Griffin). A few hours after I was born, my father wrote her as follows:

"April 17, 1883.

"Many thanks for your kind note and for the "toast." While we are becomingly modest we are not disposed to be ashamed of our 13 lbs. of boy. What he would have weighed on the butcher's scales, I can't guess, as we could not weigh him on ours which only run up to 12 pounds, we were obliged to borrow from one of our neighbors a pair of scales with which they are in the habit of "*buying*."

“Mamie mends slowly and does not sleep well, at the same time we have no cause for unusual anxiety.

“The heathen is very hearty and noisy—blissfully unconscious of all the trouble he has caused. Poor Mamie had an awful time as you have doubtless heard.”

Aunt Tinie’s house in 15th Street was owned by my father. The relationship of landlord and tenant is one that “tries men’s souls.” Despite this fact, my father was admittedly her favorite, as she says,—

“Tomorrow will be your birthday. You chose to arrive in this world on the hottest day of the season (June 24th, 1851), and I saw you just after you were born and you were a delightful little baby and ever since that day you have been one of the treasures of my life.”

Aunt Tinie’s husband was a widower. His first wife was the daughter of Captain Lawrence the “Don’t give up the Ship” Lawrence of the *Chesapeake*. She died at Florence, Italy, giving birth to her only child, Mary Lawrence Griffin, who became Mrs. William Redmond. Mr. Griffin lived for only a short time after his marriage to my aunt.

On Sundays, during the winter, Aunt Tinie would receive a constant stream of visitors—members of the family, young and old, and other friends. Her house was a clearing house for family information. She would sit with her back to the window in a straight-backed chair—lace gloves on her hands, and a lace cap with a little black bow perched on her head. If the conversation started to be catty or critical, she would always turn it to pleasanter channels. The only mild criticism I remember her making about a member of the family was in a letter she wrote to my father, in which she said that she never approved of her grandmother’s second marriage to a “Pole.” During the summer she would visit the various members of the family. While she was on these visits she would leave the house in charge of an old family servant called “Betsy.” Betsy was regarded more as a member of the family than a servant.

“Marcella” and “Mary Lee,” worked for my grandmother

Anthon for years. Marcella drank a bit "for the wind in me stomick," as she put it. Mary Lee was a teetotaler. Once she fell from grace and drank a sherry cobbler with a handsome young man at the beach. Years later, we used to tease her about this and she would blush and giggle.

They came over from Ireland at about the same time (1849 or '50),—perhaps on the same ship. The captain had a "great dog." In a storm the Captain was washed overboard—the dog jumped after him "roaring like a lion"—both were lost. Marcella died in my grandmother's house. Mary Lee was pensioned off after 57 years of service.

James Cruise, a butler, started life studying for the priesthood. He was fairly well educated, faithful, but dumb. He was proud of his "book larning," and quoted freely from the poets and Shakespeare. My brother and I rescued James from drowning at the Lido in the summer of 1896. We had hardly got him ashore when we were arrested by one of those Italian musical comedy policemen soldiers, with a short sword and plumed hat. The charge against us was risking our lives dangerously. A rather amusing charge as the Italians made no effort to rescue poor James. If the Austrian consul to Egypt, who spoke both Italian and English, hadn't turned up at that moment, we might have been lodged in the dungeon of the Doges Palace.

Rose, my mother's maid, was a fiery, dark-haired, dark-eyed Frenchwoman. She was the only member of the household who dared talk back to my mother. This showed the value my mother placed on her services. She returned to France just before the War of 1914, lost all her savings and returned to this country to work for my sister. After ten or fifteen years of hard work, she went back to France—the Germans once more took all she had. One letter, asking for passage money to this country, which my sister cabled over, is all we have heard from her. Poor old Rose, she must be nearly ninety!

Another quick-tempered member of the household was "Miss Kuhne," our German governess. She overstepped the bounds of my mother's authority and was fired. On Sundays, Miss Kuhne or my father would take us children on a round

of family visits. We would wander down to 17th Street, stop at the Webster's, and then go next door to Grandpa's, a big house on the corner of 17th Street and Second Avenue, with a garden, small orchard, and stable in the rear. A joint effort to describe one of these visits on the part of Miss Kuhne and myself, reads as follows:

(About 1889)

S. Fish, Jr. to S. Fish,—

“My good Papa:

I was yesterday by Grandpapa.

The pear trees are very pretty there and also the Hycinth and Tulip. But the Pychtree is not as god.

Your loving son,
Stuyvesant.”

The recollection I now have of these visits to my grandfather is of a smallish room, pretty well filled with books and papers. There was a desk with a red leather cover at which I am now writing, on which were newspapers, sealing wax, the *Financial Chronicle* and the *Churchman*. In front of this desk, with his back to the window, sat my grandfather, a stoutish, medium-sized man in loose-fitting clothes. He had a mop of untidy gray hair, with a beard of the same description. I can't remember him without a cigar in his mouth. Here and there, where they could be crowded in, were vases of flowers and potted plants. It was a comfortable, untidy room that smelt of cigar smoke and flowers, a combination which always brings to my mind my grandfather and his study in 17th Street.

Grandpa talked interestingly. I know of few men of 81 or 84 who could hold the attention of a boy of 6 or 9.

Grandma was taken sick in the spring of 1886. After a long, lingering illness she died on June 30th, 1887. The last time I saw her was just before her death. My sister and I were taken up the stairway of the 17th Street house with its mid-Victorian colored glass window on the landing to Grandma's room, which faced Second Avenue. There she was, an old woman lying on her bed. She smiled and we kissed her. The room felt stuffy and seemed to hold a vague suspense. I was then too young



College Room—Freshman Year
(Fall, 1901)

to know it, but I have had the same feeling since when going to see sick friends about to die. Death casts an almost visible shadow that announces its coming.

I can only remember seeing my grandmother on this occasion. From her letters and what people have told me, I know her to have been deeply religious and to have had a firm belief in the life hereafter. She was shy and made few friends. Outside of the family she had very few intimates. If she was circumspect in her choice of friends she was much more so in making judgments on the life and actions of those she was thrown in contact with. Her mind was unprejudiced in political and social matters. Her tact in her intercourse with others was noteworthy. She never forgot the names of persons she met even casually. Her dress was simple, her carriage and deportment dignified. If she found cause to rebuke, she did it without nagging. While at times she might feel indignant, she never showed anger or temper.

My grandfather's notation the day she died, best describes her. In mentioning her death he calls her—

“My Precious, Sainted Wife.”

My Grandfather kept daily records of the weather, temperature, rainfall, and barometer readings, taken from self-recording machines,—“Jordan's Sunshine Recorder,” and others. The weather record has an interesting entry running along from March 11 to 13th, 1888.

“1 P.M. rain afternoon, evening, turning by midnight to a violent super snow storm, continuing all day—a blizzard. Snow to the average depth of more than three feet, with drifts of eight or ten feet high. All trade suspended in Wall Street. Cars abandoned and left standing in the street. The street R.R. cars still standing deserted on Monday 14th. Cars not running and the cars which were stalled on the tracks on Monday, remain there still.”

“Mar. 15th—cars of the 2nd Avenue surface R.R. which were abandoned and have been left on the track since early A.M. 12th instant, have been removed this after-

noon but no cars have run since Monday A. M. early, on either the 2nd Avenue or the 17th Street R.R.”

We were living in a rented house on the north side of 23d Street, a few doors from 4th Avenue. The Suydams lived on the north side of 22nd Street about the same distance from 4th Avenue. On the Sunday of the storm, my mother and father walked over to have dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Suydam. Coming home, it took them an hour to make this short distance, my father carrying my mother most of the way. It isn't surprising that Roscoe Conklin, a man much older than my father, should have been unable to make his way across Union Square. His unfortunate death gave rise to the saying throughout the State, “We ain't seen a snow like that since Roscoe Conklin died.”

This storm was a prelude to the period of the so-called “Gay Nineties,” a more unpleasant time in our recent history than any period, except the last few years. The storm of '88 was followed by the so-called rich man's panic. Railroad and other strikes all over the country—then the panic of 1893 and another sharp setback because of Cleveland's message on the Venezuela trouble. Then came the free silver agitation. Bryan was right, the country carried a cross during the “un-gay Nineties.”

Apropos of my mother's first stay at Newport in 1889, Grandpa writes:

“Your account of Newport ‘social engagements’—‘two a day and sometimes three,’ reminds me of old Grimes' hen,

“Who laid two eggs a day

And Sundays, she laid three.”

“Vive la bagatelle.” We are *young* only once in our lives and Newport, is Newport.”

During this first trip of the family to Newport, we children were left with Grandpa at “Glenclyffe.” There was a donkey and cart belonging to Ham Benjamin that we drove around in. The donkey, as a mode of conveyance, was of limited radius—

he would start out briskly and then go slower and slower. After he got as far as he thought he should go, he stopped. When this happened, there was only one thing to do—turn around and go home.

Another animal with which we did not have a pleasant time was the Benjamin's pony. My brother and I were put on his back at the stable and sent off alone to take him to the house, about a half mile away. In the course of the ride, both of us fell off. While my brother was not much hurt, I was knocked out and suffered from a stiff neck on the trip we took to Europe shortly thereafter.

My father describes the trip over, as follows:

“London, July 24, 1889.

My dear Father,

“Our trip over was pleasant enough, the sea smooth, the rooms comfortable and the table good. The children and Mamie and Miss Kuhne proved good sailors. Elvira was like most servants, very sick and of no use whatever.

“*The City of Paris*, is remarkably steady and sure, although we made, (for her) a slow trip, the days runs were wonderfully even, the shortest *full* day 410, the longest 424, the others, 421, 422 and 422. Of course, a modern ship has not the same chance to vary as the old slow tubs had in their ten days to a fortnight trips. Justly or unjustly, our failure to make speed was laid upon the *green* (?) stokers; whenever they came in sight they were of the true ebon hue and dirty enough to have learnt their trade.

“The ship has two merits which will appeal to your good judgment; the machinery is in a compartment by itself and the bulkheads dividing the ship are without doors i.e. the compartments are actually and *all the time* air tight. In short, the ship is built in tanks, which have no communicating doors, access from one to another being had only by stairways to the saloon deck, which is about 15 feet above the water line.

“We have had a miserable time here. I caught a cold at sea and gave it to Mamie, who is now about laid up. I developed a rash and the hotel doctor thought it scarlet fever. It was indi-

gestion not scarlet fever, and I soon lost the rash. Rooms crowded and dear, table poor. Hamilton Webster gave us a theatre party night before last.

“Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin gave us another last night.

“Hamilton takes out for you a “Jordan’s Sunshine Recorder” and 100 papers which will answer for three months. I will bring or send out a larger supply. The directions are enclosed herewith. I trust this will enable you to add a new line to your records at “Glenclyffe and one which may be of value in enabling you to forecast the maturity of your crops and account for various phenomena, droughts included. At all events it may serve to remind you of us all on the third of next month of which, both Mamie and I, wish you many happy returns.

“We are off for Schwalbach via Ostend tomorrow. Will leave children at S and go ourselves to Homburg.”

My grandfather often used to rebuke my father for the numerous trips he took to the West. The last letter he wrote a few hours before he died, carried a mild rebuke:

“Glenclyffe, Sept. 6th, 1893.

My dear Son

“Thanks for your letter and for the cheque of seventeen hundred & fifty dollars—

“I was in hopes to have seen you before your return to Chicago.”

“Affectionately, H.F.”

“Sept. 12, 1893.

S. Fish, Sr. to Gen. Nicholas Greusel,

“The newspaper accounts of his death were in general accurate. My sister, Mrs. Benjamin, was the only one of his children with him in the house at Glenclyffe at the time. Early in the morning, before daylight, my Father’s attendant was awakened by a call from his room and found him seated on a chair by his bed and called Mrs. Benjamin. She in turn found my Father yet alive, but evidently passing away. He left no

last message, indeed said nothing and as my Sister says, did not endeavour to do so.

“The end was like his whole life, peaceful and contented.

“Knowing how you valued him, I need not enlarge on the loss we have suffered, especially as he has left us in his character and fame, a heritage beyond all earthly price.”

“June 28, 1922.

S. Fish, Sr. to H. F. Webster,

“I used some times to find my father, who retained all his faculties to the very end, that when I spoke of recent events which did not particularly interest him, a tendency to absent-mindedness, if not of drowsiness.”

On our trips to Grandpa's on Sunday when he and my father would talk for about an hour, whenever my father began quoting figures, which of course I did not understand, Grandpa would look bored. These talks were usually terminated by my grandfather in an odd way. Just before he expected another caller or when he got tired, the old gentleman would get up and say “It's time to see how the children's kidneys are.” The examination consisted of poking us in the ribs, a part of the visit that I always dreaded.

On several occasions my father was urged to run for office. In the Presidential Campaign of 1896, his name was mentioned quite freely. To put an end to this talk he wrote, as follows:

“February 8th, 1896.

To Col. T. T. Wright.—

“I agree with you that young men of means and leisure should take public office, but am unable, and very decidedly unwilling, to do so myself. My brother Hamilton has given up his whole life to this business, with no substantial rewards, and he is in constant receipt of unmitigated abuse from the newspapers. Mr. William Waldorf Astor assayed the same thing, and was driven out of it by newspapers; so also my friend Mr. Charles A. Peabody, Jr., and a number of others whom I can mention.

“While I would not care to say so for publication, I think the newspapers are very largely to blame for the present conditions. If the law of libel were administered here as it is in England, it would be possible for a man to go into politics, and retain his self respect and the confidence of his neighbors.”

Before McKinley's nomination, he favored either Senator Allison or Levi P. Morton. He thought McKinley lacked force:

“With local influence in St. Louis in favor of Gov. McKinley and the thorough organization of his campaign, the Convention will be stampeded for him. As you are doubtless aware, Alabama, Arkansas and Arizona, the three States which will vote first, are practically solid for Mr. McKinley.

“I am sorry to see it looks as if McKinley would be nominated, but I still hope for better things. Personally, he is a very pleasant gentleman, but unless I am greatly mistaken lacks courage and conviction.”

While we were in Europe, my father spent a lot of time urging Mr. McKinley, the Republican nominee for the Presidency, to do what he could to obtain the friendship of the South. My father's pet hobby was the breaking up of the solid South. If ever there was a time that this seemed possible it looked so just before McKinley's election. I believe, and I know my father believed, that if the Republicans met the “Gold” Democrats half way, this would have been accomplished.

“Spa, Belgium, August 23rd, 1896.

“May I presume on our acquaintance (which began when you delivered the address at Galena, Illinois, on General Grant's birthday), so far as to make a suggestion with regard to your letter of acceptance? Perhaps it is now too late for that, if so, other occasions will certainly present themselves.

“As to the result of the election there can be, of course, no doubt. It is, however, of the first importance that the choice of President be not made on sectional lines and especially that the old line between the South and North be not again drawn into any political controversy.

“The large interest which the Illinois Central Railroad Company has in the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, and the intimate relations which I have had for nearly twenty years with the people of those states, justify me in saying that in no part of the Union are the people more loyal to it, and in none is the Native American element so predominant. The only thing which has kept the south “solid” as a part of the Democratic party has been the fear of negro supremacy and a return to the horrors of carpet-bag rule. A generation of men have come and gone since the emancipation of the slaves, and they, or their descendants, with very few exceptions, remain as incapable of exercising the franchise independently and intelligently as they ever were. While it is too late to undo the harm of this extension of the suffrage to the negro, there is an opportunity now offered of assuring a great body of loyal and law abiding citizens, of native American blood and Anglo Saxon descent, that they are not again to be subjected to the rule of an ignorant mob brutalized by generations of enforced servitude. In view of what the South has suffered and accomplished since the war, this much is due to her men and her women, to wit: That a promise be made in the most distinct terms that during your Administration no thing like a Force Bill shall become a Law, and that each State be left free to regulate its own internal affairs.

“With such an assurance, thousands in every Southern State who are disgusted with the incompetence of the Democratic party to conduct National affairs, would be only too glad to make a change. Alabama is full of coal and iron, and has a strong Protective leaning. Tennessee is all but Republican. Louisiana still retains much of the Whig feeling for which that State was so noted before the War. Beyond a doubt several Southern States would choose Republican electors if they were assured that so doing would not expose their property to waste and their women to worse.

“Do not think that I am in any way opposed to the negro in the South. On the contrary, I have ever found them the best labourers, at their cost of wages, in the world. Patient, docile and enduring, they are good servants, but utterly unfit for com-

mand. Least of all are they fit to rule, or to take part in ruling, seventy millions of free men of more than average intelligence. That the negro has a grievance, and a very serious one, I am free to admit. It is not, however, political, but commercial, and comes from the system so prevalent in the South of selling on credit at extortionate prices. Most of this retail trade is in the hands of Jews, who are in no sense Southern men.

“It is not sought to deprive the negro of the franchise, but only to obtain for the white a positive assurance that the Federal power shall not be used to subject them to the domination of the blacks and of their unscrupulous leaders.

“Largely through the instrumentality of the Railways, the Northwest and the old South (east of the Mississippi), have of late been drawn into close alliance. Perhaps the Chicago Platform and the nomination there may show this as well as any word of mine could. The West is eager to obtain a share of the Southern trade, so largely monopolized by the Seaboard Cities, and would, I am confident, hail with acclaim any assurance from you that by-gones were at last to be by-gones in the South and that part of the country left free, as others are, to govern itself.

“Our mutual friend, Mr. H. H. Kohlsaas, of the Chicago Times-Herald, has done as much as anyone to bring about this feeling between the Northwest and the South, and understands the Southern people well. I have heard nothing from him, and have not seen his paper since I left New York in May, but knowing your relations with him would suggest taking his views if indeed my letter has provoked enough interest to lead you to take any trouble therewith.

“I hope to get home in time to register and vote. I shall do the latter with much greater confidence in the strength and stability of your Administration if I am assured that my friends and my property in the South are to remain under the same federal laws as govern my friends and property in Illinois, Iowa, New York and other Northern States.

“The only interest I have in the matter is that the South, in which the Illinois Central properties so largely lie, shall not

continue to be solid. It is immaterial where the breach comes, but essential that the break should be made now."

The Force Bill mentioned above was advocated by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts as early as 1889. It provided that Federal troops should supervise the polls at elections in the South. The Bill caused a wild furore all through that section. If an attempt had been made to enforce this bill, there doubtless would have been bloodshed. The carpetbag regime of General Butler of Massachusetts and others was too fresh in the minds of the people.

It is a pity that neither McKinley or later Theodore Roosevelt, made no effort to gain the friendship of the Southern people. As a matter of fact, Roosevelt did many things that were stupid and provocative, one of which I recall vividly.

During the spring of 1906, while I was living at Corinth, Miss., the Northern papers carried a brief news item to the effect that Theodore Roosevelt had ordered a small detachment of United States troops to duplicate Sherman's march to the sea, taking photographs and making maps along the route. The next day every Southern paper had screaming headlines denouncing Roosevelt's action, not a few suggesting armed resistance if necessary. Feeling was so acute that I believe it would have taken a force, about equal in size to Sherman's army, to carry out this senseless, stupid insult to the feelings of the South. It is interesting to speculate as to whether or not "Huey Long" would have caused the breaking up of the "Solid South" if he had lived.

The so-called "Free Silver Campaign" of 1896 was a colorful one. We boys at school collected vast amounts of campaign buttons, of which there were a great variety, probably more than in the "Willkie" Campaign.

"Bertie" Pell and his brother were the two lone Democrats in the School. Bertie had to take a lot of "razzing," but he stuck by his guns. Today, I am glad to say, he has been rewarded by his party and holds the post of Minister to Portugal, a post which he fills capably and with distinction,—in marked contrast with some other of Mr. F. D. Roosevelt's appointments.

The two or three years I spent at the Morristown School were, on the whole, pleasant. The friendships made at that School were lasting. The two older Weekes, Harold and "Willow," were on the Stock Exchange with me for years—Austin Gray, for a shorter time. The closest of my friends at Morristown were the two Pells, "Bertie" and Clarence, and Arthur Moulton.

I never liked Groton, the next school I went to. There was a sort of smug Boston self-satisfaction and sanctity about the place. I became very fond of two of the Masters, Dr. Abbot, "Botie" as we called him, and Arthur Woods who taught English.

Our English class came right after morning prayers. If the papers that were distributed at that time contained any thrilling news of shipwrecks, fires, etc., Mr. Woods would read these to us and get us to write an account of the event, as if we had been on the spot. The most startling of these accounts had to do with boats, a sinking off Cape Cod, and the blowing up of the *Maine*. My father's letters that spring were full of hopes and fears as to the after effects of the *Maine* disaster.

"March 11, 1898.

S. Fish, Sr., to H. H. Hanna, Esq.

"The action of President McKinley in sustaining Consul General Lee has had a marked effect all throughout the South, and as I telegraphed the President yesterday, people all through that section now stand as one man behind him in a way in which they have never stood behind any of his predecessors. It is needless to add that I, of course, said to the President, that I both hoped and believed that he would be able to avoid a war. Every day's delay so obviously strengthens us more readily than Spain can possibly make preparations, that there is every chance of the Spaniards coming to their senses and agreeing to peaceable solution.

"If there should be trouble with Spain, as the navies of the two countries are about equal, and Spain, as a base of supplies, must be three thousand miles from Cuba, it should be a very easy matter for our fleet to permanently close the straits between

Florida and Cuba, 90 miles, and the strait between the west end of Cuba and Yucatan, about the same width. This will make the Gulf of Mexico, for all our purposes, an inland sea quite as safe as the Great Lakes.

“In common with thousands of others I have been doing what I could to prevent what still seems to me an unjust and profitless war with a weak power, but with those others am prepared to do what in me lies to carry it on to the end if once embarked on. I won’t ask you, a Democrat, to endorse Mr. McKinley’s policy and message as heartily as I do myself, nor can I disguise the fact that our Anglo-Saxon civilization can not longer co-exist with Spanish rule in Cuba. The conflict is I fear irrepressible. Our ideas, aspirations and policy are constructive and progressive, theirs destructive and reactionary. This lies at the root of the difficulty and while it will not do, in public documents which must be read in Europe, to say so we will have sooner or later to expel or destroy the Spaniards, for precisely the same reason as we did the North American Indians,—they cumber the earth uselessly. Of course this is from every view of moral and international law, indefensible, except in so far as might makes right, which after all is what governs nations in their dealings with each other. That this principle will control until the end we have the surest promise in the ‘Wars and rumors of wars’.”

“March 20, 1898.

S. Fish, Sr., to Thomas Lloyd, Esq.

“I am very glad to see you are hopeful that war will be avoided, in Europe. The conditions on the Continent are simply that every nation is smoking a pipe in a powder magazine. The least spark may, any day, lead to an explosion, and you are, as usual, infinitely better off in England.”

“March 30, 1898.

S. Fish, Sr., to Thomas Lloyd, Esq.

“Your letter of March 21st comes today with others from English correspondents, all of which demonstrate the same feeling, that ‘blood is thicker than water,’ which, in common with

the rest of our people, I echo heartily. Another fact that we cannot lose sight of is that your people and ours are essentially commercial; that each carries on its largest commerce with the other, and, together, we form the dominant race. Whatever of good is to come in our day and generation in this world will be through the united agencies of Great Britain and the United States."

"April 18, 1898.

S. Fish, Sr., to the Hon^{ble} H. O. Northcote.

"Since you wrote on the 7th things look more warlike, and I am afraid we are in for it. With this in mind I have prepared, and am sending out a letter to some of the firms in Europe, owning or representing large blocks of Illinois Central shares.

"I agree with you that Mr. McKinley has handled foreign affairs capably well under great difficulties. He had one wise man advising him, to wit, Ex-Senator George F. Edmonds, of Vermont, whom you will remember as one of my Father's old friends. Mr. Edmonds has no official position and is, for that reason, perhaps more useful. Mr. Sherman, the Secretary of State, is for all practical purposes dead."

The war began early in April, 1898. A few weeks later came the news of Dewey's victory in Manila Bay, and the account of how the English fleet manoeuvred to protect the rear of Dewey's fleet, when it looked as if the German Admiral was going to take sides with Spain.

"London, 7th May, 1898.

Robert W. Benson, Esq. to S. Fish, Sr.

"Let me offer you hearty congratulations over the battle of Manila and the dash of Admiral Dewey and his men. How sorry Spain must be that she ever discovered America! I hope soon to hear of equally decisive events in Cuba, and then peace and good times."

"S. Fish, Sr., to Robert W. Benson.

"While we are very thankful to you and all your countrymen for the support given us in this War with Spain, I cannot

exactly agree with you in thinking that we are likely to gain thereby. We will conquer, and may annex territory, but our Government, unlike yours, is not organized for the purpose of controlling distant colonies, nor have we a redundant population to send out to them. The War does not worry me in the least, but what we will do with the spoils is a very serious question and one which is likely to trouble us and our children for a long time to come."

"June 28, 1898.

S. Fish, Sr., to the Hon^{ble} Sterling B. Toucy.

"What an indictment those who brought on this cowardly, causeless and profitless war on a 'dying nation,' will have to answer to. I do not mean entirely in the waste of blood and treasure, but in the utter perversion of the purposes of our Government and the sacrifice of our good name among nations as lovers of peace and fair dealing. They have sold our birthright for their mess of pottage. Our children's children will not see the end of this, unless some saviour of his country should arise from the surcease to stay the current. Such men have arisen in other crises of our Nation's history and we may be vouchsafed one in this.

"Is it not amazing that the three voices that have been raised against an 'Imperial policy' and an 'Anglo American' political alliance, should come from three political corpses, Cleveland, Bryan, and Bland. Understand me, that I class Mr. Cleveland as politically dead, simply because of our absurd, senseless prejudice against a third term, he can accept no office but the highest, for which in common with thousands of other Republicans I should be glad to support him.

"The political alliance, always with the 'Anglo' first, is to me revolting. Our fathers threw off the British and all other yokes, why should their sons seek to be slaves? I don't blame the English for being like ourselves so constituted as to be incapable of making a political alliance except with inferiors, but do resent being put in that position. This alliance I feel sure our people will repudiate. Do not understand me as having Anglo phobia. I recognize that the British are our kinsmen

and our best customers and we in turn theirs. Let trade go on and prosper for the mutual advantage of both Countries. But a foreign entanglement, never.”

“June 9, 1898.

S. Fish, Sr., to R. D. Haislip, Esq.

“Having committed ourselves to have a navy, it is to be feared that we cannot recede, and must remain in the position of the citizen who, having bought himself a revolver, feels bound to carry it in his pocket at all times.”

Groton broke up early in '98 on account of an epidemic of scarlet fever. We went home late in May. A great change had taken place in New York in the few weeks since the Easter vacation. The streets were much busier, flags were in evidence everywhere. There were recruiting booths on the street corners. Bands and hand organs played “There will be a hot time in the old town tonight.” Troops were gathering at the armories—or marching on their way to the train. There were hourly extras. Hearst's Yellow Kid was a feature of the funnies. A huge black-board at the lower end of Madison Square was devoted to the last minute news, both pictorial and graphic. I could hardly drag myself away from it.

We did not stay long in New York. Arthur Moulton, my brother, and I were sent up to Saranac Lake with a tutor by the name of Marryat, who had just been married. He brought his bride along with him—a rather plain woman, a good foot taller than her husband, a short man with a red walrus mustache, many sizes too large for him.

It was while we were up at the Lake that we heard of cousin Ham's death. He was a sergeant in the Rough Riders, and was one of the first Americans killed on Cuban soil—a tall good looking young man, kind and gentle, if not roused, but a wicked hand in a fight or brawl. Theodore Roosevelt told Freddie Prince of one of these fights.

On the train going down to Tampa, a group of cowboys belonging to the “Rough Riders” were drinking rather freely and beginning “to act ugly.” Roosevelt told Sergeant Fish to see

what could be done about it. Ham entered the car alone—there was a brief scuffle and he returned with a half empty whiskey bottle—the car was deadly still. Roosevelt took a peek in the door and saw the four trouble makers knocked out cold—Ham “quieted them” with their own bottle.

NEWPORT

All but two of the summers during the nineties were spent at Newport. In the summer of 1890 we rented a small gray shingled house near the First, or Public, Beach. The house was only a short distance from Kay Street where the Oelrichs and the Grays lived.

A child's life in Newport was simple in those days of “children should be seen and not heard.” Breakfast was served at eight in the dining-room, the governess, we three children, and my father coming down to the meal, my mother having hers on a tray in her bedroom. After breakfast there was a kind of ritual of going upstairs to say “good morning” to our mother, who by that time was opening her mail, propped up in bed with the breakfast tray on her lap.

From about nine to eleven there were sketchy lessons. Then came the great event of the day—bathing. The beach was the gathering place of the children and nurses, as well as the grown-ups. It was the only place where the children mingled with their elders. We were allowed to play in the sand before we went into the water, but as soon as we put on our bathing suits we were hustled into the water to remain there exactly twenty minutes, by the watch suspended from the plump bosom of our governess, Miss Meyer, who like a nervous hen watching a brood of ducks, stood on the edge of the water. As soon as we had finished our dip, we got dressed immediately. Sunlight was considered bad for the skin of both young and old.

The men wore trunks that came below the knees—the sleeves of their shirts reached to the elbow. On coming out on to the beach, the males at once doused their hair with salt water to prevent sunstroke. A description of what my mother used to wear without mentioning the “bloomers,” “stockings,” and “san-

dals," which went to make up a lady's swimming costume, was as follows:

"Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish wears a bathing suit of dark green satin so dark that it is only when the sunlight touches it that its color is discernible. It is made with a full circular skirt, with a little flounce at the bottom, headed with a piping of white satin. The waist of deep green satin, is close fitting and has a pointed vest of white satin with revers of linen lace. The linen lace is also used to cover the white satin belt and stock collar. The sleeves are the bishop shape, with a band of lace at the wrist.

"The bathing hats this year vary in shape more than ever before. One novelty is a bewitching poke made of wired oil silk. Another is a big hat of oil silk with a Tam o' Shanter crown and a broad brim to shade the eyes. The oiled silk comes sprinkled with tiny colored silk polka dots and also with hair line stripes and in prettily tinted checks. No matter how elaborate the bathing suits are, they are all made with the trousers and waist in one piece and the skirt separate."

The prize bathing costume was the one old Mrs. Kernochan wore. She had a large "Mother Hubbard" bonnet tied under her chin—a jacket with full sleeves coming down to her wrists—a blouse that resembled those worn by the fish wives in the English markets. The blouse was fastened in front with large pearl buttons. The skirt was "shortish"—a pair of heavy pantaloons with cotton stockings, finished the ensemble. As she bobbed up and down in the water, you were reminded of the old French ladies at the French beaches.

Our "dip" over, we would walk back home to lunch with the family, unless there were guests. If there were, we ate upstairs.

After lunch the little fat pony was harnessed to a "Dog Cart." My sister or Miss Meyer drove the pony. Sidney and I sat on the rear seat securely strapped in. On our return, if we were clean enough, we would be exhibited to the guests my



Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Madame Bakhmeteff
(Wife of the Russian Ambassador)

mother had in for tea, a rather painful process as it required some scrubbing and cleaning up.

Supper was served upstairs at about six. After supper, if we behaved ourselves, we were allowed to watch my mother dress for dinner and leave for the party she was going to that night.

We went to bed at about eight or eight thirty. When we had a dinner party in the house, we peeked over the banisters to see the guests arrive and sometimes when the party was a very splendid one, we stayed up long enough to raid the dinner table of the remains of the feast, after the ladies had withdrawn to the drawing-room and the men to the library.

It was during that first summer at Newport that Blanche Oelrichs was born, or perhaps the year before. At all events she was a baby at that time. With regard to her, I remember my mother saying (as she always did when a friend of hers was having a baby), "Isn't it disgusting the Oelrichs woman is having a baby?" Yet, it was that baby, whose arrival into the world my mother thought disgusting, who portrayed my mother's innerself better than any of my mother's intimates.

Blanche writing under the name of "Michael Strange" says, "she had the elements of a true comedienne. Her harsh gaiety had the bitter overtone of a grotesque disillusionment with herself and everyone else. One knew as one looked at and listened to her, that she sensed well the triviality in which she drowned her time, and her brash mirth concealed an evermore exasperated cry at the impotence of the kind of life that went on around her."

Knowing my mother better than Blanche did, I might change a word here or there but it is a true word picture.

As a child, Blanche Oelrichs was a queer little elf, not nearly as ugly as she makes herself out to be, but thoroughly a nuisance.

Being much younger than the rest of us, she was not included in our play, as a result of which she spied on us from behind bushes and from back of the hay in the hay loft. On one occasion, when she had climbed a telegraph pole for better observation, we found her suspended by the belt of her rompers to one of the large spikes used by the linemen. Her famous

raid on the Widow Campbell's ice box and the resulting feud, for a time, made her as socially prominent as the Grand Duke Boris.

Blanche's rather neurotic description of her life at Newport and the lives of those she came in contact with, was far different from the life my brother and I lived.

Bellevue Avenue and its constant stream of smart carriages and the gayly dressed occupants interested us but slightly. As soon as we were considered old enough to be allowed into the Casino our afternoons were spent in playing tennis and exercising the family horses. The harbor and surrounding waters were ideal for fishing and boating. For a few dollars snubnosed cat-boats could be hired to go on clambakes or fishing excursions.

The seashore at low tide was another attraction. There were shells and starfish to bring home, sea urchins and an occasional piece of coral carried up onto the beach in the gulf weed,—all of great value to children, and a cause of lament when they were removed, on account of their foul odor. There was other plunder. We caught crabs, dug up clams, and pulled snails and mussels from the rocks to take home for lunch. Our French chef discouraged these efforts. The clams were suffering from a strange parasite—American mussels were not like the French—they were pure poison. I had better luck with the tiny lobsters caught under the rocks at low tide and a very fine bluefish washed into the surf alive during a storm, which, due to the shoal water, I was able to kick to the shore, one of the few fish I have ever caught with my bare hands.

A white bait venture that I went in for started out very successfully and the family enjoyed a number of meals of white bait. For a time it looked as if I would help materially in the support of the family. All would have gone well if my nets had not been discovered staked out at my favorite preserve—the outlet of Mr. Clews' sewer.

As a provider for the family, from that time on I was not looked on with favor. Even the bass I caught off the rocks on the point were eyed with suspicion.

On calm days I paddled my canoe in and out of the rocks to see the creatures creeping and swimming in the water below.

If it was very calm and the tide was low, I could push my canoe into the green blue depths of the little grotto below the spouting rock. On stormy days, I watched the surf come thundering in through the entrance of the cave and spout high in the air through the hole in the roof.

From the time we shed our governess we were allowed to go where we pleased, provided we got out from underfoot when there were guests in the house. Our coming and going during the day was not interfered with.

Our movements at night, on the other hand, were under constant supervision. No member of the family was allowed a latch key, which meant that my mother, who was a light sleeper, knew the exact time each member of the family returned home. If my brother or I returned late at night, the next morning at breakfast we would receive a message that my mother wanted to see us. She had an uncanny way of knowing which of us was the culprit. As long as mother lived, she kept close tabs on the nightly movements of all members of the family.

When we outgrew the "governess stage" our mornings were about equally divided between swimming and canoeing at the beach and being tutored for college. The tutor we went to was the famous "Blake" who had the reputation of getting more "nit wits" into Yale and Harvard than any other man in Newport or elsewhere.

Blake's schoolroom was about twenty feet square, with light on two sides—a pleasant enough room, if any place used for that purpose is ever attractive. Blake, on the other hand, was not pleasant to look at. He was a short, red-haired man, with a wart at the base of his pudgy, fat little nose. His complexion was sallow and muddy. He suffered from eyestrain and chronic dyspepsia due to the long hours he worked. The numberless vile cigars he smoked, which had to be relit constantly, may have had an effect both on his stomach and eyes. They were the stalest, stinkiest cigars I ever smelt.

Blake's method of teaching was the constant repetition of every lesson until from sheer weariness it was photographed on our tired memories. I still remember the Greek "roots" that he hammered into my head forty years ago. If after two or

three repetitions of a certain exercise the paper still contained mistakes, he would burst into a tirade which usually ended with the following quotation from the Bible: "As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly." (Proverbs 26, 11)

He rarely addressed us civilly. On one occasion, when Sheldon Whitehouse, Ralph Thomas, and I had spent an innocent evening at one of the open amusement parks instead of preparing our lessons, he greeted me as follows: "Well, you Great Big Long-legged Yap, you—" and that "Little Squirt of a Whitehouse" were dancing with your mothers' Biddies at Tiverton last night,—and "that Louse of a Thomas" hasn't turned up yet.

Poor old Ralph Thomas was a thorn in Blake's flesh. He lived with the Blakes and therefore his moral supervision, as well as his education, were in the tutor's care.

Despite Blake's harshness and strange unattractive personality, all of us were fond of him. The only times he dropped his bearish front were on rare occasions when his little red-haired daughter came into the classroom. She was a bright little girl, a perfect replica of her father, in whose eyes, however, she was the most marvelous and beautiful child in the world. The delusion under which he labored was both touching and pathetic. In spite of his strange manners, I never heard him really get angry with any of his pupils except Ralph Thomas, when he came home "tipsy" and was seen in that condition by Blake's little daughter. Ralph's condition did not worry Blake as much as the fact that his daughter had to see a drunken man.

We went to and from Blake's on bicycles. To make the four-mile trip to town and back less toilsome, I fashioned a harness for my collie dog "Laddie." His belief that some day he would be able to catch one of the many sparrows that frequented Bellevue Avenue—in those days before Ford robbed them of their meals—furnished the power that pulled me along.

"Bailey's Beach," my objective after the lessons were over, was an ideal place to go swimming or canoeing. We very seldom had dangerously rough days, but I do recall one bad storm. It was the day that the Galveston hurricane swept up the Coast. Only a handful of people ventured into the water and those who

did only splashed around in the shallows. When I got to the beach, the outer raft still held to its moorings, though the inner one had been washed ashore early in the morning. Finding the shallow water rather tame, Bertie Pell and I decided to swim out to the raft. Ducking and diving under the breakers, we were oblivious to the sensation we created on shore, where quite a crowd, including my mother and Mr. and Mrs. Pell, had gathered to watch our progress. We finally got to the raft, and, waiting for a lull in the waves, scrambled on board. We noticed the crowd on the beach waving to us and took it as an acknowledgment of our feat; so gayly, unconcernedly we waved back.

It is lucky that we did not pay too much attention to the shore, for we had hardly been there a few minutes when, much to the agony of our families, we saw a perfectly huge wave coming on from the sea. Its crest reared high, ready to come smashing down on the raft. The water was by far the safest place so we dove off the raft and under the monstrous wave, keeping deep down to avoid the undertow. When we bobbed up on the other side of the wave, the raft was a mass of broken boards and ripped canvas. The return trip was really dangerous as the floating debris was an added hazard. On the whole, we had a grand time and thoroughly enjoyed our swim. But when we got ashore, did we "catch it?"

Another occasion which created quite a bit of gossip was when Margaret Dix, Buel Hollister, and I decided to swim across Rockaway Inlet—at that time about a mile and one-half wide. Margaret and I made it without any effort but Buel got tuckered out about halfway across and was picked up by the boat that followed us. The sequel was amusing.

"September 25, 1941.

S. Fish, Jr., to Mrs. Charles L. Lawrence,

"You may not remember that you and I swam the Rockaway Inlet. You wore one of those awful flannel bathing suits, heavy skirt and bloomers. When you got over your waist in water, you took off your skirt and give it to me to carry across. The skirt was replaced on the opposite shore. I had hardly gotten back to the Porters, where I was staying, when Mrs. Hobart

Porter came in all of a dither and in all seriousness, told me I had done something most shocking,—I had compromised you for life!—asking me if I intended to marry you? How different bathing suits and other things are now-a-days!”

GUESTS *and* PARTIES

Most of my mother's parties carried with them the element of surprise. One party was novel in that vaudeville performers were brought in after dinner. It had another element of surprise as it marked the end of a triangular feud between Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Belmont, and my mother.

My mother commissioned Harry Lehr to secure the talent for the party. She sent cards to her guests saying, “There will be something besides the dinner, come.” This piece of showmanship was an “extra touch,” in which my mother excelled.

At dinner there were forty guests. The table was elaborately decorated with American Beauty roses, a boutonniere at each gentleman's place and a corsage spray for the ladies.

The dinner was for young people. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and his fiancée, Miss French, were among those invited.

My mother was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs,—the “Social Strategy Board,” as they were called in Newport.

On other occasions, my mother entertained her guests with the “Merry Widow” chorus, the “Castles” and “Marie Dressler.” The main difficulty which these actors had was in making an effective entrance and exit.

When Marie Dressler was ready to put on her act, she found that she would be obliged to walk downstairs in full view of her audience and push her way through the guests to reach the improvised stage. This kind of an entrance was not to her liking, so she snatched an empty tray from a passing waiter and coasted down the stairway on her tummy. The entrance was both startling and effective.

It would take endless space to describe my mother's parties.

All that one can say about them is, that they were different and more original than those of the other Newport hostesses.

The last large ball she gave at Newport was a "Mother Goose Ball," the guests being dressed in costumes portraying different characters in nursery rhymes. After the guests arrived, the following poem was read:

"Crossways"
August 1st, 1913.

"Here lies the body of Mary Goose, wife of
Isaac Goose, dec'd October ye 19th, 1690."

—Inscription in Granary Burying Ground,
Boston, Massachusetts.

MOTHER GOOSE

In quaint old Granary she lies;
And all around her beats
The pulse life that Boston pours
Through narrow, crowded streets.

America's first woman poet;
Pause, ye blue-stockinged dame,
And you in auto, or on wheel,
And read her simple name,

That yet shall live when on your steps
Oblivion follows after;
Enduring as a mother's love,
Fresh as a baby's laughter.

And yet she was not learned or great;
No prophet of her times,
This grandam by a cradle small
Crooning her ageless rhymes.

She never tried to mold the world;
(That problem superhuman!)
She never had a higher aim
Than to be just a woman.

Yet o'er what "modern woman's" work
Such consecration lingers?
Her words are lisped by baby lips
And traced by babies' fingers.

All, all the hobbies, all the schools,
What are they worth, in one sense,
Beside her priceless gift of joy,
Her dear, delicious nonsense?

So to her name let praise be sung—
More precious than all other;
Oh, listen! down the centuries
The children call her "Mother."

We children, as I said before, had very little contact with the guests that crowded the house. "Charlie" Hayden, I remember as a pushing, dapper man who ignored our presence to a point of rudeness. Harry Lehr was the other extreme. I used to be in and out of his room at all times—he made me welcome. When he arrived he had a ritual that I never tired of watching. He would not allow the servants to unpack his bags. He personally opened each bag and trunk with due reverence and then took out every article of clothing with infinite care, patting out each crease. He had some story that went with each suit or tie. His care of that wardrobe was quite natural—it both represented his stock in trade and most of his worldly possessions.

"Harry" was the court jester of the day. His physical make-up was striking; he had a sharp pointed nose, which gave the impression that he could move it at will; his eyes were bright and sparkling; and he had a little round belly that he always looked at askance. His hands, as small as a woman's, were well adapted to aid him in his mimicry which often made a dull party and a bad dinner a success.

The "Widow" Campbell was another guest that we children liked. She was a dark-haired woman who lived on a "smallish" income and took care of a lot of her poor relations. From time to time she would take small "fliers" in the stock market. Mr. Speyer once told her to buy St. L. & S. F. Pfd. which she did to the amount of 25 shares. The stock went up quite a bit—once more she asked him for advice—"wasn't it time to sell?" Mr. Speyer allowed that perhaps it was but added "pleast don't press all your holdings on the market at vonce—it might embarrass me."

One of my mother's greatest social triumphs was the visit of the Crown Prince William of Sweden, who stayed at "Crossways" while he was in Newport. A final dinner was given by His Royal Highness aboard his ship. It was not large, and was

rather simple, especially so in that his sailors served at table barefooted. One couldn't see the soles of their feet, but otherwise their pedal extremities were clean.

AUTOMOBILES

In 1896, when we were in Paris, I saw an automobile for the first time. I believe it was an early "Panard," or "De Dion." My recollection is that it was operated by steam and used coke or coal for fuel.

A few years later, Willie Vanderbilt imported from France one of the first cars that gave a semblance of present-day efficiency. This car, because of its color, was called the "White Ghost."

Nobody dreamed that automobiles would come into general use. People who owned "Bubbles," as they were called in those days, were looked upon as being slightly "daffy." Autos were regarded as a new toy for the "idle rich."

Bicycle bells were used in the beginning to give warning. Squeaky horns that gave feeble imitations of the "Bronx Cheer" came next. The early cars were steered by a tiller. The lamps were old carriage lanterns. These were replaced by stinking carbide contraptions; electric headlights and self-starters came much later.

There was a regular prescribed uniform worn by the male owners of cars which closely resembles the smart summer uniform that chauffeurs wear nowadays, except that then the uniform and cap, etc., were black leather, instead of cloth.

Of course goggles were part of the regular equipment of both male and female "bubblers." The women wore linen dust-ers, gloves, and veils. On the unpaved roads, the dust was terrific. Willie Vanderbilt's car, going along a country road, raised a smoke screen of dust that hid his car from sight as soon as it passed.

The first fatal accident, I remember, was that of Vinson Walsh, who was killed when his car overturned near the First Beach. His sister, Mrs. Edward McLean, Henry Oelrichs, and

Bertie Pell, who were with him in the automobile, were badly hurt.

The first of my contemporaries to get a gasoline-driven vehicle, was Harold Vanderbilt. His tricycle was the envy of the rest of us boys. Harold was strictly forbidden by his mother Mrs. Belmont, to allow any of us to use the "bike." However, with due pride, he showed Ogden Mills, Sidney, and myself how to start the machine. He was in the habit of parking the tricycle in front of the Casino when he took his tennis lesson in the morning. We three conspirators found the tricycle parked there and began to monkey with the unfamiliar gadgets of the machine. After three or four false starts, Ogden got it going.

At first, he thoroughly enjoyed his novel experience. Suddenly it dawned on him that he would have to continue his ride until the gas gave out. He had forgotten to find out how to stop the machine once it was started. Where the gas finally gave out and where he put the "bike" until he could return it to its rightful owner, I never found out, but before he was able to square himself with Harold, Mrs. Belmont got into action.

Had a Kansas tornado swept down Bellevue Avenue, Newport could not have been more astounded than when it learned that Mrs. Belmont had personally appeared in the police court and sworn out a warrant for the arrest of Ogden Mills, Jr., on the charge of stealing the tricycle.

The following day, the chief of police (no subordinate could be intrusted with such a delicate mission) visited "Seaview," the Mills' house, at about lunch-time and explained his mission. Mrs. Mills barred his further advance into their domain. He was glad to leave the august presence with the assurance that as soon as Mr. Mills could be summoned by wire from New York, Ogden would accompany his father to the police court and enter his plea.

The program of the second Vanderbilt Cup Race, held at the old trotting race track at Aquidneck Park, Newport, August 30, 1901, gives a list of the races and names of the contestants. With two or three exceptions, they were all members of the so-called "Four Hundred." There were a few contenders who afterwards helped to make automobile history: Skinner, Holly,

Scott, and Fisher are the few that are mentioned. Doubtless, I would have been a contestant save for the fact that the car I had bought that spring had already reduced itself to junk.

This car was a "Knox" waterless, three-wheel buggy. Charlie Lawrence, who afterwards startled the world with his aeroplane engines, acted as my companion and guide on the trial trip to his father's house at Bay Shore. We left Spaulding's store on 42d Street at about 10 A.M. and went to the Brooklyn ferry landing. There we had to drain our gas tank into a can provided for the purpose, and push the car on and off the ferry by man power. On the Brooklyn shore we refilled the tank and started on our way. Each of the three tires were punctured in turn, then part of the carburetor rattled off in the dusty road and had to be retrieved. By that time a little pipe used for priming the engine by lung power had dropped off. From then on, if the engine stopped, as it did constantly, one had to blow directly into the carburetor to prime the car and usually got a mouthful of gas from the compression of the engine.

We went on towards Bay Shore till finally, at about 1 A.M., there was no more life in the contraption. It died near a barn, about eight miles from Charlie's house. We left it there and after some hunting around, we located a telephone "to get a horse" to take us to Charlie's.

The clatter of the horse's hoofs in the still night was a very grateful noise to two tired, dirty motorists. But more pleasing was the hot meal that Boniwell, the Lawrence butler, had prepared for us. Boniwell is still dispensing "good cheer" as steward of the "Brook Club."

During the following summer, Bertie Pell and I decided to race the trolley car from Newport to Fall River and back. There was quite some speculation as to who would be the winner. The passengers on the car and the crew entered into the spirit of the contest. On the level stretches the "Knox" would pile up quite a lead. However, on the hills the trolley had a decided advantage. This made the contest most interesting as we were constantly passing and re-passing each other. On the way back from Fall River, we succeeded in making the long hill out of Tiverton before the trolley came over its crest. It looked

as if we could not help winning for the rest of the way was all level or downhill.

We had hardly got going at full speed when the casting which held the front wheel to the body of the car broke, throwing us into the road. Neither of us were much hurt. Bertie skinned his hands and the side of his face quite badly, so we went up to a house that stood nearby and asked if we could wash up? A very efficient young man got out antiseptics and cleaned Bertie up. We thanked him for his kindness, and then to our horror he said, "Two Dollars, please,"—the man was a doctor. We had just two dollars between us. Having paid the doctor, we stored the "Knox" in his barn at no further charge until it could be sent for.

Then came the difficulty of getting back to Newport without any money. "Tiverton" was many miles from Newport and it would take a horse and runabout hours to get there, so we decided to thumb our way home on the trolley, which we succeeded in doing.

"Chas." was a dynamic person. He went by the nickname of "Bowls" or "Bolous." As neither he nor I were neat, our room looked like a disorderly draughting room, or the editor's room of a small country newspaper.

Charlie and Buell Hollister had built an auto the year before. Once more the desire to create had possessed Charles. Drawings of parts for a new car were littered about the room. Catalogues from engine and tool manufacturers were scattered everywhere. It was from this disorderly litter that the B. L. M. car was born, that in turn was followed by endless aeroplane engines.

Like all inventors, Charles was eccentric. He was the kindest man and also the most thoughtless with regard to his friends, but in a greater extent towards himself. He acted as our chauffeur on the excursions we took in "Fred" Parrish's Pope Toledo, fondly called by us Poop Toledo. It pooped out on the slightest excuse.

One excursion we always loved was a visit to Hyde Park and to "Archie" Rogers' country place, "Crumwold Hall." The great event was Rogers' birthday, February 22d. On that

day and for a day or two before the huge house was filled to overflowing, Eddie's friends, Annie's friends, and the neighbors dropping in by the score. As many as fifty house guests and scores of people dropped in during the day—the nicest house and the nicest people I have ever been privileged to visit.

I wasn't much of a scholar but remember with pleasure the classes of Charles Sumner, "Limpy" Reynolds, Professors Farr and Dana. The two events that are best remembered, are Professor Wheeler's annual lecture on the "Battle of Waterloo," and the great thrill of my scholastic career was sitting in the front row of "Bill" Phelps' classroom, listening to his lectures on Tennyson and Browning.

When I entered Yale in the fall of 1901, the university was seething with the excitement of the Bicentennial Celebration, which was under the direction of Prof. Samuel S. Sanford of the School of Music. The marches written by Sanford's pupils were not catchy, and, like so many weakly infants, worn out by the trials of labor, they gave one short bleat and died "a borning."

From the first moment of our arrival we freshmen were dunned for subscriptions to the various activities. The total extra curricular charge was quite large, amounting to some \$36.00. Since I was not satisfied to be a mere passive payer, I had myself made one of the collectors for the University Athletic Association, and Buell Hollister, who felt the same way, did similar work for the Freshman Football Team.

After the Yale-Princeton game we had an impromptu celebration. Early in the evening I, along with most of the freshmen, and some upper classmen, went to the Grand Theatre, not so much to see the show, as to continue our celebration of victory.

As soon as the first performer appeared he was met by a whirlwind of catcalls from the freshmen in the balcony, and a tornado of whistling from the more sedate upper classmen in the orchestra. In spite of the noise the play went on. Some one started throwing playing cards, pennies, pencils, and all manner of small truck. These were soon followed by more substantial things such as shoes, and the backs and arms of seats. A police-

man in plain clothes, who had a front seat, tried to stop the rumpus. He got to his feet, but not much further.

What happened during the next few minutes is hard to describe. The celebrating students, enraged by the interference of a man they considered an outsider, made a rush. In an instant there was a full-fledged riot. As if by magic a dozen policemen in uniform appeared only to disappear again in the free fight that was going on down front, and in the lobby. When I reached the lobby the enemy was in control. I moved on.

A number of arrests were made by the police, mostly from among the students who were small and easy to handle. As the house was packed to overflowing all that was needed to make the disaster complete was for some fool to have shouted fire. The most treasured possessions of some of my friends whom I was unable to join in the fray were night sticks captured from the police.

During the Fall, I rowed on the winning crew at Lake Whitney. At New London, that same year, I rowed in the toughest race I have ever been in—a tie between us and the Harvard freshmen. When I got out of the shell I was too tuckered out to stand on my own feet, and too proud to lie down, so I sat on the edge of the dock and gasped in the great gulps of air my lungs needed.

Every Spring and Fall for the next two years I was on the Varsity and four-oared crews. During this period we won every race except the first one and the last one. In this last race ten strokes from the finish, with us leading by over two and one-half lengths, my outrigger broke, and my oar digging deep into the water caught me full in the stomach, stopping the shell instantly. From then on the race was over. With one oar gone the boat could not finish. We never did cross that line.

I have always had a good deal of faith in luck and omens. This race is a case in point. Just before getting into the shell, while we were sitting on the lawn of the quarters at Gale's Ferry, Tom Blagden found a bunch of four leaf clovers. These he handed to the other members of the crew, saying to me at the time, "There are lots here, I'll get one for you in a minute, Sty," but he never did. I had no clover and proved to be a Jonah.

While at College, I had as many roommates as the average movie star has husbands. The first and the last two years of my course might be said to have been bigamous. As a freshman, I roomed at 170 York Street, with Sheldon Whitehouse. Archie Reid, who lived on the floor above us, preferred our room and its pleasant fireplace, so we three spent most of our evenings together. Sheldon's and my introduction to Archie was rather startling. A few nights after we had entered college, we went to bed early. At about one o'clock a fearful wailing and stamping from the room above woke us up. Still half asleep, we rushed upstairs in the belief that murder was being committed. We burst into Archie's room to find him marching up and down with a set of bag pipes under his arm, over his shoulder, or on his oster, whichever is the correct term. He paid no attention whatever to us until the muse of piping left him, then he nodded in our direction and said, "I am Reid—I guess you are Whitehouse and Fish." At odd intervals during the year he played the pipes. I think he did so when he was lonely and depressed. At times he played late at night, but as he played them well, an hour or two of sleep mattered little.

The next year I roomed with L. in the "Hutchinson," an apartment house which had been gutted by fire the year before with nearly fatal results to Eugene H. Winslow. The old firetrap was redecorated for the occupancy of the Class of 1905. The blaze of the year before worried me, so L. and I worked out a plan of escape from our rear window to the roof of 240 Crown Street. By a strange irony of fate, 240 Crown Street was gutted by fire that year. We watched the blaze from our study.

The Prom that year nearly proved disastrous to me. A female who had pursued me the previous summer, began writing letters, hinting that I should ask her up to the dance. These letters were heavily scented with a perfume that carried a lot of "oomph." This was duly noted by L. who would gather a crowd of friends to see me read these notes. I didn't invite the girl, but she did get herself an invitation which prevented my going to the Prom. The gayeties of the occasion, however, caused me to go on a spree, the climax of which was the breaking of a plate-glass window in Church Street, and a narrow es-

cape from capture by the police. It was easy to outdistance the "flat-foot" who followed me, as he wasted too much of his breath blowing his whistle. If the policeman at the other end of the street had not answered his call, I would have been safe. A board fence about eight feet high, on my right, offered a means of escape from the police coming from both directions. Grasping the top of the fence, which was studded with tacks placed so as to prevent just what I was doing, I swung myself over. As I lay hidden back of the fence, I had the satisfaction of hearing the cops say that I couldn't have gotten over the fence on account of the nails and that I must be hiding in one of the entries or areas which they proceeded to search while I made my escape. The nails tore my hands dreadfully.

In Junior and Senior years, I roomed with Wurts White and Seton Porter. The association with them was one of the happy events of my life. I didn't make many intimate friendships while in College. Most of these friends are still alive, but Wurts White and Jim Hogan are among those who have died.

Wurts died while I was serving as an enlisted man in the Field Artillery at Camp Taylor. The "Flu" epidemic was at its height. Our morning report showed 85 men fit for duty out of a strength of 210. This wasn't the worst of it. Telegrams were coming in daily, bringing news of the death of those we loved at home. These telegrams were more dreaded than the doctor's curt order "two paces to the front," at medical examination, which was equivalent of being ordered to the hospital, a foul unclean place where three or four hundred men were dying daily.

The telegrams were delivered two or three times a day when we were in Company formation. As we were not allowed to read them till the battery was dismissed, the rest of the formation was very trying. The whispered "It may be all right Buddy," from the man next in line, was all that you had to brace you up. I underwent this ordeal. When I opened the telegram and read the notice of Wurts' death, my first reaction was one of relief, followed by surprise at realizing that my best friend's death could relieve my mind of a greater anxiety about my wife and children.

Dear Mr. Ash -

Edward and I have agreed
to dine with Mr. Johnson tonight -
See you ~~later~~

Sincerely yours
J. P. J.



Taft Party in the Philippines
(1906)

TRIP ROUND THE WORLD

Right after the boat races, in 1905, Ralph Thomas, Fred Ackert, Arthur Woods, Ray Noyes, and myself started on a trip round the world. My original plans had been to go to the Philippines with the Taft party (a pleasant Congressional junket).

I joined the group at San Francisco and engaged a room in the old Palace Hotel. With each piece of luggage, a reporter oozed through the door, the last being a "Sob Sister" who took charge of the interview. It was brief. I was asked what I thought of Alice Roosevelt. I said that I had only seen her once since she wore long skirts, but my recollection was that she had rather nice legs. This ended the interview. It was never printed.

A few days later, we got on board the *Manchuria*.

Fat chuckling Taft, whose tact smoothed over the petty squabbles that cropped up, used to invite me to play bridge in the afternoons with Miss Mabel Boardman and Miss Amy McMillan. The games were not very exciting. On the other hand, the poker games that the Congressmen played were full of "fireworks." Towards the end of the trip, the drain on my pocket-book caused me to give up poker. The advice given me by Senator Forster of Louisiana had much to do with my decision. After a bad night's play, he drew me to one side and said "Young man, you will never be a poker player—you are too curious."

"Lafe" Young of Des Moines, "I O WAY," as he pronounced it, was a typical Western barnstormer, whose chief topic of conversation was the greatness of the U.S.A. Most of his harangues ended with the cryptic remark "Yes Sir! we are the Japheths of this world." Another noisy member was Burr MacIntosh, the official photographer. After the sun set on his photographic efforts, he amused us with his slight of hand and card tricks.

Well, we junketed through Japan and the Islands, ate bad food, listened to poor native bands play "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and heard countless speeches delivered piecemeal in English, then translated into Spanish a sentence or two at a time. The tedious procedure made them meaningless in either language.

I do not see how Mr. Taft survived; he was so fat and heavy. All the pictures I have of him show him mopping his brow. Alice Longworth likened our landing at Jolo to George Ade's Musical Comedy "The Sultan of Sulu." She casts herself as the leading lady in a bright red linen dress and a red parasol and hat. The two Ide sisters, Juliette Williams, and the other girls of the party made a very pretty chorus. In her account she might have included "Tommy Cary" as the clown of the piece.

We were taken ashore in small boats. Colonel Pershing attended to this very important maneuver. The other members of the party may have had seaworthy, or one might say, water-worthy, boats in which to land. The "Little Pink Jesus" that I went ashore in was unsafe to carry human beings. Even at Dunkirk it would have been avoided.

After a perilous trip "Tom Cary," myself, and the minor members of the party landed. Once safely ashore, Tom Cary sighted the Sultan's horse which he borrowed. Apparently, the rider of that particular horse rated a green and yellow umbrella, and bearers to carry them. For half an hour or so, Cary trotted about the Island in style with his two native umbrella bearers.

Then we went up to view native dances, sword play, and a "bull fight" from a rickety grandstand. For the "bull fights," two carabaos, domesticated reluctant water buffaloes, were led to the arena by ropes attached to rings in their noses and to speed the entry they were also prodded in the rear with goads. They were hauled and pushed towards one another and after bumping heads for a moment, they would pull apart, whereat the drivers in the rear would urge them on by twisting their tails till in sheer agony the bulls locked horns. After shoving and grunting for a few minutes, one of the "bulls" would decide he had had enough and high-tail it into the jungle, the victor bellowing in pursuit. The tail of the winner was carried proudly aloft. The loser's tail just did what an ordinary tail usually does.

Alice Longworth likens her stay on the Island of Jolo to George Ade's comedy. An experience I had there reminds me of the yarn of the *Nancy Bell*.

The younger, less important males of the Taft party were

not asked to the grand fiesta given by the Sultan. However, we were invited to dine on a destroyer. When we arrived on board, we were greeted by a reception committee and were told that the feast of which we were about to partake had certain rules. Guest and host were to be given exactly the same drinks by the steward during the meal, which were to be drunk "bottoms up," until all but one of the party slipped under the table. The last man able to stand was to take command of the ship.

On the whole, it was an unpleasant party, "A midshipmite" and I were the last to survive. I tried to argue with him that we "call it a day" and quit. All I could get out of him was a mumbled reply that ended with the words, "Navy, never say die." With these glorious words on his lips, he slipped slowly from sight under the table. The officer on deck, who was, I think, the only sober officer on the boat, came down to the cabin, saluted me, and said, "Sir, you are in command of the ship." I had just enough self-control to order out the gig and steer it back to our transport, having first gathered up my companions who had previously been brought up on deck and covered with tarpaulins like so many dead corpses.

"Oh I am the cook and a captain bold
And the mate of the *Nancy Brig*,
And the bo' sun tight and a midshipmite
And the crew of the Captain's gig."

I didn't take over the crew of the gig—they took me back to the transport.

After leaving the Islands, we started westward round the world. We hired a houseboat in Shanghai and spent two weeks going up Soochow Creek and the Grand Canal. We stopped with a missionary's family called "Gee" at Soochow. Later, we spent the night on the outskirts of Nanking with the Reids, who routed us out of bed at two o'clock in the morning to take sedan chairs down to see the great Bore of China. After a hasty cup of coffee, we went out into the frosty autumn moonlight, to round up our coolies who were squatting outside the gate of the Mission, smoking small, vile-smelling, Chinese pipes. There were three coolies to a chair, two carried the load, while

one ran free. At fixed intervals, the free running coolie would relieve one of the other bearers. This was done without stopping. As the men jogged along they would give off a strange chant "A ha, hola, A ha hola," with the intake and exhalation of each breath, and in time with their stride.

To this chant we left the Mission and the pagoda of the "Faithful Widow" that overshadowed it downhill and went towards the walled city of Nanking. We skirted the wall, on top of which the guards dressed in ancient Chinese armor were carrying pikes and lanterns. We trotted past the opium joints that lined the base of the wall, the sickly smell of opium being very noticeable in the crisp night air. A few miles beyond the town we came to the river bank, guarded by an eighteen or twenty foot masonry wall. At the point where we stopped, we had an unobstructed view up and down the moonlit river, for a mile or more. Downstream, about a quarter of a mile, a Chinese junk was moored. At the bend in the river, about a mile and a half farther down, a lighthouse flashed at regular intervals. It was cold and as we continued to wait, without anything happening, we tried to ask the coolies how soon the bore would make its appearance. The leader of the party finally placed his hand on his chest and then moved it from that point to his head, about a quarter of the length of his body. Later he repeated the same sign, starting at a point somewhat higher than his chest. It finally dawned on us that the first sign meant a quarter of an hour, the second, ten minutes.

Shortly thereafter, there came from downstream, a noise like the distant roar of a train. As the din grew louder, a line of white appeared at the bend in the River, reaching from bank to bank. As the white streak came nearer we saw a series of breakers about twenty-four feet high rushing toward us. It looked as if the junk, right in the path of the oncoming wave, would have a rough time of it. But after a few crazy lurches, the boat righted itself and continued to ride at anchor. It took only a few seconds for the great swell of water to go by. After the wave had passed, the water quieted to its former tranquillity. The tide rose twenty-four feet in about thirty seconds and the speed of the onrushing water was faster than a man could run.

“Manila, September 25, 1905.

Henry C. Corbin to S. Fish, Sr.

“Your very kind letter from the Hot Springs at the hands of your son, Stuyvesant reached me on his arrival in Manila. We had already made your son and his friend, Mr. Chapin, among the house guests during the visit of the Taft party. Of course, we took him altogether upon the account of yourself and of his mother, but the son found a way into our regard and affection, so that we enjoyed his visit very much on his own account, and were exceedingly sorry to have him leave us for the same reason.

“You have every reason to be very well satisfied, even proud, of your son. I can pay him no better compliment than saying that he fully meets the requirements of the honored name that he bears. I cannot recall meeting a young man in recent years who gives greater promise for the future, based upon the sterling qualities, than he. He and Mr. Chapin left us at Hong Kong. Both Mrs. Corbin and myself tried to persuade them to go on to Peking with us, but they had plans with some other young friends that made this impossible.

“Our visit to Peking was one of very great interest. The advanced age of the Empress and the manifest idiocy or nearly so of the young Emperor makes important changes in the government of China very certain, and at no distant day. The evidence of decay is seen on all hands. Even about some of their most sacred temples and palaces the weeds are more vigorous than anything else in sight, and in many of the grounds have taken full and complete possession. The great temples and magnificent walls testify to prosperity and enterprise on the part of this people that no longer exists, or, if it does exist, is suppressed and kept beyond sight of the casual observer, and yet the genius of the Chinese people is industry. Their need is good government, and for their sake unification of purpose and loyalty. As it is, the nineteen provinces, under the several viceroys, provide practically nineteen central governments, none of whom are interested in the prosperity or progress of either of the other eighteen. In fact, I find every-

where a spirit of hostility among the viceroys toward each other, and all of them wholly indifferent to the success of the general or central government. They pay tribute to that government more from habit than from patriotic desire or willingness.

“We all view the passing of the Empress (who seems to be of unusually strong personality) with interest, some with concern, others with a manifest disposition to bring about a change in government. The men about her, I mean what we would call the cabinet, did not impress me as being men of any great strength. With the exception of Wu, the former Minister at Washington, they all appeared to be below, rather than up to mediocre. Wu’s intelligence and aggressiveness will, in my judgment, if the Empress lives for any considerable time, bring him trouble rather than promotion.”

Alice Longworth writes of the Empress, as follows:

“Our first sight of her was through the doorway of the Hall of Audience. She was seated on a throne several steps higher than the floor, very erect, one slim hand with its golden nail sheathes on the chair arm, the other in her lap. She wore a long loose Chinese coat covered with embroidery, strings of pearls and jade around her neck, her smooth black hair arranged in a high Manchu head-dress decorated with pearls and jade and artificial flowers. On the lowest step of the throne sat the Emperor, a man in his early thirties; limp and huddled, his mouth a little open, his eyes dull and wandering, no expression in his face. We were not presented to him. No attention was paid to him. He just sat there, looking vacantly about.”

“The interpreter was Wu Fang, who had been Minister in Washington. He stood between us, a little to one side, but suddenly, as the conversation was going on, the Empress said something in a small savage voice, whereat he turned quite gray, and got down on all fours, his forehead touching the ground. The Empress would speak; he would lift his head and say it in English to me; back would go his forehead to the ground while I spoke; up would come his head again while he

said it in Chinese to the Empress; then back to the ground would go to his forehead again. There was no clue to her reason for humiliating him before us."

But as General Corbin surmised, he had "trouble, rather than promotion" coming to him.

As we went down the China Coast, the officers of the English and German boats we traveled on spoke of the coming war between England and Germany. At Singapore, we had proof that this talk was not all idle gossip. The English fleet was in the process of being painted gray, just in case.

The rest of our trip through the Orient and back to Europe was more or less uneventful. We had the usual amount of storms at sea, picked up a fever in Java, which stayed with us till we got to the frosts of the Khyber Pass. We went up the pass as far as Europeans were allowed. From Allahabad we had a brief view of Afghanistan. Then, after a short stay in Paris and London, we returned to New York on the White Star Liner *Arabic*, which was sunk by the Germans in the first World War.

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

On my return to this country, I went to work for the Illinois Central Railroad. I was sent down to the little town of Corinth, Miss. There may have been an ulterior motive in sending me away from Chicago, where there was a lot of dirty work going on at the time. Harriman was lining up the directors of the company to oust my father at the next meeting of the stockholders. The vice-president, J. T. Harahan, was secretly helping Harriman. The officers in the car department were involved in a huge fraud, which came to light a few years later.

The long bitter fight that my father had with E. H. Harriman over a period of two years and his final and inevitable defeat, due to the strength of the forces pitted against him for a time, affected his health and morale. A few years later he was able to see the "silver lining" of this cloud.

“January 3, 1921.

S. Fish, Sr., to Louis Wiley,

“In looking back over these days I have felt that the Harri-man-Union Pacific crowd, whom I put into the Illinois Central Board before any of them had anything to do with the Union Pacific, did me a great service. Their taking over the management of the property from the hands of those who, like myself, for years represented the great majority of stockholders, and did at that time represent a clear majority exclusive of the Union Pacific interest,—enabled me a little later to sell my shares, of which I had a great many, at one time over 35,000, and make large sales at prices about double what is now quoted at the Stock Exchange; and indeed to get rid of the very last of the shares at somewhere between 125 and 140, excepting the odd 28 shares which I still own.”

The diary that I kept at the time gives an account of the work I did at Corinth and some of the people with whom I worked.

Corinth was at that time a small railroad junction. The B. O. crossed the Southern Railroad at right angles; the former ran north and south; the latter east and west. The line the Illinois Central was building ran north-west and south-east, crossing the B. O. & Southern Railroad tracks at Corinth.

The town of Corinth was built around a central square, about the size of a city block. As no pretense was made to plant either grass or trees, the square was merely an empty lot. The streets were unpaved. The hotel was a two-story brick building. There was cold running water in the lobby, and in the room directly above it, which I had. If you wanted a bath you ordered it in advance at the barber shop down the street. Meat was shipped from St. Louis once a week, as there was no ice house in town. Most of our days were “meatless.”

Instead of passing you a menu, the waiter would ask, “How’ll you have your eggs Boss?”

The people I worked with were uninteresting. The work allotted me was chiefly carrying instruments about, driving

stakes, and figuring yardage moved or to be moved. After a few days of this kind of work it became very tiresome.

When I had been in town for a few days, I got lodgings with a family called "Frazier." Mr. and Mrs. Frazier and mother-in-law lived together. Of them my diary says:

"The Fraziers are different than people one usually runs across—they seem to be educated beyond their power to digest said education, all except Mrs. Stevens (ma-in-law), who seems to have a good lot of sense, though she says nothing."

Life at the Frazier's was better than the hotel. They had a bathroom and all the fixings. Frazier spent most of his time out on the road buying staves for a firm of barrel makers. He was short, black, and decidedly on the gloomy side. His wife was taller than he and shabby. Our evening card games weren't very exciting but it was better than listening to the drummers at the hotel.

I have forgotten to mention another member of the Frazier household—Paul, the negro handyman, of whom the F.'s were thoroughly afraid.

DIARY—April 9th.

"Went to get mail after Paul had gone. The family were afraid of being left with him. All the nigger needs is a damned good thrashing. I have half a mind to give it to him." Added later—"This was written because Paul reads these notes."

The food at the Fraziers was none too plentiful.

"May 9th (9:15 P.M.).

"Read *Nicholas Nickleby* after dinner—(dinner, 1 slice of ham, served up with an account of the fine meal I missed at lunch.) It is funny how I miss getting the meat and have a makeshift lunch of vegetables. When I don't come home, there is something fine I have missed, usually a three course repast which makes my poor hungry belly bounce for joy and then it flops back to its usual position, I find that the under pinning is all gone and it is emptier than before."

On Sundays, at the Fraziers', we had chicken for lunch. For this purpose they kept a few scrawny fowl in their back yard, these they were "fattening up" on a few handfuls of grain and the scraps left over from their none-too-plentiful table.

The higher education from which the Fraziers' suffered did not allow them to kill—not even a chicken. As there was no ice, the bird had to be killed just before lunch time so that he would be in the pot before "rigor mortis" set in. At about noon, Frazier would bring out the "22" he kept to overawe Paul, the nigger, and to kill the chickens. As he couldn't hit the chickens, I used to do it, under the strictest instructions. The bird picked out was always the thinnest. My marksmanship was bad. I always missed that bird and knocked the head neatly off the "fattest."

In the evenings, when I didn't read or play cards, I went to the local theater. Some of the bills offered might interest present-day movie fans.

DIARY—March 23d.

"I went to the show. It consisted of the Schubert Ladies' Quartette and Symphony Club. The Symphony Club consisted of one little gent who oscillated between a fiddle and mandolin. The quartette was a bunch of frouzy-haired females, who walked the stage as if their clothes were pinned on and their hair was dropping off. The chief attraction of the show was Lovie Zondt, a heavy Dutch lady."

DIARY—March 26th (11 P.M.).

"Went to the show, rather good—a kind of magic vaudeville, by a man called 'Lafayette.' "

March 31—midnight.

"Went to 'Beggar Prince.' Show rather good."

Of course the men I worked with wanted to test my power to "take it," so they staged a little jaunt for my benefit a few days after I came on the job. We went up the line twelve miles

and worked all day. I was given all the "fetch and carry" jobs and then we started home.

March 30—(9:15 P.M.).

"Walked home. Arrived in town 4 P.M. Knocked off work after walking about twelve of the longest, muddiest miles I ever walked."

The next day the gang, though they had better work in the office, weren't ready for another "24 mile hike" and I guess they saw that I who had been "pack mule" for the party, was ready and fit.

March 27 (Tuesday) 10 P.M.

"Today was the day a nigger said 'Memphis would sink.' But Memphis is still unsunk as far as anybody knows. Surveyed today—was rodman, rather hard job. Coy made a mistake—had to do a lot of work twice. Had lunch at Pile Driver Camp—good food. Wrote letters all evening from 6:30 to 8."

April 1 (Sunday), nine-fifteen.

"The Gods have been good today—fine and clear all day. Felt like laughing at everybody and everything, even old Mrs. Stevens, with her homely face and black rings under her eyes, seemed to look more cheerful. As for Mrs. Frazier, in her old blue duster, which she wears because she doesn't want to wear her 'good clothes out in Corinth,' looked like a perfect goddess, a kind of a dowdy Venus or a Diana in carpet slippers, that showed none too clean stockings between the holes. Paul, the black serf, who cleans up and eats scraps, looked almost cheerful in his Sunday best. If his high collar hadn't hurt his neck, I believe he even would have smiled a little. But Mr. Frazier was as glum as usual. That man can't forget mud and staves a minute. Even though the sun was doing fine work with the mud, he sighed when I expressed the opinion that tomorrow things would be better on the roads and shook his head. I think he thinks, God and the State of Mississippi are agin him and therefore resigns himself to fate. I don't know what his business

is but I bet a dollar I could get staves to his mill if I was hired to. Got a letter from EM.—perhaps thats why I feel good. A letter from a girl makes one feel good when you are lonesome. EM. made me happy by writing me letters.”

I thank her for it from the bottom of my heart. (S.F. 1941).

April 3, 11 P.M. (Tuscombia). Marshall House.

“This town is even more of a hell of a place than Corinth. The hotel has water works, but such water works! The room I now have is the town dentist’s during the day. His chair reposes in solemn grandeur near my bed, while the odor of carbolic acid pervades the room, the prospects of quiet slumber in such surroundings is not very great, but I guess it will be all right. The hotelkeeper interested me somewhat. He was a large, fat, individual. Dirty, of course, and of course a Civil War veteran. His suit was brown, heavily covered with spots of various colors. He wore a shirt, likewise—brown, and spotted, though it showed faint hints of once having been a ‘white’ one. A collar of ‘doubtful color’ was fixed to his flabby neck by a large brass button—no cravat adorned his neck. His cuffs were held together with bits of string. Around the button holes, darker spots showed where the string had been tied and re-tied. A large seal ring and the usual tooth pick, held in a set of teeth of the prevailing color, ended his make-up.”

April 11 (Wednesday).

“Went out and staked out a ditch. As usual Coy lost the figures and got balled up but finally we stumbled through the job somehow. As I walked home from the ditch, I felt a bit homesick, somehow or other. As I came home in the hot sun—with the air full of the smell of apple blossoms and Spring, I began to think of Morris Cove, and the long drives of a Sunday afternoon in the Spring.

“Over the hot-baked cornfields, I thought I could see the blue waves and cool green of Morris Cove, with the old light-house on the Point, showing up white, among the black pines—or else, I felt the splash of the waves on my mouth—I could almost taste and smell the salt of the sea.

“When I got back to Murphy’s, I saw Old Mrs. M. sitting with a far-away look on her face. I know she too was thinking of the grand old Sound and the Springtime. She came from Mystic, just out of New London. It is funny how the salt water calls one in the Spring. I would give a lot for one good whif of a salt marsh— But me to the ditch—I have to stay awhile longer.”

April 13 and 14 (Friday and Saturday).

“Got up early Friday and drove with Mr. Harris over the line as far as Florence, where we had lunch at a store. From there we drove through Hackelburg to Atwater. All along the line the contractors’ camps had out smallpox signs. And in the nine miles fom Brush Creek to Hodges, there have been nine deaths—so far, a nice, healthy climate.”

“Leaving New Orleans—

April 27. 10:30 P.M. on the
train—road damned rough.

“Saw Confed. parade. Had a queer sensation when the Vets. went by. Somehow or other, I felt like crying, and the hair on the back of my neck seemed to stick out and prickle. I felt as if I had been through the war at some time or other, or was going to go through a great fight some time in the future. I wanted to make some damned fool rush upon a lot of cannons and rifles and get shot fighting for “Old Glory”, or any old flag. Ate dinner at Cafe Louisianne; good food. Met the boss, an old Frenchman (40), who spoke good English.”

During my trip to New Orleans with my father, one of the contractors on the line was murdered by a negro. The negro was caught and taken to Iuka Springs and put in jail. A deputation of Corinth citizens took the night train to Iuka, broke into the jail, and hanged the nigger from the railroad trestle. His last words after he confessed the crime were: “Please tell my mammy that I sure is dead.” I was offered the handkerchief

that covered his eyes when he was pushed off the trestle, as a consolation for missing the event.

May 3.

“Got up early. Drove in the rain to Atwood, came back ditto and had lunch at Bates’ Smallpox Camp. Bates lathered Harris with soft soap and when we left camp, Harris pushed his hat back on his head and with a self-satisfied smile he said, ‘There’s a railroad man for you, no cheap miser.’ I couldn’t help thinking however that Bates had done damned little work. I changed my mind, however, after he had turned his soap works on to me. I feel so cocky since I had supper with him that I know I will be President of the U.S.A. some day.”

“Tuscumbia, May 3. (9 P.M.)

Poor Bates, out of whose bottle we drank that night—no glasses being available—died of the smallpox three or four days later. He was dead before we retraced our homeward journey past his camp. I got re-vaccinated. (S.F. 1941.)

“New York, May 14–20.

“Got home after a long and dirty ride over the Southern R.R. and was welcomed home by the family with the question, ‘When are you going to work again?’ My father seemed much hurt that I intended to stay three days at home. After trying to find out from him what my new job was going to be, which he didn’t seem to want to tell me, for some reason or other, I gave it up and lapsed into silence, which seemed to excite his wrath, as he wanted me to talk about what I had been doing. He then advised me to quit work if I couldn’t get interested in it. I got angry and shut up and went to bed mad. The rest of the time home I spent in looking up my friends and relations. I then went to Garrison with my father. While up there the old man treated me much better than in N. Y. but still refused to say much about my future job. After a farewell dinner with Gardner Richardson and James J. Hogan, I took the Sunday A.M. train to Chicago, landing there Monday, the 21st, without any mishaps or any haps at all.”

May 25, 9:30 P.M.

“Got up as usual. Felt very tired all day. Did a little running around in the morning. After lunch was dead beat. Went around the shop and looked at things in an aimless sort of way. Came home dead beat. Took a hot bath and tried to think up an idea I had about an air brake—too tired to do anything, however.

I am disgusted with the life I am leading. Nobody but myself to think about, worry over, or bother about. Nobody to talk to—if there was, I would be too tired to talk sense. And all this so that some day I may know a freight box car from a fruit car. Oh I wish I had somebody here to talk to a bit, besides business and shop talk.”

May 26. 9:30 P.M.

“‘Worked’ at shop till 3:30. Came down and tried to find Boissevain, but failed to do so and so came back here and had supper alone. After supper had a queer idea, suggested by the following:

1806	1815	1853	1866
France	England	England	England
England	Austria	France	France
Austria	Russia	Austria	Prussia
Russia	Prussia	Prussia	U. S.
1871	1898-9	1906	1911
England	England	U. S.	
Prussia	U. S.	England	(?)
U. S.	Prussia	Prussia	
France	France	France	

“Are we to take the place of France for nine years power or that of England, for a century and more? I think the latter, but it means War. If one between England and Germany could come off, matters would be very simple, otherwise, more difficult. Perhaps, however, it may only be commercial war. At all events in the next century England’s Naval power and colonies are bound to fall off. We are going to crowd her in that field, soon she will have to go. The War with Spain settled England. If the blood had been a little thicker than water, about one month before the 1st of May ’98, and arbitration had resulted,

England would have had a new lease of life. Now our minds and pockets are turned away from the Western hemisphere towards the World's grab bag, China, hence commerce, hence boats for that commerce."

"June 5 9 P.M.
"Dead beat."

I was sick of typhoid at that time. When I got to Garrison, my temperature was about 105. (S.F. 1941, entry)

"June 26, 1906

S. Fish, Sr., to Mrs. Griffin—

"Stuyvesant continues to mend. Temperature normal. All that there is now left to do is to watch him and his diet most carefully. The Doctors and nurses pronounce him a model patient, obedient & uncomplaining in the highest degree. We should be thankful that his case has been of so mild a type."

The attack of typhoid I had was not nearly as mild as my father makes it out to be. I left Chicago in a daze—got on the wrong train—collapsed as soon as I got on the Pullman. I had provided myself with no money. To this day I don't know how I got home. Somebody must have paid my fare and bought the small amount of food I could keep on my stomach. I was in bed for six weeks. At the end of this period, I had lost sixty pounds—about one-third of my normal weight, 196.

Early in August, I was strong enough to be moved to Newport. I spent the rest of the summer there getting my strength back. In the fall, I went to work in the C. & E. I. freight yards. I owed this job directly to my mother, who had been able to aid B. F. Yokum and his charming daughter socially. Yokum was the moving genius of the "Frisco" system, of which the C. & E. I. formed a part.

While I was in Chicago, I lived at the "Virginia Hotel," on Rush Street. My life there was pleasant. Freddie Prince and one of the Adams' from Boston, and I had adjoining rooms. Adams, though he wasn't much older than I was, had a head utterly devoid of hair. One evening he surprised me by grabbing my



Chinese Vase
Bought at Soochow

hair and giving it a tug. He said, "No, yours is the real McKoy. Here I have been envying that old buzzard J. Ham Lewis that great mop of hair he carries about with him for years—it's nothing but a wig—I'll have to get me one."

Adams, on his way down to the hotel bar, noticed a light in the barber shop. Even though it was after hours, he thought that he might be able to get some razors he was having sharpened. This led to the discovery of Lewis's baldness. Lewis had three wigs of varying lengths. These were curled by the barber every ten days—a longer one substituted for a short-haired one, until at the end of the cycle, a haircut would be in order. The periodic lengthening and shortening of what appeared to be a grand head of hair, completely fooled Senator Lewis's friends. I know it fooled me.

There was a charming girl who ran the telephone and news counter in the hotel. At times we would blow her to a dinner and theater party. These parties were perfectly innocent and well behaved. She was the kind of a girl that one just didn't get fresh with. Ham Lewis, the McVeaghs, and the rest of us used to chat with her. Her "good mornings" and "good evenings" as one left the hotel were cheery and pleasant. Almost over night she became sullen, morose and impolite to all of the guests, men and women alike. The change was so sudden that we tried to find out the cause—we never did. She became a perfect hell-cat and had to be fired. What tragedy lay behind this change in character and her sudden taking to drinking in excess is still a mystery, as far as I am concerned.

"Glenclyffe, December 22, 1906.

S. Fish, Sr., to S. Fish—

"Many thanks for the three canes which are fine and just what I wanted. It is too bad you cant be with us this Christmas. Don't get discouraged about your work, the opportunity to show what there is in you will come some day, if not today.

"Things financial seem to me to be in a critical condition, although most of the speculative people still talk of higher prices & a better market after the end of the year. They may be right but I don't think so.

“I am glad that you went to the Rawn’s. He is a fine fellow and by far the ablest man in the I.C. services, indeed I look on him as the best operating officer of my acquaintance. Am very glad to hear Mr. McVeagh looks well.

“Mr. J. H. Eckels lunched with us at the Park Bank on Thursday & I also met him at dinner the night before; he said he had not seen you for a long while.”

My father predicted the financial panic of 1907 in an article to the papers just before the close of 1906. This article received much adverse criticism throughout the country.

Mr. and Mrs. McVeagh lived in the “Virginia Hotel.” They were very kind to me while I stayed there. Mrs. McVeagh had a habit of getting confused in her use of words. She once asked me if I remembered the dress with the “flour de lice” (Fleur de Lis) that my mother wore at Mrs. Potter Palmer’s ball.

Chicago in 1906 was a pleasant place for a young man to live in. The yards were full of freight. The town was dirty and badly built, but with it all there was a certain virility that made one overlook the existing conditions. The hopes for the future and new things to come were ever present and almost visible. Business life was full of hope and abundant energy, with just enough sharp practice to keep the game interesting.

I didn’t stay there long. Railroad business is the moving of people and goods from place to place. Those employed by the railroads, move nearly as much as those whom they are hired to transport.

During the fall, I worked in the 12th Street freight house, going from desk to desk. When the weather got really cold, I worked out in the yards, sorting cars as they went over the “hump,” to be made up into trains. Then for my further education, I was sent to the Rate Department, where I answered about six telephones and quoted rates from 7 to 6, with an hour off for lunch. I have hated the telephone and the person on the other end of the line ever since.

I will say this much for Mr. Yokum and the fat pudgy president of the C. & E. I., they tried to give me a thorough rail-

road education, the hard way. I could take it and I surprised them.

After quoting rates for a month or so, just as I began to know what I was doing, the president of the C. & E. I. called me into his office, gave me his blessing, and told me to report to the station agent at "Mud Lavia," Ill., whose assistant I was to be at \$50 a month.

"Mud Lavia" derived its name from the mud baths that were located a few miles from the town. There was little freight and not many tickets to sell but there were only three of us to do the job, the agent, a boy of about fourteen, and myself. We all did a little here and there and helped each other, so that I got to know how a small local station was run.

I boarded with a widow. I had a "niceish" room, which cost me \$4 a week, with fair meals thrown in. I have never felt so rich as I did then—expenses \$16 a month—salary \$50, and nothing to spend money on.

The hours were long but the work was light. It was a seven day job that required your presence from seven in the morning until the nine o'clock train at night. My hours at night were fortunately somewhat shortened by the sex life of my boss the agent. I thought at first when he told me that I need not return to the office to take care of the night train, that he was trying to make things easy for me and somewhat resented it. A trip back to the office after supper satisfied me that my superior used the station as a "love nest." For some strange reason he had great sex appeal. To me, he was very coarse and repulsive, though the widow with whom both he and I lived, referred to him as "dear Mr. so and so."

From "Mud Lavia," I went East for a brief vacation to attend my sister's wedding. There I saw Mr. Yokum, who was most kind and told me to report to Mr. Nixon at St. Louis as soon as the festivities were over.

Well, Marian and Albert Gray got married. The "1776" Madeira was brought out for the family and highly prized guests, the others got less ancient Madeira and champagne. I then packed up to go back West. My destination was Muskogee, Indian Territory.

Muskogee was on a branch line of the Frisco. It was quite an important junction point, where three railroads, the Santa Fe, the Frisco, and the C & O G met.

The train to Muskogee was not crowded, so I took two seats, putting my bag on the forward seat. At a point in our journey, a tall, loose-jointed, powerfully built man got on the train. As he came down the aisle, he stopped in front of me, picked up my bag and shook it. I told him that the bag was mine and asked him to hand it back. Without answering me, he went on down the car picking up each bag in turn. That was the first time I met Sheriff Leadbeater. He told me later that he knew I had a quart or two in my bag, but guessed that it wouldn't do me much harm. On that trip he seized two large bags full of pint flasks, on their way to the Osage Reservation. The Sheriff was in and out of the freight office at Muskogee. He very seldom could be drawn into conversation and never about his adventures as cowboy and Sheriff. The final chapter of one of these adventures I witnessed later.

The dining-room of the hotel in which I lived was about ten feet above the street level. As I was a regular guest of the hotel and tipped the waiters a little more than the drummers did, I had a table by myself at a window, from which I could get a good view of the street.

From this point of vantage, at lunch one afternoon, I saw the Sheriff drive by in a farm wagon. He was perfectly calm and unruffled. I doubt if the people in the street realized that there were four dead or dying negroes in the body of the wagon. As the saying down South goes "they had ganged up on him." Leadbeater went out single-handed and broke up the gang.

The only comment he made about this fight was that it took some time as he didn't want to hurt them too bad unless he had to. He seemed really grieved when one or two of them died. He took it as a reflection on his skill as a marksman.

The people who lived with me at the "Turner Hotel" were a strange lot. There were drummers, oil well drillers, speculators in oil, like Sinclair, Marland, and I think on one occasion, Gates.

Franchot, who had been at Yale with me, came up from Tulsa with a stab wound in his arm. Tulsa in those days was a muddy side hill, down which oil ran towards the railroad station, which was located in a pool of oil and mud. Why the whole place didn't go up in flames, always amazed me when I went there.

The two candidates for the governorship of the new State of Oklahoma, which was to be created out of Indian territory, were in and out of the hotel constantly. Haskell, the successful candidate, lived there with his family and ran his campaign from Muskogee. There was also a rather nice man whose name I have forgotten, who ran a bucket shop. Then there was "Madame X," the woman who ran a house of questionable character, and her husband who played the piano there.

When the Cherokee strip was opened for settlement, one of the vice-presidents of the Frisco, wanted to come down and see the mad rush to stake out claims. No rooms were available and as I had one of the best rooms in town, it was inferred that I should give it up to him and sleep on a cot in the station. The job of getting him a room devolved upon me, and I didn't like that particular vice-president. So instead of offering him my room, I hired one at "Madame X's" for him, with all that the house offered—he spent the night there.

There was a family of Philadelphians who lived at Muskogee, and their sister and sister-in-law, she being one person holding a dual capacity towards her brother and his wife. The three of them made my stay at Muskogee pleasant. They were going to leave in the Fall, and with their departure I felt that the little world that I lived in would collapse. I never made much of an impression on any of them, more particularly the sister-in-law, who, if she ever reads this, will know that she was an object of my love and affection. I went home with my Philadelphia friends and said an unromantic "goodbye" to her in the West Philadelphia Station.

During the summer of 1907, at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Illinois Central Railroad, my father and J. T. Harahan nearly came to blows on a question of veracity. I have

an amusing cartoon that appeared at the time in the *Chicago Tribune*.

“August 30, 1907.

S. Fish, Sr., to Elliott Marshall—

“The newspaper accounts are as usual somewhat exaggerated, but not caring to get into a controversy of that kind I have steadily refused to say anything for publication.

“What the man said was a thing which no one could take quietly. I was at some distance from him at the time, walked toward him reasonably rapidly, he retiring behind the directors’ table, and I following.

“As I got closer he drew his right hand around behind him, a gesture of which you will appreciate the significance. While I did not really believe he was armed, and do not think so now, I could not take the chances, especially with one of his antecedents, and therefore seized both his wrists and found he had grabbed up a tumbler of water. Before he could throw this at me, I shook it out of his hand. This resulted in my rolling him over a small table with his head hanging down. In that position I had not the heart to strike him, and seeing the blood rushing into his head I let him up, and turned him over to one of his clerks for support. There were four or five other men in the room; if any of them interfered I was not conscious of it.”

SIDNEY AND CHARLES MORGAN

In the spring of 1908, my brother Sidney got into difficulties with the authorities at Harvard. Charlie Morgan and Sidney took a reference book from the Harvard Library. Unfortunately, they were caught in the act. Their purpose in taking the book was to study for an examination after Library closing hours and return it the following morning. Sidney gave an assumed name. Morgan who thought lightly of the affair, gave his own name. About a week later, Morgan was suspended. On hearing of Morgan’s fate, Sidney confessed to the horrid crime, and was also suspended.

As my father was sick at the time, I went to see Dean

Hurlbut. I found him to be a prissy, narrow-minded little man. According to him, Sidney's giving the assumed name of John Johnson, had thrown suspicion on three students of that name. I asked Hurlbut if the name given hadn't been "Jack" Johnson: He replied with great composure, "possibly." The fool had never heard of "Jack Johnson," who had been in the headlines all that spring. In fact, a Boston paper of that day devoted quite a bit of its front page space to "Jack" Johnson—the paper was on the Dean's desk at the time.

President Roosevelt's efforts on Sidney's behalf had no more effect than mine. The narrow-minded attitude of President Eliot and the Dean, is shown by their correspondence. How differently Dean Wright and President Hadley of Yale would have acted under similar conditions!

Evening Post, June 23, 1908.

ELIOT'S REBUKE TO ROOSEVELT.

Harvard's President Tells Why He Will
Not Mitigate Punishment of Crew
Members—Alumni Discuss It.

"Boston, June 23—The exchange of telegrams between President Roosevelt and President Eliot is the chief subject of conversation today among the numerous alumni gathered here for commencement. Reference to it is likely to be made in the official speeches at the meeting of the Alumni Association in Memorial Hall tomorrow afternoon."

The text of the dispatches was not given out by the Harvard authorities, and became public through another source.

The correspondence between President Roosevelt and President Eliot of Harvard University over the suspension of Sidney W. Fish and Charles Morgan, Jr., students of the university and members of the varsity crew, consists of two telegrams, one from the President to President Eliot, the other an answer from President Eliot. President Roosevelt's telegram, which was also signed by Assistant Secretary of State Bacon, read:

"To President C. W. Eliot, Cambridge:

"Is it not possible and would it not be more fitting and just to substitute another punishment for Fish and Morgan if, as is stated, they merely took away a book which they were permitted to use in the Library? It seems to us, and, we feel sure, to the great body of graduates, that it is unfair and unnecessary to make others suffer for an offence of this kind for which some other punishment might surely be found.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Robert Bacon."

President Eliot's reply was as follows:

"To President Roosevelt. White House.

Washington:

"Each man did a dishonorable thing. One violated in his private interest and in a crooked way a rule made in the common interest, while the other gave a false name and did not take subsequent opportunity to give his own. The least possible punishment was putting them on probation, but that drops them from the crews. A keen and sure sense of honor being the finest result of college life, I think the college and graduates should condemn effectively dishonorable conduct. The college should also teach that one must never do scurvy things in the supposed interest or for the pleasure of others.

Charles W. Eliot."

There was the same rule at Yale with regard to taking out reference books from the Library, but many of them were borrowed for an evening by the students. The rule was winked at by the Librarian, who knew that the books would be back early the next morning. Many reposed in my room at Yale overnight. The trick was to get them back, not to get them out. If you failed to get them back without being caught, I think there was a small fine and a mild rebuke. A letter from Creighton Webb follows. The Webbs and ourselves have been friends for over one hundred and fifty years.

I had Creighton Webb on the telephone to-day who ex-

pressed interest in this book. He is now 88 years old and has known six generations of our family. He told me an anecdote of my son Peter which I had forgotten.

“June 17, 1908.

Creighton Webb to S. Fish, Sr.—

“I have just come home from Yale and the boat race. I’ve been with graduates and undergraduates of Yale and Harvard for three days and I am writing that you may know what is the universal consensus of opinion regarding the Fish-Morgan-Eliot affair. It will interest you. *Nobody*—and least of all Harvard graduates—regards the episode so far as the boys are concerned as anything more than a boyish peccadillo. It remained for T. R. to butt in, forgetting that three years ago he insulted Eliot in the most public manner possible, calling him a mollycoddle to that large audience that I am sorry to say he has already com . . . And it remained for Eliot, forgetting his position of trust regarding the reputation and the futures of those young men under his guardianship, in his blind old-womanish anger against T. R. and in his eagerness to punish, to give the whole thing to the public and to characterize it in language that, on my honor, I have failed to find one man, old or young, sympathize with.

“Those two fool telegrams have hurt just two people. Roosevelt and Eliot. It was uncalled for and impertinent on R.’s part to write at all, it was unmanly, iniquitous and indecent for Eliot to answer as he did. Unmanly and iniquitous enough—indecent in that he should have written in such vein in such language to the Chief Magistrate of the nation. In so doing he harmed no one but himself and he helped the boys, *though such a thought was far from his mind*.

“This is what men say and think. The angriest comments were heard—on the long train that brought us home to N. Y. after the races were scores of old friends with their undergraduates—were from parents who had boys in college or just out of it, and who might have been supposed to sympathize with Eliot’s point of view. Like myself these men saw nothing in the whole thing but, *first* a college lad’s peccadillo. 3rd an unnecessary quarrel between two men old enough and high placed enough to know better.

“Give my love to Miss Mamie. When do you sail?

“Harvard rowed us to standstill—the most humiliating defeat Yale has ever had.”

“June 27, 1908.

S. Fish, Sr., to Aunt Tinie—

“My poor boy Sidney has got in trouble & I must say has been treated badly, some say because the Great T.R., ‘buted in,’ & for the moment Omnipotent, Eliot, resented this action by one who had called him a molly coddle— All of which shows what a fool I was to let the boy go to a New England College. Gouverneur Morris’s father knew better & provided in his will against having his son sent to any of them.”

MY MOTHER’S FIRST SICKNESS

“May 1, 1909.—Monte-Carlo.

S. Fish to S. Fish, Jr.—

“The trip in Spain while fatiguing was interesting and I have taken much enjoyment in reading up the subject. We picked up a guide or interpreter on our first day in Spain & he seemed to fall in love with us, as I had difficulty in inducing him to leave us when we returned to France. Cayetano Garcia was his name. While he was most anxious to please, up early & late & busy all the time, he was a rare gem as an interpreter. He had a smattering of all languages but seemed unable to fully understand his own, if indeed his own was Spanish. However he served us faithfully & we could not have got along without him.

“His talk about saints, martyrs, virgins, bishops, kings &c has left on my memory a confused jumble, which it will take weeks of careful reading of books to get straightened out. Among other things which I do remember, is his statement that the ‘Santissima Virgen’ of Saragosa was the ‘richeydist of all the virgins in Spain.’ At first I thought he meant the most wretched, which for a devout Catholic seemed impious; what he meant was that she of Saragosa had the most riches, jewels &c of any. The absolute aloofness of each part of Spain from every other applies even to their Virgins, for while all are Santissima,

each is apparently quite a different person from any of the others. Saragosa has her of the Pillar, Grenada of the Anguish &c all around the lot, no two alike even in name, but each always Santissima i. e. the most holy.

“Some of their pictures are entertaining & if we could only believe as some Catholics do, it would be most satisfying. In the cloister of the Carthusian Monastery at Grenada, a series of pictures shows the martyrdom of a dozen or more of them under Henry VIII in England. With more forethought & more knowledge of Biblical history than I had credited that jovial monarch with, it seems that he provided each of the Carthusians not only with a well made cross but also with a beautifully fitting crown of thorns. Dear old Henry, all he wanted was to be rid of Catherine of Arragon in order to marry Anne Boleyn who was younger & better looking, and all he wanted of the Carthusians in England was to get them out of it in order that he & his might have and enjoy their lands & houses. By the bye his descendants, or rather successors, and the descendants of his friends continue to enjoy those Church lands and houses all over England to this day & the Carthusians after all have a grievance. But the most remarkable pictures in that particular collection, (none of which have any great artistic merit) are two of St. Bruno; one represents the Virgin Mary getting up off her throne to receive him into heaven & the other, if you please, shows our Saviour on the Cross bowing to Bruno as he passes by. This takes the cake, as not only the divine figure but the wooden cross itself is bent & we are told that the story must be true because the wood is bent, at least in the picture!

“While I am very sorry your Mama broke down after the trip was over, I really think she enjoyed it or some parts of it. And if her illness had to come it is most fortunate that it came here rather than in Spain or even in a French provincial town, for after all this place is in every way civilized. By the bye the plumbing in this hotel is by the Jordan L. Mott Co. of New York.”

While Taft was Governor of the Philippines, my father was instrumental in floating a loan for the Philippine Railroad. My

father's help in this matter, I believe, got Judge Dickinson the position of Secretary of War in Taft's Administration.

A brief exchange of cables between Dickinson and my father shows that Taft offered my father the Ministership to China, which he refused. One reason for so doing was the state of my mother's health. As a matter of fact, neither my mother or father were capable of filling a diplomatic post. Though at about this time, my mother had the ambition to be the ambassador at the Court of St. James, regardless of her ill health, she did not want to go to China.

WALL STREET

I returned to the East at the height of the Panic of 1907. A few days after my return J. P. Morgan relieved the situation by offering to lend \$22,000,000 on call, there being no call money available. The harsh voice of R. H. Thomas, the President of the Exchange, ringing out over the floor of the Exchange, offering the unexpected call money, stopped the decline and restored confidence.

The 1907 panic had greatly crippled both the trading public and the pool operators. Then, however, if a man came through a severe panic with a quarter of his former capital, he felt that he had really done well. The remarkable way the house of Morgan succeeded in "weathering" these financial storms, gave rise to the saying, that "J. P. Morgan could hold his breath longer, stay under water longer and come up drier, than anybody in the Street." Even the panics seemed to add to his stature. There were times when this knack on the part of J. P. Morgan to take punishment stood him in good stead. In 1902, when steel, common, broke to eight and a fraction, many people in the Street said unkind things of Morgan. At the Union Club, where members formerly listened to his slightest comment, he was shunned and he played solitaire alone in the card room. This I know by hearsay, that during the height of the Panic of 1907, E. H. Harriman also played solitaire in the same card room.

For a while I drifted around the Street, and tried to make up my mind whether I should accept a very flattering offer made

me by Mr. Yokum, or try to find more congenial employment in the Street. I finally decided to pursue the latter course.

Early in 1908, I went to work for William Salomon & Co., one of the large bond houses. The type of bond house of that day has become extinct. In 1908, though their star was on the wane, they numbered close to a hundred. In the markets of the late 90's, and for a dozen years thereafter, fortunes were made in bond trading. Markets in bonds were wider than in stocks. If a man knew the value of securities, he was sure of a 2% to 10% swing in his trading. I stayed with William Salomon & Co., for about a year.

In the spring of 1909, I borrowed enough money from my father to buy a seat on the Exchange. My recollection of the daily attendance at that time is that there were about twenty-five uniformed pages, perhaps three hundred members and ten or twenty telegraph operators. At the north end of the board room, as well as at the south end, was a small rostrum or gallery. At the east end was the bond crowd on a platform raised about two feet above the main floor. The bond crowd had recently been moved downstairs from more palatial quarters originally provided for them, as the upstairs room was not near enough to the main trading floor to permit arbitrage between convertible bonds and the stocks that they were convertible into.

Of the traders in the bond crowd of that day, it was aptly remarked that if a nickel was thrown among them, it would never touch the ground.

With the exception of changes in the location of telephone booths and the shape and location of the various posts, the floor was about the same as it is today. Of course the bond crowd now has separate quarters. The call money post and the arbitrage rail, two very active spots on the Exchange, no longer exist.

In those days, the arbitrage between London, Berlin, and Paris was a very profitable branch of the business. The rapidity of the execution of an order and the reporting of the same were highly important, as competition for this business was very keen. It required only two minutes to give an order on London and get the report back to New York. I think that a minute and a half was considered record time to complete such a transac-

tion. Beside the European arbitrage, there were arbitrages with Boston and Philadelphia. This trading was also quite sizable. On the Exchange in those days, the whole world rubbed elbows. In the later 1920's, the business of the Exchange was far greater and attracted more attention than it did in the years just preceding the War, but the market was no longer international in character. The wild orgy of 1929 could not have taken place if there had been the same arbitrage market we had back in 1909, or if Europe had held a sizable amount of our securities.

What struck me most when I first came on the floor was the noise—the seeming aimless confusion—the litter of paper on the floor and the haze of dust that hung over all. At that time, the dust nuisance was partly kept under control by men who watered the floor with large watering cans. A few years later these men went on a strike. The floor was treated with oil and our little band of Gunga Dins had to get themselves a new job.

In 1909 the Exchange was run as a monopoly or club for the benefit of its members. The suckers on whom the members fed were the public. The public paid for and ran the offices in Wall Street, to say nothing of the yachts and country places of the members. Travers Jerome, sitting on the deck of a broker's yacht at Newport, after the various yachts in the harbor had been pointed out to him as being owned by this and that broker, asked in his queer, stuttering way,—“W-wh-ere are the c-c-customers' yachts?”

The old idea of a private club was beginning to pass away. The Stock Exchange was due for a housecleaning, either from within or without. It came from within, but was not far-reaching enough. If the Exchange had at that time put into effect the new rules it did in 1930 and 1931, we might not have the overstrict regulations we now have.

The Stock Exchange was advised for many years in all its actions by a great firm of lawyers. They were more fitted to advise a private client than a quasi public institution. Their advice was “sit tight, say nothing, and claim everything; we think you can get away with it.” For a time this worked—there was a tinge of the “public be damned” in their policy.

After 1907, owing to public clamor inflamed by the blasts

of Ida Tarbell and Thomas Lawson on frenzied finance, the governors began to doubt the wisdom of their lawyers' advice and to think that the attacks had to be met by an educational campaign. The panacea suggested was, and at all times, has been the same, "You must improve your public relations."

There were many books and pamphlets written from that time on, most of which found their way rapidly to the waste paper baskets of the various financial districts here and abroad. The reforms instituted before 1929 were trifling. The truth of the matter was that the Exchange liked and profited by these evil practices and was loath to change or prohibit them.

The morals in matters financial in 1909 ran to strange extremes. An eminently respectable grandfather who, above Wall Street, was a leader in all good works, considered it his right and privilege to rob and steal on the floor of the Exchange. To him, this stealing was "common business ethics." There were many of these men. As a rule they wore large seals on their watch chains and grew bushy beards. Why does one instinctively distrust a man with a beard? There were many others who in their heart of hearts, when a fellow member was suspended, must have said to themselves, "There, but for the Grace of God, goes Sir Philip Sidney." On the other hand, there were men like Dexter Blagden and Win Burr who leaned over backwards in their business dealings.

My arrival on the Exchange was in time to witness a boomlet in Union and Southern Pacific,—the Harriman "sunshine boom."

"November 19, 1909.

S. Fish, Sr., to G. G. Milne,—

"I can hardly sympathize with you in your criticism on the Bank of England, as it strikes us here that while they may have been a little late in getting started, they have done just the right thing, especially in that they have put the brakes on a perfectly crazy and wicked speculation here. While in Europe last summer I became convinced that such a speculation was going on, engineered by the big men. I became most cautious, and have since been selling, rather than buying."

The above action of the Bank of England may have been directed against a syndicate of English bankers called the "Pierson & Farquhar Syndicate." They bought "R. I., Wabash, Katy and Mop," and other railroad stocks. There weren't many stocks for sale and their purchases put the market up.

By the end of 1909, the various pools and syndicates, among which were our English friends, Pierson & Farquhar, had great lines of stocks at good profits, but no market to sell on. The year 1909 came to its close, as I remember, with great prospects for the future, none of which materialized.

The first thing that happened in 1910, was the collapse of the Hocking Coal & Iron pool. It went over the dam from about par to nothing in two or three days. The American Hide & Leather pool went out next. Dan Reid got drunk at a party and gave out a lot of buying orders in R.I., forgetting to match these with selling orders. The resultant wild rise and equally rapid decline led to the suspension of one of the large brokerage firms involved. If the Exchange had continued to punish manipulation, instead of "winking" at it, many evils would have been avoided. The I.R.T. pool collapsed shortly thereafter and finally during the summer and fall, the Pierson & Farquhar pool collapsed. The recovery from the 1907 panic was over.

Despite many evils that existed in those days I firmly believe that the interests of the public were better cared for then than they are today.

WAR

The four years that followed were fairly active. The partnership that the two Callaways and I started, grew and prospered. In 1914 we were a sizable firm with nice offices in 43 Wall St.

That year got off to a good start. The market went up for the first two months. It looked as if we were in for a prosperous year, but along in March the market first hesitated and then began to sag. Things weren't quite right in Germany—huge, frightening taxes were levied there to pay for the expansion of



Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish
(1914)

her army and navy. These taxes could not be continued the following year if Germany remained at peace. The war machine must be used at once or much curtailed in the future—peacetime Germany could not foot the bill. There was some comment in our papers but nobody got alarmed.

The element of surprise in the first World War has always astounded me. Here and there are hints in the papers that I have, that all was not well, but I know that I personally believed that a general war would be averted, until I read the Sunday papers the week before war was declared. The following morning, I bet "Moe" Taylor, a banker with many foreign connections, \$200 that there would be war between France and Germany. "Joe" Baldwin, American Representative of the German Dye Wood Trust, offered to bet \$1,000 that I was wrong, and the war was only five days off.

The report of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace issued on April 25, 1914, is gloomy reading and may have been the cause for the cancelling of the proposed trip to this country of the Queen of Roumania, whom my mother and father were preparing to entertain. The report does not hint at a general European war, it speaks only about affairs in the Balkans.

A few days after this report was printed, my father wrote to Mr. George Grinnell Milne, about the easy condition of money throughout the world and the likeliness of this condition to continue, adding, "unless the death of the Austrian Emperor should produce actual war in the East of Europe, as it may."

The foolish row we were having at that time with Mexico occupied our attention. If it had not been fraught with possible serious consequences, it would have been extremely ludicrous. The whole difficulty came from having in the White House a college professor who was endeavoring to manage our foreign affairs on moral and altruistic principles, while the other party (Huerta) was holding his cards close to his chest and playing the game strictly according to the rules.

“April 30, 1914.

S. Fish, Sr., to G. G. Milne.

“While I have every reason to believe Huerta is, like most of the South American dictators, utterly destitute of moral principles, and bloodthirsty, I must say that the old chap has a fine sense of humor. Nothing could have been richer than after the affair at Tampico when Mr. Wilson demanded an apology, the punishment of the officer who had taken our sailors out of the whaleboat, and a twenty one gun salute, to see Mr. Huerta grant the apology, offer to try and if found guilty punish the Mexican officer who arrested our sailors, and fire five guns, adding that he thought this was enough for a paymaster’s deputy, but that if Mr. Wilson still insisted on twenty one guns, he would be willing to go to The Hague and arbitrate the odd sixteen! If there ever was anything in the French opera bouffe more ridiculous than this I have failed to see it.”

“The newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no sentiment in this country in favor of war with Mexico, except among those who are personally interested in mining or other enterprises in Mexico, and the belief is that Mr. Wilson, through his superlatively inexperienced State Department, has blundered awfully.

“Nor can I see what can come out of the proposed mediation by Argentina, Brazil and Chili, none of those countries having recognized Mr. Huerta heretofore, any more than the United States have officially; nor do I believe that A, B or C is in any way friendly disposed toward the United States. Mr. Wilson has however had great luck; so have the United States; and perhaps we will wiggle out of it some way. But how he can have the effrontery to expect anyone to believe that sending a fleet down to Vera Cruz and capturing the principal Mexican port “*vi et armis*,” is not an act of war, passes my apprehension.”

There is a long letter that clearly outlines my father’s thoughts on the subject of a general war in Europe.

“March 9, 1914.

S. Fish, Sr., to Prof. Alvin S. Johnson.

“Replying to your letter of February 27:—

“Very many years ago a study of the Debts of Nations and of their Municipalities, the enormous growth in them, and the awful burden of taxation then already entailed thereby, convinced me that no government in the world could afford a long and general war. The increase in the cost of war which has taken place in the meanwhile has confirmed me in that belief.

“Our Civil War (1861-65) was a contest between something over twenty millions of whites in the North, and rather less than ten millions of whites and blacks at the South, along two thousand miles of frontier. It was a fight to a finish. We maintained throughout the most of those four years, fully a million of armed men, blockaded some two thousand miles of hostile seacoast, from the capes of the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande, and kept a large navy all over the world in pursuit of the Confederate cruisers. The South had a far larger proportion of its population under arms at all times. That exhaustive war added \$2,130,931,044 to the interest bearing debt of the United States.

“A generation later Great Britain undertook the Boer War, Kruger and his people had no seacoast and no navy, and no foreign power supplied them with cruisers to prey upon British commerce. The transportation of troops and supplies from all British ports to Capetown and Durban was done in unarmed transports without convoy. At no time did the Boers have to exceed forty thousand armed men in the field, nor the British to exceed two hundred thousand under arms in South Africa. Nevertheless that little war, lasting somewhat over two years, added to the funded debt of Great Britain about £220,000,000 say \$1,100,000,000.

“While my belief that a large war is financially impossible had been formed long before the Boer War, the results thereof and the present condition of Japan since her victory over Russia, have strengthened me therein.

“Again, while much credit has deservedly been given to President Roosevelt for his efforts in bringing about peace be-

tween Russia and Japan, my belief is that the warnings given by Mr. Jacob H. Schiff and other bankers who had financed Japan, were the real cause of her yielding, in the crisis of the negotiations, the island of Saghalien, and so making the Treaty of Portsmouth possible. I can't state this as an historic fact, but with others I do so believe.

“Without exactly agreeing with you that the nations of the world are bound together by ‘chains of gold,’ I do know that every civilized nation is today overburdened with vast and increasing debts and with ever increasing taxation, and that financiers by reason of their world wide interests are opposed to war. Every intelligent nation, and especially their Ministers of Finance are well aware of these facts.

“Coming now to answering your specific questions:

“1. How much damage to our financial interests would a war with some other naval power (e.g., Japan or Germany) inflict?

“ ‘He who goeth to war’ never could ‘first count the cost.’ The cost of war is incalculable, and since that between the British and the Boers, aeroplanes, wireless telegraphy, and other new and expensive appliances have been invented and will be called for without limit in the next.

“2. Would a big European war in which we took no part, seriously imperil our prosperity?

“Not in the least. But on the contrary we would immediately gain thereby, unless the Administration at Washington should for some reason of altruistic idiocy, prevent us from doing what other neutral nations have ever done under like circumstances, that is make hay while the sun shines and reap all the benefits of the warring nations’ economic blunders. Whether those immediate profits would exceed the subsequent loss due to the concurrent misfortunes of our best customers in Europe, is perhaps questionable. But I think that if our public affairs were managed with ordinary intelligence, we would on the whole gain. Ours is still a growing country and has become a manufacturing one.

“3. Would you approve of using force to maintain order in Latin American countries?

"Much as I deprecate the use of force in those or other countries, we must admit that circumstances may arise which will, there or elsewhere, make it imperatively necessary to do so.

"4. Do you think we ought to be prepared to enforce the Monroe Doctrine by arms?

"The Monroe Doctrine has been twisted and stretched to the breaking point. It was originally, and is a measure of peace, and as such should be enforced. It does not follow that we ought to be prepared to enforce everything which any wild eyed politician or blatherskite newspaper may choose for selfish reasons to call 'The Monroe Doctrine.'

"5. Do you think that war, in the present economic organization of the world, can be abolished?

"Emphatically No. Neither the Hague Tribunal, nor any other like thing, can prevent any nation from going to war when its rulers or its people are so minded. The whole thing reminds me of the arbitration clauses with which contracts between commercial corporations invariably end. In a long business experience, I signed hundreds of them but always realized that when and if either party became dissatisfied with the contract it would go to law. There is and can be no Supreme Court armed with the authority to determine, and the power to settle international disputes. Even in particular Nations we have seen and shall see Civil Wars.

"6. Do you think that the present peace movement is practical in its aims or methods?

"No, although I appreciate that it is well intended, and in minor cases does some good.

"7. Do you approve of a large navy? How many battleships do you think the United States ought to build each year?

"I do not approve of a large navy for the United States, which have no mercantile marine worth speaking of, no present prospect of having one, and no colonies worth defending. When the best informed of our Naval Officers shall become satisfied that we have some fair chance of protecting Battleships against torpedo boats and Battleships shall have shown their usefulness for other purposes than running into each other or themselves aground, capsizing or blowing themselves up, it will be

time to consider the purchase of more of them. Meanwhile what have the tax payers of the world to show for the thousands of millions of their money which have been invested in these 'extra hazardous' experiments? The present competition among the nations of the world in the matter of battleships is the most idiotic waste of public money ever since Noah undertook to build the Ark, and the Tower of Babel.

"The flag of the United States was respected the world over from 1815 to 1861, although our navy was in those years utterly inconsequent in comparison with that of Great Britain and other foreign powers. Nor did Great Britain fail to respect us in the negotiation of the Alabama Claims in 1871-72, although we had then disbanded and dismantled the navy created during the Civil War, and done this wisely, as in that war we had lost our previously large and profitable mercantile marine.

"I cannot agree with you in thinking that trade and investment place much of a brake upon the wheels of war. The taking out of gainful pursuits of many thousands of active young men, the depredations of cruisers upon commercial vessels on the high seas, &c., almost invariably operate to stimulate trade on new lines, and the very large cost of war always stimulates changes of investment to the profit of middlemen if not of the investors themselves. The only brakes I see which exercise, or can exercise, any restraining influence, are to be found in the increased cost of war, and the present awful, and increasing burden of taxation the world over. Nor do I at all agree with you that commerce is killing militarism; on the contrary militarism is throttling commerce."

After devoting about two pages to the ever-increasing burden of taxes in this country, the letter continues:

"Believing as I do that the situation in foreign countries is on the whole not much better than with us, I have not the least apprehension of war on any large scale, although I do expect to see the strong nations continue to wrong the weak."

As late as July 26, 1914, Mr. Kretz, the head of the Foreign Exchange Department of the Park Bank, wrote from Berlin and

expressed the opinion that the war would probably be confined to the Balkans, despite the fact that the crowds in the streets of Berlin and Paris were howling for war. He closes his letter with the following statement:

“But I for one don’t believe that the Emperor will be carried away by public opinion, I rather think that the confidence which other nations, even France, repose in him will assist him to localize the present trouble to the Balkan.”

If there had been the slightest foreknowledge on the part of the financial community, my father and Mr. Kretz would not have written as they did.

By far the greater part of Mr. Kretz’s long letter refers to new banking connections he had just established in Germany, which of course would be useless in the event of war, if not decidedly unprofitable and dangerous.

Despite the fact that International Bankers are constantly accused of being instrumental in bringing on the first World War, I firmly believe that they did not have the slightest foreknowledge of that War. I have yet to see a circular from a bank or brokerage house that suggests a general European War on a large scale, dated prior to July 22, 1914. The circular of the City Bank dated August 1, 1914, hasn’t a word suggesting such a possibility in all its half dozen pages. No, the bankers were too busy doing a profitable business in financing the companies engaged in the motor business and the oil industry to go “war mongering.”

The nearest approach to the suggestion of friction between Germany and any of the other European powers is a back page article, in a speech of a rather obscure Englishman, who hinted that conflict might arise between England and Germany on commercial lines.

In the late spring of 1914, Callaway, Fish & Company were in negotiation with a mysterious German who wished us to become his American correspondents. While matters were in the discussion stage, the Crown Prince of Austria was killed. Our prospective client was much worried. A few days later he

received a cable from one of the big banks in Berlin, that read as follows:

“WE EXPECT MANY HOT WEEKS BEFORE THE
END OF JULY.”

On receipt of this news he broke off negotiations and went back to Germany. The cable worried me for a time but I soon forgot it. Later events recalled it to my mind.

When Hitler marched in to the Ruhr Valley, this same German correspondent wired a friend of mine:

“THE SOUP IS HOTTER WHEN IT IS COOKING
THAN WHEN IT IS SERVED.”

The writer of these two cables was one of Hitler's financial advisers for a time.

For a day or two, the murder of the Crown Prince and his wife held the front pages of the papers. Then a particularly weird local murder, and Wilson's tomfoolery with Huerta, Villa, and Carranza in Mexico occupied the attention of the editors. The stock markets all over the world were dull and sagging, but not weak enough to forecast the coming disaster.

On or about the 27th of July, when it appeared that the breach between Austria, Hungary, and Serbia could not be localized and that Russia, Germany, France, and perhaps Britain would be plunged into war, all Europe started to convert their securities into cash. The London Exchange practically ceased to do business on July 29th, so their selling orders were sent to New York. The New York Stock Exchange was able to handle the business of the 29th and 30th of July, but with London officially closed July 31st, we could not take care of such an avalanche of world selling.

July 30th was a nasty day, both from the point of view of the weather, which was hot and sticky, and from a market point of view. Drawings by Burke, the cartoonist of the Exchange, were posted on the bulletin board, portraying the Berlin, Antwerp and Paris Exchanges, with signs on their doors marked “closed,” and a rather flamboyant drawing of the New York Stock Exchange with the caption “open for business, as usual.”

I got an impression that these drawings were premature and a piece of ill-advised bravado. I wondered how we could take care of all the selling of Europe, single-handed. However, the market closed on July 30th fairly steady (about 1,300,000 shares traded in). There was no panic or confusion, but a dead, sick, foreboding feeling. Stocks closed at or near the bottom. Little more would be needed to produce a vomit of securities, if the news was bad the next day.

I went back to the office in an uneasy frame of mind, hoping for good news. There was none. My family was in the country. Trains might be late in the morning, so I decided to stay in town to pick up the latest news. The clubs I belonged to, the usual centers of gossip, were devoid of information. Finally, tired and oppressed with the damp humidity, I went to the "Belmont Hotel" and hired a room. The hotel was crowded. I got a poor room on an airshaft. There, in the heat and stuffiness of the place, I tossed around in an uncomfortable bed, hoping for better news in the morning, which I sensed would not be forthcoming.

At about six-thirty, when the light began to filter through the window in the airshaft, I got up and went to breakfast. The dining-room was gloomy—it depressed me. Despite the earliness of the hour, I found quite a number of people there. They occupied two tables which were littered with cigar and cigarette stubs, soiled glasses, the remnants of food and books and papers that indicated an "all night" conference.

As I was finishing my breakfast Eugene Meyer joined me. He called my attention to the two groups in the dining-room. I hadn't noticed that they were members of the two leading "Odd-lot Houses." Meyer said that Carlisle, Mellick and DeCoppet & Doremus Company had been in conference all night as to whether they should go on the Board in the morning to do business. Neither of them wanted to, and it was possible that one of them was unable to—hence the all-night sessions.

Meyer went on to say that the London Exchange had not opened and that selling orders from Europe were pouring in in great volume and that if we opened things would be chaotic. He was emphatic in his belief that the Exchange should not

open. His intention was to go downtown and urge his friends to persuade the Governors not to open the Exchange, and he asked me to do likewise, which I agreed to do. At 8:30 the news on the ticker and floor of the Exchange was alarming. The opinion of all those I went to see was in favor of closing the Exchange, with one exception, the last house I visited—Henry Clews & Company. There I was ushered in to see young “Jimmy” Clews, a pompous little man with a black mustache, whom I asked to use his influence (which was great) to prevent the opening of the Board. He puffed out his chest and said: “Henry Clews & Company are solvent and ready to do business, and want the Board to open.” I then told him perhaps they were solvent then but if the Board opened, they wouldn’t be. As a parting “shot,” I said that the bell in the rostrum would start to ring a series of chimes announcing failures and added, I hoped that our firm would last long enough for me to hear Henry Clews’ name read off before mine was.

By that time, it was about 9:15. Just across the street was the news agency of Dow, Jones. While at College, I rowed on the same crew with Barr, the editor on the *News* desk. I persuaded him that the Exchange could not open and got him to print an announcement on the ticker, that the Governors of the Exchange, then in session, would close the Exchange. This was at once denied. The Governors were, at the time, waiting for advice from J. P. Morgan & Company, on this very matter. When Morgan refused to commit himself, one way or the other, the governors closed the Exchange. Our “unofficial” forecast was right.

I went to the floor. There wasn’t much confusion but there were great masses of selling orders. Some posts were deserted by the specialists. I sorted a lot of orders for two specialists who worked near me.

A few minutes before ten, the president and secretary of the Exchange appeared in the rostrum. There was one stroke of the bell, followed by a second, denoting the fact that some announcement was to be read. The announcement was that “The Board was declared closed and would remain so till further

notice." Three other notices about contracts and not trading or transacting business of any kind were read.

Shortly after the Board did not open, the two specialists whose orders I had sorted, arrived on the scene and said that they had been caught in a subway jam. How long the "subway jam" would have lasted if the market had "opened," is a matter of conjecture. One lived in New Jersey, the other on Long Island, and neither of them ever used the Subway.

The other Exchanges throughout the country followed our action. Trading in stocks and commodities was suspended on all of the Exchanges of the world.

A sense of relief seemed to spread over the floor, perhaps the same sense of freedom from worry that comes to an insolvent after the affairs of his firm have been placed in the hands of the courts. In a way all of us were insolvent. However, eleven hundred members of the Exchange, collectively, had standing with the banks, which individually we did not have. This was sufficient wisdom for closing the Exchange before our membership had suffered from the wholesale failures that would have taken place if the market had opened July 31st.

"August 6, 1914.

Stuyvesant Fish, Jr., to S. Fish, Sr.

"The Board of Governors met about 9:30 on Friday morning. Mr. Morgan was telephoned at that time and asked for advice. He asked the Governors to call up a little later; at various times—intervals of about five minutes his office was called up for advice—about 9:55 no definite answer could be obtained as to whether the Exchange should open or remain closed. At that time, it had also developed that the odd lot houses, who for the past week had been the largest buyers on the floor, were so congested with business and their credits were so limited at the banks, that they were in no position to go on the floor that morning and trade. This, together with the lack of definite assurance from the banks that they would advance further credits and assistance, persuaded the Governors not to open the Exchange. As a direct result of the closing of the Exchange, a very large amount of contracts were outstanding

between the different Stock Exchange houses, the banks absolutely refusing any accommodations to clean up this situation.

“Of course, at this time, it is difficult to borrow money at any rate and I think the banks have acted, as far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, in a rather niggardly manner with regard to the advancing of credits.

“Regarding the re-opening of the Exchange, at the present writing, it is impossible to say how soon an attempt will be made to resume business.

“There is some short interest in the market, but I do not think that it is as large as rumor wishes us to believe, the odd lot houses * however, must be short a substantial amount of stock, I should say about 300,000 shares. Quotations on the outside have been very close to the closing of Thursday, with the exception of a rumored sale of a large block of St. Paul stock about ten points below the market and the purchase of a large block of Reading somewhat above the close.

“I do not think one can make anything out of the foreign news as sentiment here is so strongly in favor of England and France, and all the news is highly colored, coming only from the above mentioned sources.”

With the Board closed, I was able to keep myself quite busy in visiting the boats at quarantine with the refugees from Europe. Many of them were without money. The committee on which I worked was authorized to feed and lodge them for a day or so and furnish them their fare home at the expense of the City. With a very generous contribution from Mr. Robert F. Cutting, I was able to make small cash loans here and there, which were very seldom repaid.

For the next four and one-half months, the floor of the Exchange was kept open as usual between the hours of ten and three. A few members, from force of habit, strayed onto the floor to gossip and speculate as to what was going to happen. The little business that was transacted was by barter under the supervision of a committee of five Governors of the Exchange.

* The decline was so rapid that they were forced into a short position, which the closing of the Exchange froze.

My firm was able to dispose of several thousand shares of steel for one customer and buy Norfolk & Western for another client of ours. The transaction was a very complex one and required a lot of negotiation.

Affairs on the Cotton Exchange were in a far worse condition than those on the Stock Exchange. In the first place we were not the sole growers of cotton, nor was the New York Cotton Exchange nearly as much of a monopoly. Thousands of planters in this country and abroad could not be controlled as readily as the comparatively few traders in securities. As a result, the price of cotton in the spot market dropped from about ten cents to around four and one-half cents. This led to a nationwide campaign to buy a bale of cotton and help out the Southern farmers. This campaign was much advertised. President Woodrow Wilson bought the first bale.

Henry Marquand, an old neighbor of mine, wrote the following verses on the subject:

“BUY A BALE OF COTTON”

“THE SOUTH TO NEW YORK”

Say, brother in the North,
I hope you'll find it worth
A little of your time
To listen to my rhyme.
We're way down in the mouth,
We fellers in the South,
We picked a bumper crop
And thought to be on top
When European war
Delivered us a jar.
We do not want to croak
But we are nearly broke.
You have a noble soul
And carry a big roll.
The times are simply rotten,
Just buy a bale of cotton.
You'll make a bit no doubt
And help your brother out.

“NEW YORK TO THE SOUTH”

Well, if you are my brother,
We must help one another;

But Johnny, don't you see
 You're rather rough on me.
 When cloudless is the sky
 And the goose is hanging high,
 'Tis then with ghoulisn glee
 You have it in for me.
 You find no word of praise
 For any of our ways.
 You try to clip our wings
 And call us dreadful things;
 Our Wall Street is a sink,
 You'd put it on the blink;
 You hand us little jokers,
 And Tax our idle brokers,
 And try to bring us loss
 By putting one across.
 But when you're in a hole,
 You Laud our noble soul,
 And then for help you fly
 To those whom you decry.
 A question let me ax,
 Who pays the income tax?
 If money you would raise
 Who is the one that pays
 For Philanthropic work?
 It's little old New York—
 When there are loads to bear
 She takes the lion's share.
 Our times are also rotten—
 But send along your cotton,
 For, seeing it is you,
 I guess we'll help you through.

The North Westchester Times.

H. M.

Soon requests for subscriptions to different Red Cross and charitable organizations began to pour in. One of the first requests came from Whitney Warren in behalf of the French. With this request he enclosed a photograph of the group of statues around the clock at the Grand Central Station. I believe that my father suggested the Gods Mercury and Vulcan, and the Goddess Minerva, as being the proper deities for a great railroad station.

“3 August 1914.

Whitney Warren to S. Fish, Sr.

“As you collaborated very prominently in this group when it was still in the clay and also made some disparaging remarks

concerning the good God Mercury, if I remember rightly, I am sending you this photo of the laying of the last stone of the Terminal proper, eleven years after I made the first studies—some waiting!!”

(rest censored).

It amused my father to say that Mercury, the central figure of the group, was the god of thieves. Whether he meant the railroad company or the chief owners of the stock is a question I cannot answer.

“Paris, 4 Sept. 1914.

Whitney Warren to S. Fish, Sr.

“What you say about the sympathy of our country for France is most encouraging. Of course, if ever there was war in which Right was on one side or the other, it is in this case with this good country. I wish that all intending subscriptions you may hear of from people who really should be in sympathy with this country, and who have virtually none with its enemies, should be directly given for specific French purposes. Do enthuse Mrs. Fish on this subject. I see that a great fête was given at Newport for which much money was subscribed; I fear the minimum of it has come to us. These international organizations I do not believe in; there are moments in life when one must choose whether one is going to follow one’s friends or not, and this is one of them. I believe that France has always been and always will be our friend, and that we should stand by her. I hope you will back me up in this.”

S. Fish, Sr., to Whitney Warren.

“I duly received at Newport the photograph which you were kind enough to send me of the statue of the ‘Heathen Trinity,’ which you are putting up at the Grand Central, and am very much obliged to you therefor. Meanwhile I heard that you have gone over to France and may have enlisted; in fact I don’t know what you have done, in your enthusiasm for ‘La Patrie’.

“Of one thing you can rest assured, that sympathy here is altogether with France and her allies; this notwithstanding the

tremendously large German population and their influence in the community. Of real news we get little or nothing. The one good thing that this war has developed thus far is an absolute censorship of the Press. You may probably recall what the utter absence of anything of that sort caused us even in the miserable little so-called war we had in Cuba. I am very glad to see that the Great Powers have set their foot down against having their plans revealed to the enemy through their own press.

“My son Sidney is in Paris, and in touch with our Ambassador, Mr. Herrick, who by-the-bye is an old friend of mine. From all I can make out Sidney seems to be having a good time, and is in no hurry to come home; so I suppose you will stay there also. Meanwhile you have my best wishes for whatever you may do.

“The reception given in the newspapers to your statue has been most flattering. Individually I have not seen it, but shall do so when next at the Grand Central. If you see the sculptor, whose name I do not recall, please give him my kind regards—provided of course that he has not been called to the front, as our chef Gerard was yesterday. Gerard went down on the boat with me last night and seemed to be in very good spirits.”

Whitney Warren, though he was beyond military age, like Dick Peters, I believe joined the French Army. We never heard from our chef Gerard. For all I know, he may be the “unknown soldier” lying in state in Paris.

“September 18, 1914.

S. Fish, Sr., to Whitney Warren.

“I have your welcome letter of September 4th. Sidney got home safely and comfortably, and like everyone else I have seen says that about the only discomfort he experienced was from the company of too many undesirable fellow citizens, especially your friends of Shemitic origin.

“Mrs. Fish and I have exhausted ourselves in the matter of Red Cross, and in it, I think rightly, on purely international ground. We native Americans may have likes and dislikes



Harriman Gets Control of the Illinois Central.
"Discharged for honesty"
(1906)
Cartoon by McCutcheon

among various nations of Europe, but in a crisis like the present ought to act with perfect impartiality. You will be glad to know that the Newport bazaar and entertainment raised and actually remitted \$43,875 net. Personally my giving pocket-book is empty. Moreover, we will have more than the usual calls at home this year; indeed we will have our hands full taking care of our own people.

“With you, I believe that France always has been, and always will be, our friend. So also of Russia which has been even more consistent; for, after all, you must remember that during the Civil War Napoleon III was quite as anxious to recognize the Southern Confederacy as were Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone and other British Ministers. True, France did not fit out cruisers to prey on our commerce, but France was not then a shipbuilding nation.

“I am very glad to see since your letter was written that affairs seem to be turning in favor of the Allies all along the line, and personally I shall be very glad to see Emperor William and the whole Prussian military organization wiped out. Unfortunately before that is accomplished there will be much suffering, not only in Germany, but all over, and perhaps not the least right home here in America, strange as it may seem. Things seem to have been very badly handled here, financially, politically and diplomatically.”

Whitney Warren's letter quoted a few pages back is, in a mild form, an example of the propaganda that began to flood this country. Propaganda became a household word.

When one of my mother's friends began bewailing the fact that she and her husband had never had any children, my mother remarked in a voice that did not disguise her boredom, “Perhaps, dear, you haven't got the proper gander.”

“Jan. 20, 1915.

S. Fish, Sr. to Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster.

“I have just received your ‘appeal’ and enclose check for \$25. As you are of course aware, I have many appeals from every part of Europe and from every part of these United

States to answer, and having long since given much more than my judgment dictated, have of late gone far beyond what my pocketbook can afford. What a race of sentimentalists we are becoming, and what 'easy marks' the Europeans must think we are,—to let them start a war, which has cost us untold millions in trade, and then to have us voluntarily send them other millions to relieve them of the consequences of their own acts! I have looked very carefully through the lists of contributors published day by day at the time of the Sanitary Fair in New York in 1864, without being able to find therein any person in Europe (except Charlotte Cushman, a native American who happened to be over there, and a few American women who had married Germans) who contributed one cent to the millions which we then raised for the relief of our own soldiers. My feeling is one of thankfulness that this is not our war, and of utter indifference as to the outcome, provided only that the war shall last long enough to enable us Americans to make enough money out of it in trading as neutrals with all the belligerents, to recoup the losses after an exhaustive war, through the impoverishment of our best customers.

"I know that you will not agree with me, but you know I always do like to get up a discussion, and furthermore I am selfish, narrow minded, bigoted, &c., &c."

While my father says his "giving pocketbook is empty," I find letter after letter in which he "grouses" about the war and things in general, but at the beginning or end of the letter he says, "I enclose check for the Red Cross, etc." The females of the family were most successful in pulling uncle "Stuyve's" leg.

RE-OPENING OF THE EXCHANGE

In the meantime, the Exchange was hard at work straightening out the open contracts of July 30th, and making arrangements to take care of the stock in transit from Europe. Both of the problems proved to be much less difficult than they were at first supposed to be. If these had been the only problems that

faced the Exchange, the Board could have re-opened in a few weeks. The banks, however, were opposed to opening until a favorable trade balance had been established with Europe. Towards the end of November, the foreign exchange market, which had been much against us, turned in our favor, removing this objection.

We re-opened in two sections. The Bond Market was opened first. A few days later we opened for stock trading, with minimum prices below which stocks could not be sold. Most stocks were offered at their minimum prices and stayed there. A few went up, or opened up, and there was a market, but not an "open market." Gradually more and more stocks advanced above the minimum and trading broadened. The minimums on the rest of the stocks were gradually reduced and a real free and open market was established.

My firm had at that time the accounts of the officers of the American Locomotive Co. When the Exchange opened we had orders to sell this stock at the minimum for every officer of the company and some of the employees—three thousand shares to sell for the president, one thousand shares for the treasurer, and so on down the line about five or six thousand shares in all. The officers and clerks were taking the president's tip to sell the stock. It was funny to watch the mad scramble of these "would be sellers" to cancel their selling orders and grab the stock of their less nimble associates when the company got a large war order. The market in "War Babies" (stocks with war orders) was on.

The "War Baby" market of 1915-17 was a nerve-racking affair. The chief difficulty was the obtaining of loans from the banks to carry the stocks our customers wanted to buy. It was obvious to everybody, except the loaning officers of the various banks, that certain industrial companies were going to make huge profits. Despite this fact, the banks often refused to make loans on these stocks.

Another worry was that many of the stocks that our customers wanted to buy were utterly unknown, and save for the fact that "somebody" had told somebody else that the company had or was about to receive a large war order, nothing

was actually known about the stock. As a result, the activity on the Exchange was great and rumors and tips plentiful. That many of these tips proved false is only natural.

One of the stocks tipped for a rise was Canadian Car & Foundry. The stock ran up from about sixty to one hundred and twenty-five. I bought about a thousand shares for my own account at around seventy. After I had been long of the stock for a week or two, the office told me that the stock had not been delivered. This struck me as odd, so I asked the office to let me know when the delivery was made. Another week passed—the stock was selling at one hundred and twenty when the office notified me that the delivery had been made and that all the stock was registered in the name of Lord Kitchener of Khartum. Suspecting that as soon as this was known around the “Street” the stock would sell off, I sold my stock as fast as I could, breaking the price twelve points in so doing. I was lucky at that—the stock broke over forty points more in the next few days.

During the period before we entered the war, my firm bought control of a steel company for a client of ours and a machine tool company for another client. They both lost heavily on these transactions. They held their purchase too long and were not content with a fair profit, which they might have made. It is my recollection that the capital gains tax had something to do with this.

It has always been my belief that this tax and high margin requirements make for wide swings, both up and down in the market. The panics and booms we had prior to the levying of the tax were child’s play compared to those that we have had since.

With regard to margins, a man who is trading on a small margin, such as we had prior to 1914, watches his account more closely and in turn his account is more closely watched by his broker. If a customer has a big margin he is less apt to worry over a five point decline and his broker less inclined to force him to keep his margins up to the full limit. Then, too, a small margin doesn’t represent as much of the customer’s available capital. In all major panics a strange fact must be borne in mind. At the low point of the depression, the “Street”

is on a cash basis—every margin trader has paid for his stock or been wiped out, the brokers refusing to buy stock except for cash.

As the war continued to drag along, two different schools of thought developed. The first wished to have the country armed and equipped for any possible crisis and the other, led by Henry Ford, was endeavoring to bring about immediate peace without continuing the fight to the finish.

“March 9, 1915.

S. Fish, Sr. to A. D. Noyes.

“The whole talk about military preparedness is to my thinking bosh. We have less need of it today than ever, and never had any. Barring accidents, the war in Europe will be fought out to a finish, through the absolute exhaustion of one party or the other, and when peace comes it will for many years take all the financial resources of the civilized world to set the business of Europe a’going once more commercially. I don’t want to be pessimistic, but an old adage comes to my mind:

“Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King’s horses and all the King’s men
Couldn’t put Humpty Dumpty together again.”

“Dec. 1, 1915.

S. Fish, Sr. to Robert Sands.

“The peace proposals about which we hear so much in the newspapers are merely efforts on the part of Mr. Ford and others to advertise themselves internationally, as he, at least has so successfully advertised his automobiles nationally.”

“London, 12th March, 1917.

G. Grinnell-Milne to S. Fish, Sr.

“Yes, I rather agree with you that the Germans got one advantage from this in that they were ‘enabled to satisfy and hearten their own people,’ but I do not think that the historians of the future, those weird creatures to whom we so frequently refer as standing ready to chop off our reputations, will be

able to say that they got any benefit in regard to divulging peace proposals or ideas. They have, as a matter of fact, not put forward any real peace proposals; at least, that is the view of most people here."

Wilson and the Washington administration come in for much comment usually of an unfavorable character:

"Jan. 30, 1915.

S. Fish, Sr. to Wm. C. Reick.

"Oh for the shade of Billy Laffan, who had the sand to call a former chief executive 'An incunabula of inveracity' & a few other pet names. Why dont the *Sun* go for W. W. on his sporting proposition. It wont do to 'call his hand,' you have got to 'raise' him and should do it Editorially and diurnally. *Now* is the psychological moment & taxes, as working for bad times & high cost of living, is the spot where it hurts to get spanked hard."

With regard to the *Lusitania*, the Under Secretary of State of that time, J. B. Moore, writes this startling letter:

"February 10, 1916.

"Your reference to the course of our present administration at Washington I appreciate. If, for instance, there was ever in the world a psychological moment at which to settle the *Lusitania* case, it was when Germany, having already expressed regret and given a pledge for the future, reconsidered her previous refusal and undertook to pay an indemnity. The complete elements of a disavowal, namely, expression of regret, payment of money, and a pledge to abstain from like acts in the future, were all present, and, if accepted at once, could have been flashed before the country as a full compliance with American demands. By the verbal jockeying that has since taken place, a great opportunity has been frittered away and an unfortunate impression created. Gramont got France into war in 1870 by an analogous error."

S. Fish, Sr., to Hon. T. E. Burton.

“That our Government, having changed from a Representative Republic to a Democracy, will not permanently descend to being simply the rule of the mob—out of which the only possible issue is ‘the man on horseback’—I firmly believe; but how are we to stem the tide? That common school education will not do the trick is obvious. The only way out, to my thinking, is for men of experience, position and character to speak out boldly in favor of the rule by the whole people, and against every appeal to the prejudices of those among them who are of the lowest degree. We are getting dangerously near to ‘panem et circenses’.”

“February 2, 1915.

S. Fish, Sr., to Hon. H. J. G.

“My guess is that the general situation is much better with you in Utah than it is with us here. We are not going to have a panic in the near future, but what with investigations—out of which the lawyers make fees and the politicians votes—legislation adverse to business interests, and the fact of a war going on in Europe with awful waste of capital,—things are at a very low ebb here. As Mr. Stotesbury said the other day, ‘President Wilson is perfectly right in saying that “business is looking up”—being flat on its back how could it look in any other direction?’ I have been through other periods of depression, but I cannot recall one where the President of the United States went out of his way to say, first, that he didn’t know much about business; second, that we are in a condition, or approaching a condition, of great prosperity—when such is not the fact. You can trust those who have had experience, commercial and financial, to see prosperity ahead as soon as it rises over the horizon.”

“December 1, 1915.

S. Fish, Sr., to Robert C. Sands.

“What a pity it is that those in power in England find it expedient to continue to seize American ships on the high seas. I don’t care at all what they do in respect to blockade runners, but when they take American ships engaged in our own coast-wise trade and in trade to South America (where there can be

no question of the ultimate destination of the cargo), I begin to wish that we had a somewhat less 'spineless' government of our own at Washington. Don't think I am Pro-German. For twenty years past I have been so utterly antagonistic to the dominant Prussian part of Germany as to have carefully avoided ever going north of Munich if possible and of Cologne, under any circumstances. I do heartily dislike the Prussian militarism, while retaining a very warm liking for the people of South Germany, including Baden, Bavaria and Austria. But as the Prussians are absolutely dominant in the Teutonic Alliance, I must of course say that my sympathies are with our British cousins and their French allies.

"As far as Italy is concerned it seems at this distance that they had simply waited till they thought it was to their advantage, and then sold themselves to the highest bidder.

"The ultimate result of the war must be a victory for Great Britain and her Allies—'God fights on the side of the heavy battalion' and this war like all others which are really pursued to a finality, will turn on the financial endurance of the contestants, precisely as our Civil War did result in the utter exhaustion of the South. As you may remember, when Grant took Lee's surrender at Appomattox, the next thing which happened after the signing of the capitulation, and Grant's magnanimous refusal to accept Lee's sword,—was a request by Lee to Grant to send over eighteen thousand rations to his starving men. I read the other day a letter by one of the twenty officers who were present on that occasion in the room at Appomattox, in which he said that Lee's men had previous to the surrender subsisted on the opening buds of trees. The writer was Col. Woolsey, an uncle of our good friend, Mr. James Russell Soley. The Germans haven't got down to that as yet, but the present war must go on until they are absolutely exhausted. It is a big contract to starve out a nation, but it will have to be done, and I can't help thinking that it will take two or three years more to do it."

Andre Champollion was the first of my friends and schoolmates to be killed. Enlisting in a French regiment at the very outset of the war, he was killed in the first few months of fight-

ing. Lawrence Breeze, and Dill Starr, came next, followed by many others after we entered the War.

Long before we entered the War, Julia Breeze, Janet and Helena Fish, and Veronica Frazier were doing active war work in England and France. When we entered the War, most of the family of draft age saw service in Europe. Three or four of them received decorations: Janet and Ham Fish got the "Croix de Guerre." I believe Harriette Rogers and one of the Dicks were also decorated.

Even with friends and relations being killed and wounded, the War at first seemed remote. Children were being born, people married and died.

DEATH OF MY MOTHER

"March 31, 1915.

S. Fish, Sr., to Harry C. Gamage.

"The news of your engagement, conveyed in your letter of the 25th instant, is to me most gratifying. Marriage is indeed, 'An honourable estate.' While I can't, and of course would not, say that what follows influenced me in 'proposing,' it did so happen that a day or two before that all important epoch in my life, a wise old lady discoursed to me and another, who also had the honour to call her 'Cousin,' about as follows: 'You young men ought to marry when and if you can. Look at the old bachelors whom you know and see, year by year, how they become more self centred and selfish, until they finally dry up, wither away & leave no trace.' Her advice in no way affected my action, which had already been determined on. Her other kinsman, who had been my classmate & intimate friend at College, died a dozen years later in an asylum, a bachelor and a religious maniac.

"In looking back over the many bitter and sweet, but ever pleasurable, memories of long years of married life, I can recall no moment when I failed to be thankful for my action & above all for my choice. In the meanwhile I have known not a few bachelors whose lives, far from becoming centripetal, have enlarged constantly in most self sacrificing work for others whose

claims on them, if existent, were small. As there are good & bad 'Trusts,' so there are good & bad bachelors. I am personally greatly beholden to at least one of the exceedingly good ones. My cousin's strictures are by no means of universal application, and yet I cant help thinking that she was in a general way right as to the effect produced by a bachelor's life on his disposition and wholly right in advising young men, who can, to marry. Apart from the pleasures of a sweet and intimate companionship, to be found no where else, dont we owe matrimony as a duty to the State?

"In my humble opinion, you are doing wisely and I appreciate the courtesy of your giving me this early advice. Pray be kind enough to give to Miss Crom my respects and to accept, on her behalf & yours, my best wishes for many years of unmixed happiness. The Hebrews have in their marriage service a prayer which we Christians would do well to import into ours; the rabbi prays for the bride and groom, 'May you grow old together.' Like yourself I married one who indeed was & is a paragon of perfection, and despite our now being grandparents we still think and sometimes say, 'The best is yet to come, for which all else was begun,' or words to that effect. My Book of Quotations is not here and I never could remember two consecutive lines of poetry."

A few pages further on in my father's letter book appears the following:

"Tuesday night, May 25, 1915.

S. Fish, Sr., to Chas. H. Wenman.

"Mrs. Fish passed away shortly before ten o'clock tonight, without a murmur & in no pain, dying as she always had said she wished to, without a day's illness."

A few months before my mother died, she wrote on a piece of note paper the following verses of Matthew Arnold, which she quoted from memory. There are a few words that are different from Arnold's original, but these were corrected by my father when the inscription was placed on her tombstone.

I would have left it as she wrote it. My father's pains to

be exact and accurate on minor matters always annoyed her. She wrote the verses as follows:

“Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of rue,
For in quiet she reposes
And I would that I could too.
The world her mirth required,
So she bathed it in smiles of glee,
But her heart was tired, tired,
So now they let her be.
For her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound,
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.”

“June 22, 1915.

S. Fish, Sr., to Mrs. Kate O'Connor.

“As you have heard, Mrs. Fish died on May 25 at our country place at Garrison, not the house in which we were living when you were with us, but the one in which my father used to live, and known as Glenclyffe. As was our custom, Mrs. Fish and I had taken a walk of some two or three miles the afternoon before, and she came home apparently in the best of health. The next morning she complained of being unable to move her left arm and unable to stand on her legs. When the Doctor came she had fallen asleep, which sleep passed off into a stupor, and then came the end. You will be glad to know that she died without any pain, and as she had always wished to, without any long illness.

“You will be glad to know that my son Sidney (your boy) has announced his engagement to be married, which engagement took place some weeks ago. The young lady, Miss Olga Wiborg, is both pretty and attractive. I suppose the young people will be married in the autumn.

“It was very kind of you to write and I appreciate your having done so very much.”

Kate O'Connor was my brother's wet nurse. As I remember her, she was a not over neat, but a very pleasant Irish woman.—good looking, with black hair and blue eyes. After she left,

her husband, a worthless fellow countryman of her's, lost his life in a fire at the docks in Hoboken.

* * *

My mother's death, to my mind, marked the end of a period in the history of New York society. During her day dinners and balls were given by the leaders of society in their own homes. After her death these parties were not given in the homes of the wealthy New Yorkers. Due to prohibition and servant problems, big dinners, dances, etc., were farmed out to hotels and caterers. The "crashing" of parties by uninvited guests, impossible in the old days, when the family butler knew all the guests by sight and could readily exclude strangers, became a nuisance. Uninvited guests, many of them tipsy and guests who had fortified themselves against a possible dearth of liquor made these parties rowdy and noisy.

OUR GENERATION—YOURS AND MINE

1883-1942

I HAD intended to finish this book with our entry into the war. Various misfortunes suffered by me from fire, accident and sickness brought my efforts to an abrupt ending.

I am writing the closing sentences in the hills of the Highlands at Garrison, N.Y., where my old friend Bill Brown is feeding me up and hiding me from my doctors, dentists, tenants and family. The wheel of time has once more gone round. In our generation we parents expected destiny to single out our children for peace and the good things of life, and destiny would no longer be forced.

We are the salt of the earth: "but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted. It is henceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men."

Our generation, yours and mine, has been found wanting, verily we have lost our savour.

The broom of the sweeper is at the gate. The wasters and incompetents, in high places, will be swept out as well as you and I.

The tide is at its lowest ebb where we have caused it to go. I hear the inrush of the flood. It will be irresistible and in its might carry all before it. Greater strength and glory will come to this country. Power, sanity and peace are coming. I hail the generation to follow and their true NEW ORDER with every confidence. It will not be a NEW DEAL born of folly and spending.

"Farewell to all; on life's rude main
Perchance we ne'er shall meet again,
Thro' stress of stormy weather,
Yet when He Summons us above,
We'll harbor in the port of love,
And all be moored together."

FINIS

February 22nd, 1942.

APPENDIX

THE ANTHONS

Great, Great, Grandfather George Christian Anthon was born August 25, 1734. His family was of peasant stock. His father, John Michael Anthon, was a schoolteacher at Salzungen in Saxe Meiningen, Germany. His mother, Dorothea Rosina Louisa Cramer, was the daughter of John Theophilus Cramer, pastor of the church at Unterella. Dr. Anthon's father died when the doctor was only four years old. His mother took as her second husband, John Gottlieb Baumhart of Salzungen, a surgeon by profession.

Anthon studied medicine and surgery under his stepfather and later at Eisenach and Amsterdam. In 1754, after passing the final examination at Amsterdam before the College of Surgeons, he became a ship's surgeon in the Dutch West India trade. He made one trip safely in the *Vrouw Anna* to Surinam. On his second trip the *Vrouw Anna* was captured near Port-au-Prince by a British privateer from New York and carried into that port and condemned late in 1757 or early in 1758.

At the age of 23, George Christian Anthon was friendless in a strange country, with nothing to fall back upon but his profession. Doctors were needed for the expedition against the French in Canada, so he had no difficulty in getting the position of Surgeon's Mate in the General Military Hospital at Albany. Later he became Surgeon of the First Battalion of the 60th Regiment, Royal Americans. His commission is dated Albany, June 25, 1761, and signed by Sir Jeffrey Amherst. This commission appoints him Surgeon's Mate of His Majesty's Hospital in North America, stationed at Detroit.

About a year before Anthon's arrival in New York, Beverley Robinson writes as follows:

"You no doubt will have heard before this reaches you of the fatal stroke America has had lately in the loss of Oswego,

which is no longer in doubt. We have no particulars about it as yet & can't tell in what manner or by whom, whether French or Indians, it was taken or what number they had; I have lately had a lett^r from a good hand at Albany who says—

“ ‘Oswego scandalously gone. Provincial Army very low spirited & sick. Very small hopes of any good.

‘By this you may judge our situation to be very bad.’

“Lord Loudon is greatly perplexed finding our affairs in so bad & confused condition. I don't doubt but he will put them in a better way if time will permit but am afraid that will be too short for his campaign. The Provincial Army which was once 7000 do not make 4000 effectives at present and declining every day by sickness & desertion.”

The history of the French and English War up to the time that Dr. Anthon landed in this country had been a series of disasters for the English. First came Braddock's defeat. The following year Loudon, the much perplexed, lost the fort at Oswego to the French, as well as Niagara. In 1758, Abercrombie made an ill-planned attack on Ticonderoga. His enormous losses in this engagement are recorded by countless memorial tablets in Scotch and English churches. Dr. Anthon found the hospital at Albany well stocked with casualties when he took up his duties there.

Defeat and disaster, as is usually the case with the English, caused them to redouble their efforts. Lord Amherst replaced the bungling Abercrombie. Montcalm's star began to wane. His victory over Abercrombie, bloody as it was, benefited France but little. Amherst took over the command in September, 1759. After a series of successes on the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes, the English, under Wolfe, captured Quebec, thus ending the rule of France in this country. All that remained to be done was to turn over the forts to the English.

Colonel Rogers, with a company of rangers, was sent to Detroit to take over the fort, which he did November 29, 1760. Dr. Anthon, who had been transferred from the hospital at Albany to Detroit, accompanied the Rangers on their march.

The following is Major Rogers' account of the condition of the settlement:

"The French inhabitants here are settled on both sides of the river for about eight miles. When I took possession of the country soon after the surrender of Canada, they were about 2500 in number, there being near 500 that bore arms (to whom I administered oaths of allegiance) and near 300 dwelling houses. Our fort here is built of stockades, is about twenty-five feet high, and 1200 yards in circumference; the situation of this place is pleasant, and the land very good; the inhabitants raise wheat and other grain in abundance, and have plenty of cattle, but they enrich themselves chiefly by their trade with the Indians, which is here very large and lucrative."

"Maj. Robert Rogers' Account of North
America, Lond. 1765. 167-8."

Dr. Anthon found the medical stores to be very inadequate:
"Fort Detroit novemb^r y^e 8th 1761

Sir

"I do myself the honour of writing these few Linnes to you, in acquainting you of my Situation here without Medicines as I have had no supply since I am here except the few particulars you was pleased to order me from the General Hospital laist Spring, and who where almost spoild coming over the Lake; D^r Stevenson has promised to send me a supply, but as his are not yet arrived, it is impossible to expect any from him this Winter, I was obliged to send as many as I could spare to the several posts, which has my stock entirely exhausted, and shall be very badly off as the Season prouves much to Sickness now, likewise am daly troubled with the Indians to attend their Sick. Beg also, you will be as good to order me those few things mentioned of inclosed.

"Sir

"your most obedient and humble Serv^t

"(signed) GEO: CHR: ANTHON."

The English enjoyed the peaceful possession of their newly acquired western forts for a very short time. On May 9, 1763,

Pontiac attacked Detroit and laid siege to the fort. The rest of the forts were taken by surprise and in short order Sandusky, St. Joseph, Michillimackinac, Onaton, Miami, and Presque Isle (Erie) were captured. Of all the forts west of Niagara, Detroit alone withstood Pontiac. The siege lasted for well over a year.

We know little of what befell the Doctor during the siege. For many years a pear tree was shown to visitors at Detroit, as the tree in whose branches Dr. Anthon hid from the Indians and had to be rescued by a sortie from the fort. The tree stood on or near the Campau Farm, a mile and a half from the Fort.

The only sortie in the direction of the Campau Farm was on the night of July 31, 1763, the night of the disastrous attack on the Indian Village. In this action, the Rogers' Rangers, who formed the rear guard, got cut off from the main body of retreating troops in and about the Campau Farm. They were relieved by a counter attack from the river. Therefore, if the legend of the "pear tree" is true, Dr. Anthon took part in the bloodiest fight that the garrison was engaged in during the siege, the Battle of Bloody Run. Three-fifths of those engaged were either killed or wounded.

In the spring of 1765, on an expedition into the Illinois country, Dr. Anthon was captured by the Indians and held captive for about a month and a half. Uncle Charles Anthon, Professor at Columbia College, said that when his father was a prisoner, the Indians when eating their game would fling him the giblets and other entrails to make his repast on.

It is interesting to note that Dr. Anthon's future father-in-law, Louis Jadot, was killed on almost the same spot in 1764.

Dr. Anthon was married twice, first to Mariana (Navarre) St. Martin, a widow with three children of her own and a ward, Genevieve Jadot, an orphaned niece of her husband's. The first Mrs. Anthon died shortly after her marriage to the Doctor, without having any children by him.

On July 18, 1778, Dr. Anthon married his ward, Genevieve Jadot. The marriage was performed by Governor Hamilton; she was about fifteen years old (born May 20, 1763) and the Doctor forty-four. Family tradition says that at the time of her marriage she still played with dolls and the Doctor gave her one

GLENCLYFFE,

GARRISON'S P.O.

PUTNAM COUNTY. N.Y.

them on her knees
and -

and there a spray
of rain

for me - and she
replied and I
knew that
I was not alone

she would be
with me
20 The party

as a wedding present. The record of the births, deaths, marriages, etc., of many of the family can be found in the church at Sandwich, Ontario.

After the close of the Revolution, but before the surrender of Detroit to the United States, the Doctor moved to New York in 1786. For a time he thought of buying a farm at New Rochelle. Finally, he rented a house on Wall Street at the "extravagant" rent of \$125 and taxes a year. The rent being too high, he moved to Dey Street, where he got a house for about half that sum. In 1790 he moved from Dey Street to 6 Broad Street, the present site of the New York Stock Exchange. Later he moved to where the old Mills Building used to stand and the Chase Bank Building now stands (1940). It might shock the Doctor to know that one of his great grandchildren paid for a number of years an annual rental of \$26,000 for a part of a floor in a building occupying the land that he once rented for about \$150 and taxes.

Charles Anthon, in his account of the family, says that the Doctor looked like "Martin Luther." The picture I have of him is that of an old man of strong character. The eyes in the picture are very remarkable. The only eyes like them which I have seen were those of J. P. Morgan, Sr. The picture is in water colors and painted by Martin.

Grandpa Anthon, in forwarding papers with regard to a grant given him by the Crown on the Ottawa River for services at Detroit as "Surgeon's Mate," wrote the following letters to his friend Jacob Schieffelin at Montreal. The Doctor made some effort to establish this claim. He went as far as having it surveyed but later allowed his right in the property to lapse.

A few years ago, I went up the Ottawa River and made an attempt to locate the tract. It is my impression that the land in question lies about a mile downstream from the Seignory Club, about halfway between Ottawa and Montreal on the northeast bank of the river. It is a flat unattractive spot. Jacob Schieffelin had a grant adjoining or near Dr. Anthon's. The difficulty in locating the exact spot is due to the fact that local names have changed.

Inoculation against smallpox was very common in the Eng-

lish Army. Arnold's army suffered greatly from smallpox on his Quebec Campaign. Carleton's troops following up the retreat of the American Army, inoculated themselves with the disease from the corpses left by the roadside. This practice became so general among the rank and file that an order was issued against it. The object of this self-inoculation was twofold, to make one immune against the smallpox, and by getting a light attack to avoid military duty for a time.

Major Gladwin in 1763 during the siege writes as follows:

"Detroit, October 7th, 1763.

Dear Sir:

"What with business vexation and disappointment I have scarce had time to think of any friends much less to write to them, therefore I hope you will excuse my silence. I came hither much against my will foreseeing what would happen; I am brought into a scrape, and left in it; things are expected of me that can't be performed; I could wish I had quitted the service seven years ago, and that somebody else commanded here. I shall say nothing in regard to our affairs, as you will hear enough of it below, but I enclose you some papers concerning the scoundrel inhabitants of Detroit, and the destruction of the outposts, which perhaps may amuse you for half an hour.

"Daniel delivered me your letter to Captain Dalzell, which I took the liberty of opening taking it concerned the service; I find the Indians to be very faithful, and ready to do anything they are desired. The French attempted to blacken them by insinuating that they betrayed the vessel, but I since find that two scoundrel Frenchman that went on board to sell greens, set the Indians upon the attempt.

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you soon, either here or below, but I would choose the latter. I am, with the greatest esteem, Dear Sir

"Your most

"Humble Servant

"Henry Gladwin."

Dr. Anthon to Jacob Schieffelin:

“New york 24th Feb^y 1787

D^r Sir

“Your favor Novemb^r last came only to hand a few Days ago; We are glad to hear you and your familie are well, we arrived here 4th Octob^r and a few Days after my Familie had recoverd from their travelling fatigue I inoculated them for the small Pox; M^{rs} Anthon & the second Boy had them exceedingly favorable, but the aeltest Boy, the little Girl, & my Panie Whench * had them very severe, whoever they got all safe over it, and are not disfigured.

“I hired at my Arrival a House in Wall Street at an Extravagant Rent, for £70: besides the Taxes to the 1 May, & glad to get it, as Houses ware very difficult to be got at that time; but now I have hired one near Oswego Market in Dye Street for less than half that sum, and a much pleasanter situation. I have been this Winter to see a Farm for sale, near New Rochelle, it contains 350 Acres with a very good House & several other Buildings, but the Demand is £4400 and will require about £1000 or 1200 more to put it in proper Order, besides there is no School for my Children & I believe very indifferent Society. I am there fore determind to remain for some time in the City, untill some more convenient place may offer.

“We have been offten at M^r Lawrences, & have received many civilities from them & M^r Embree’s. We are much obliged to your Introducing us to those worthy people. M^{rs} Anthon is very fond of M^{rs} Schieffelin’s sisters’.

“Our frend Governor Hamilton is appointed Governor for Cape Breton with £500 sterl p^r an. M^r Alex^r Macomb received some time ago a Letter from him, acquainting him that he would embark this spring for his Government. for further News give me Leave to refer you to S^t Martin†, you will find him intelligent, as he has been very inquisitive during his stay here about Local & foreign News. M^{rs} Anthon joyns with me in

* This expression, denoting a Pawnee slave-woman, is fully explained by a note in Parkman’s *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, p. 300, on the words “a Pani woman, a slave,” etc.

† Probably the stepson of the writer, who has been mentioned before, and appears, from the tenor of this letter (which is without direction, as to place) to have been at the time on a visit to New York from Detroit.

best respects to you and M^{rs} Schieffelin and believe me that I am with great regard &c”

Dr. Anthon to Mr. Schieffelin:

“*Dear Sir* New York, April 23, 1787.

Your favor by M^r Hart, with the inclosed letter for Gov^r. Hamilton I received, & have got M^r Macomb to fore ward it with his Letters by the April packet; a few Days ago Gov^r. Hamilton wrote to M^r Macomb & acquainted him that he had the Honor to kiss the King’s hand on being appointed Governor for Bermuda Island, which is to be made a free port; a Col M^c Carmick is appointed L^t. Gov^r. for Cape Breton. No material news from Europe by last packet, but all in perfect tranquillity. Yesterday arrived here the sloop Experiment Cap^t. Dean from Canton in China. He left that place 4 months & 12 days. The Empress of China was to leave that place in 8 or 10 Days after her. M^r. Sears Died at Canton. It is thought here the best thing that could have hapned to him. The Assemblée of this State have adjourned last Saturday to meet next Jan^y. at Poughkeepsie, it has occasioned many Debates, but the country members have carried it. Congress recommended a few Days ago to the Legislature a repeal of all the Laws which are inconsistent with the Treaty of peace between Great Britain and the American States. In consequence thereof some are repealed. (viz. The Trespass & Citation Laws).

M^{rs}. Anthon joins with me in compliments to you & M^{rs}. Schieffelin & familie and believe me that I am with great esteem,”

Memorandum on back of letter.	10 Doll.	2''	10	—0
	9 S. Doll.	2''	9	6
	3 half Joes	6	''	''
	2 moidores	3—	''	
	1 half Joe	2—	''	''
	4 Guineas	4''	13	4
	1 Do	1	3	4
	2 Crowns		11	
	1 Dollar		5	—
	1 flr. Gold		8	4
	<hr/>			
	Exch 6	23''	0	4

Mr. Sears was an unfortunate agent sent to China to trade. He was entrusted with either money or goods on the outward voyage. What he sent back (mostly tea), either was spoilt on the trip or was of poor quality when it was bought. On the whole the venture was a "headache." As Sears died on this voyage, all the blame for the loss should not be charged against him.

The memorandum on the back of the letter shows the different coins that passed as currency in the early days of the Republic, Spanish and American dollars, Joes and Half Joes, Guineas, Crowns and Florins. The paper money of the Revolution was by this time worthless and the United States had so far issued little or no money to take its place.

Jacob Schieffelin was a New York Tory, therefore he was much interested in what was going to be done with regard to the Trespass and Citation Laws directed against the Tories. A short time later he and his family returned to New York.

The next ten years were uneventful as far as family history was concerned. The Doctor added to his family till it reached a round dozen, nine of whom lived to grow up, which speaks well for the Doctor—infant mortality in those days was high.

During the Yellow Fever epidemic of 1795, "The Doctor," who believed that the disease was borne on the miasma of the evening air, took his little brood of five indoors, with closed windows and doors, so as to keep out the night air. During the daytime they carried food to the sick.

Both professionally and socially he maintained an eminent position in New York. In 1802 he was elected one of the thirteen governors of the New York Lying-in-Hospital, and from 1796 to 1815 he was one of the trustees of Columbia College. He was beloved and respected by all who knew him.

He had three sons who took prominent parts in the life of New York of their day. John, who married Judith Hone, was a great lawyer. Henry was for many years rector of St. Mark's Church, and Charles, the youngest, was the greatest American classical scholar of his time. His handwriting was very peculiar, every letter being either a square or oblong. In the great mass of manuscript he sent to Harper Bros., his publishers, there

is never a blot or word scored out. The handwriting is too neat and suggests the outstanding characteristic of the man, austerity. The boys he taught at Columbia said Professor Anthon ate a freshman a day for breakfast.

In later life, the Professor became more or less of a recluse. Except for attending his classes at Columbia he rarely went out of the house save at night, when he would take long walks alone. During this time he developed an aversion for female society.

In connection with the movement of Mormonism, Professor Anthon was asked to examine the *Book of Mormon*. In a letter dated February 17, 1834, he describes the paper that was submitted for his inspection:

“It consisted of all kinds of singular characters, disposed in columns, and had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him at the time a book containing various alphabets, Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses and flourishes; Roman letters inverted, or placed sideways, were arranged and placed in perpendicular columns, and the whole ended in crude delineations of a circle divided into various compartments, arched with various strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican calendar given by Humboldt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source whence it was derived. I am thus particular as to the contents of the paper, inasmuch as I have frequently conversed with my friends on the subject since the Mormon excitement began, and well remember that the paper contained anything else than ‘Egyptian hieroglyphics.’ ”

With the exception of my grandfather, William H. Anthon, the next generation did not play prominent parts in the life of their day. Uncle Frederick as a young boy and student at Columbia gave great promise. He graduated from Columbia with high honors. His graduating address was commented on by John Hone as follows:

“* * * * With the oration of Mr. Frederick Anthon I was particularly pleased, and it awakened in my breast sensa-

tions in which I had once indulged, and which I could wish might never slumber. I thought I saw in him that which was calculated to arouse others into action—while he should himself perform a prominent part on the grand theatre of life. May his future destiny be as distinguished as his talents now promise—and may his fellow-graduates and himself be an honor to their ‘alma mater.’ ”

Shortly after graduation he was sent to New Orleans to supervise the importation of goods from China via Panama. He soon proved himself utterly unfit for that kind of work.

Affairs finally got so mixed up in New Orleans that my grandfather W. H. Anthon was sent there to salvage what he could from the wreck. In the end a few cases of tea, some china vases, and strangest of all, a wooden statuette of the God of Luck, turned up in New York—all that was left of an investment of \$36,000. The little “God” sits above my fireplace and smiles, perhaps at Uncle Frederick, or “poor Fred,” as the family now began to call him.

His next venture didn’t get much beyond the discussion stage. He planned to go in for farming. The only available family land was owned by his wife’s uncle, who for some while back had threatened to “horsewhip” Uncle Frederick on sight. Little came of this venture.

The last reference to Frederick Anthon is in my Aunt Joanna Anthon’s diary. Joanna, commonly called “Bewuffalo” by the family, records in 1868 the death of “Poor Frederick” at Bloomingdale, where he had been a patient for about three years. “Aunt Bewuffalo” and “Bessie” were two old maids who lived on the west corner of Union Square and Fourth Avenue. “Bewuffalo” kept a diary, nursed her mother for years, helped out her nieces and nephews, among others, John Callender. John was a doctor by profession, or one might better say “out of profession.” He wandered all over the United States trying to sell his talents as a doctor. I finally lost track of him when he missed the boat at San Francisco, on which he had a surgeon’s ticket for a voyage to Japan. “Aunt Bewuffalo” staked him to the trip West and fed him while in New York.

My grandfather, William H. Anthon, was a quixotic little man. He was a gifted speaker—one of the greatest criminal lawyers of his day. His talents were much in demand at patriotic rallies, dedications of institutions, and opening of fairs, etc. He never resisted the temptation of entering into a good political row. On one occasion of this kind Hamilton Fish called him a “Tempest in a teapot”—a slight never to be forgotten.

In 1863 he drew up the original outline of the Draft Bill that caused serious riots in the summer of that year. The bill was so unpopular that guards were placed in front of the family house in Irving Place. Despite the fact that he had been the author of the unpopular Draft Bill, and that he and his family had been threatened during the riots, when proper counsel could not be obtained for the rioters accused of burning the quarantine buildings on Staten Island, he appeared in their defense.

My mother and Aunt (Mrs. Callender) well remembered all the excitement. They also remembered the stream of carriages that passed the house in Irving Place when a grand ball was given in honor of Edward VII, then Prince of Wales.

Governor Kemble describes the Prince’s arrival in New York as follows:

“What an extraordinary thing is this ovation to the young Prince of England.

“I witnessed the scene of his arrival at New York, which was the grandest spectacle which I have ever beheld. Supposing the distance to be three miles there could not have been less than 250,000 well dressed and orderly people collected in the streets and houses, besides others in particular points; and although curiosity may have been a leading sentiment, yet there was beyond that a desire on the part of the people to do him honor, which they did with a delicacy of self respect truly wonderful. There was no boisterous demonstration, no attempt at intrusion, he was treated as their guest, whose feelings and personal comfort they were bound to respect. It was indeed a great moral spectacle and must have an influence upon the political relations of the two countries.

“It is said that as he drove round the head of the Bowling

Green, when the crowd in Broadway, in the windows and house tops broke upon him, he was so much affected that the tears rolled down his cheeks—his demeanor was that of an amiable, gentlemanly self possessed young man, quiet but courteous to all—he is a small man for his age, towards 19—his countenance sedate rather than sprightly; his intellect the effect of cultivation, rather than precocity of talent—a fair specimen of the English character—in appearance he resembles his mother, rather than father and there is a resemblance to the younger pictures of George the 3rd.”

There was a grand ball held at the old Opera House on the corner of 14th Street and Irving Place in honor of the Prince of Wales. My grandfather Anthon's house was No. 56 Irving Place, between 17th and 18th Streets. Perhaps my mother, who was a little girl at that time, was allowed to sit up and see the Prince drive by. At all events she must have heard the carriages passing the house. As a small boy, I can remember the carriages going to the Opera House, passing our house on 20th Street and Irving Place, half awake, half asleep, the wave of sound, first going south, then north.

My mother remembered the troops passing No. 56 at night singing. Both she and my grandmother and my aunts told me of the guards posted around the house during the draft riots in 1863. The Draft Bill was drawn by my grandfather, William Henry Anthon, the Judge Advocate of New York.

They gave him a set of silver for his work during the war and a lot of paper plaudits, but he had made enemies while he served the state and country. His private practice also suffered. When he tried to pick it up, it just was not there. He died in 1875, probably from worry rather than sickness.

THE MADISON FAMILY

The following reminiscences of her life were dictated by Mrs. Mira Madison Alexander when she was at Willowbrook, Ky., September, 1882:

“I was born at Frankfort, Kentucky, on the 13th day of

December, 1803. The house where I spent my early childhood is still standing. It is opposite to the Capitol grounds.

When I was six years old, I had the misfortune to lose my Mother, whose name was Jane Smith, she was the daughter of Francis Smith and Anne Preston, and was their fourth child. Their names were Elizabeth who married James Blair, and after the birth in Abbington, Va., of their first child, Francis Preston Blair, they removed to Frankfort, Kentucky, where they continued to reside until the death of Mr. Blair.

“The first-born son of Francis Smith and Anne Preston was John who married Chiuve Hart. The third child was Susan who married William Trigg. The fourth one Jane, who married Geo. Madison. The fifth child was William Preston Smith who died before attaining middle age. His commission signed by George Washington is still preserved.

“The sixth daughter Agatha, married Lewis Marshal and settled in Frankfort, Kentucky.

“George Madison who married Jane Smith was Auditor of public accounts for the State of Kentucky and continued to reside at Frankfort during his life. Five children constituted the family which was left motherless when the fifth child was two and a half years old.

“The children’s names were Agatha, William Preston, Mira, Gabriel and George. My father kept his family together until he received a commission in the United States Army as Major in the war of 1812. On his leaving home the family was broken up. I went to live with my Aunt Trigg, and my brothers went to live with my Aunt Marshall at Buck Pond.

“At the battle of the River Raisin, my father was taken prisoner and carried to Quebec. He was imprisoned in the Jail for some time and then put on parole. The British Officers who were taken prisoners by our army were also imprisoned in the Penitentiary at Frankfort and then paroled, one of their officers being very ill and in danger of dying. My Uncle Trigg brought him to his home and took care of him until he recovered. His name was Major Chambers. After the Major’s return home, he sent my Aunt a casket, which was lost. He fell at the battle of Waterloo.

“After an absence of two years, my father returned. The hardships of the war and his close confinement had impaired his health, which was never fully restored. While in prison, he received a present of a bible from a French lady which he read very earnestly and brought back with him. It is now an heirloom in my family and at present is in the possession of my son Andrew.

“Never can I forget the day of my dear Father’s return home after his long absence. It was evening for he had delayed coming to town until the shades of evening should give him the seclusion from public observation which he desired, as he had reason to expect that a public demonstration would be made. His friend Mr. Dudley met him and brought him to my Uncle’s house. I was alone in the dining room and was the only one of my father’s children in Frankfort. Mr. Dudley asked ‘Do you know Mira who this is?’ It was only an instant that I was in doubt, the next moment I was folded in my Father’s arms. The news of his return was spread rapidly and the house was soon thronged by eager friends, who loudly called for George Madison, and taking him up bodily they bore him with every demonstration of affection and joy through the town with shouting and in many ways evincing their great satisfaction. He soon gathered his children around him in his old home.

“Having passed through two wars with honor and distinction, settled permanently in Kentucky at a very early period, he was soon called upon to take part in the civil administration of the State. On the 7th of March, 1796, he was appointed by Governor Shelby auditor of public accounts, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of William McDowell. His official duties, and his position at the seat of government, threw him in constant personal intercourse with persons from every quarter of the State; and the influence which he thus acquired, and the universal confidence and love with which he inspired all who knew him, were so unbounded throughout Kentucky, that there was no office within the gift of the people which he could not easily have attained, without the slightest solicitation.

“In the summer of 1812, a requisition was made on the State

of Kentucky to aid in an expedition against Canada and the Indians of the north-western territory, who, at that time, were in alliance with the British. In obedience to the call of the Government, Colonel John Allen raised a volunteer regiment of Kentuckians, and George Madison, then auditor of public accounts, accepted the office of second major under him, at the earnest solicitation of Captains Hickman, Ballard and others, who had served with him in previous campaigns against the Indians, and knew, therefore, how to appreciate his skill as an officer. At the memorable battle of the River Raisin, which occurred in January, 1813, in which that regiment suffered so severely, and in which Colonel Allen, Captains Simpson, McCracken, Hickman, and a host of others fell, Madison behaved with exemplary firmness and courage. He was in immediate command of the force that stood within the pickets, and by his calm and collected bearing, and his desperate resolution, exacted terms of capitulation from General Proctor, the commander of the British and Indians, by which his men and all the wounded were to be thrown under the immediate protection of the British commander, and saved from the violence of savage cruelty. Accordingly, Madison and such of the Americans as were able to march, were removed to Malden, whence he and the other officers were sent to Quebec. The non-commissioned officers and privates were shortly afterwards discharged on parole, and permitted to return to the United States. In consequence of the shameful violation by Proctor of the terms of capitulation entered into with Madison—in permitting the Indians to massacre our wounded men left at the River Raisin—a retaliation was apprehended, and Madison and our other officers were kept in confinement at Quebec as hostages.

“In the year 1816, having resigned his office as auditor of public accounts, Major Madison was urged from every section of the state to become a candidate for governor. So loud and so general was the call made on him, that he consented to run. Colonel James Johnson, who had distinguished himself at the battle of the Thames, was announced as the opposing candidate. Colonel Johnson had not, however, been engaged very long in the canvass, before he found it impossible to resist the popu-

larity of Major Madison. He accordingly retired during the very heat of the canvass, and declined the race, declaring that it was utterly futile for him or any body else to run against a man so universally popular and beloved, as he found his opponent to be. He was not, however, permitted to enjoy very long the high honor conferred upon him by the State with such marked distinction. He died shortly after he was elected Governor and before he took office.

“Great-great Grandpa William Alexander was the second son of William and Marione (Louise de la Croix) Alexander. He was born in 1729.

“William Alexander was a native of Scotland, and a merchant of high character, first in Edinburgh, and afterwards in London. Being largely interested in American trade, he became involved in the commercial embarrassments which the measures of Government occasioned, and removed his family to France, residing occasionally at Paris and Dijon. In England he became intimately acquainted with Franklin, and the original and well-known picture by Martin (now in the possession of Henry J. Williams, Esq., of Philadelphia) was painted for him. Mr. Alexander was evidently very well disposed to the American cause, and seems to have had some agency in the preliminary negotiations for peace. He and his daughters are frequently mentioned in the writings of Dr. Franklin as well as in the letters of Silas Deane.

“In *The Financier and Finances of the American Revolution* by Sumner, there is a long account of his partnership with Robert Morris, and the lawsuit that grew out of it.

“After a period of residence in France, William Alexander proceeded in 1783 to the United States. Until 1811 he resided at Staunton, Virginia, when he removed to Woodford County, Kentucky, where he died January 10, 1819, aged ninety. He married, first Christian, only daughter of John Aitchison, of Rochsolach and Airdrie, in the County of Lanak, and secondly, Agatha de la Porte, belonging to an ancient family of Montpellier.

“Mr. William Alexander was a widower when he came to this country and he left a family of children in Scotland. One

of his sons, Sir William Alexander, was Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and never married. The other son Robert came with his father to this country and later went with Dr. Franklin to France. Mr. William Alexander had five daughters, three of them, Bethia, Christine and Jane, never married but lived to be aged. There were two other daughters who married, one in England to Mr. John Hankey and Mariamne who married Jonathan Williams the great nephew of Benjamin Franklin and his private Secretary. The marriage took place in France while Benjamin Franklin was there. These daughters were all by Mr. William Alexander's first marriage.

"On his return to this country some years after, Mr. Jonathan Williams was made Superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point. Mrs. Thomas Biddle of Philadelphia was the daughter of Mr. Williams. Her name was Christine. There were two sons, Henry and Alexander. Henry married Julia Rush the daughter of Dr. Benjamin Rush. Alexander was killed in the war of 1812.

"The children of Mr. William Alexander's second marriage to Agatha de la Porte were John Regis, Andrew, Charles, Mariamne, James and Apolline. John Regis married his cousin Miss Campbell, by whom he had several children and by a second marriage had one child whom he named John and who still (in 1882) resides near Paducah, Kentucky. Andrew married at Buck Pond the writer of these reminiscences, Mira Madison, on the 28th day of April, 1822. The wedding was at the old Homestead of the Marshall family, the house having been built by Mr. Thomas Marshall, the father of the Chief Justice and came into possession by inheritance of my Uncle Louis Marshall who married my Aunt Agatha. Charles married my first cousin Martha Madison and had two sons, Charles and Thomson Hankey, who reside in Washington. Mariamne died at the age of eighteen unmarried. James died at the age of fourteen.

"Apolline, at fourteen, went to live with Mrs. Thomas Biddle, her half niece in Philadelphia, where she resided six years. When twenty years old she went to England at the urgent solicitation of her half brother Sir William Alexander and her sister

and soon became the wife of Thomson Hankey, the nephew of her brother-in-law, John Hankey, who had married her half sister Isabella. Mr. Thomson Hankey was Governor of the Bank of England, and resided in London. He was for twenty-seven years a member of Parliament. They had no children and still resided in London at Portland Place. Mrs. John Hankey, the half sister of Mrs. Thomson Hankey (Apolline Alexander), had a daughter Julia. She married Seymour Bathurst who was Governor of Malta at the time of the visit of Sir Walter Scott. Sir William Alexander was also at Malta at that time. Lockhart gives an interesting account of Sir Walter's visit to Malta in his *Life of Scott*. Julia, the wife of Seymour Bathurst, had one son who inherited from his uncle the title of Earl Bathurst. He now resides in London and has a fine county seat near Cirencester."

"It is interesting to note that the writer of the above was blind during the latter part of her life. In 1861 while living in St. Louis she was in the habit of driving in her son-in-law, Franklin A. Dick's, carriage. In the course of her drives she often went past the Camp where the secessionists were drilling and recruiting a force to capture the Union Arsenal held by Captain Lyon (later General Lyon). Franklin Dick and his brother-in-law, Francis Preston Blair, hit upon the plan of borrowing Mrs. Andrew Jonathan Alexander's clothes, hat and veil which she wore to protect her eyes. Dressed in these clothes Captain Lyons was enabled to drive through the enemy's camp and gauge the strength of the Southerners.

"William Alexander married Agatha de la Porte, the daughter of a widow who was the sister of Count de Tu Boeuf and who came with the Count from France to this country at the commencement of the French Revolution and settled near Abbington, Virginia. Mme. de la Porte brought with her her two daughters, Agatha and Victoire. They resided at Fincastle, not far from Lexington, Virginia. Her eldest daughter married Mr. James Campbell of Petersburg, Virginia. Agatha, the youngest daughter, married Mr. William Alexander of Staunton, Virginia, the father of my husband.

"The Count de Tu Boeuf was a French nobleman who came

to this country during the Revolution. He was able to bring with him a considerable sum of money with which he purchased 5,000 acres of land near Staunton, Va.

“The country was wild and sparsely settled. Rumors of the great wealth of the Count were circulated about the neighborhood. While he was alone in his house he was attacked by a party of natives, murdered and robbed. In the late 1880’s, my father-in-law succeeded in buying a few pieces of silver bearing the Tu Boeuf Arms.

“The children of William Alexander remembered seeing ‘Du Barry’ and her black page, who later betrayed her. The girls were sent to a convent where one of them remarked when the church was being decorated for Christmas, ‘Comme le bon Dieu est intéressant aujourd’hui.’ They saw the travel stained royal family return from Varennes in 1791. The girls could never forget ‘the weary haggard face of Marie Antoinette.’

“Betsy, Christine, and Jane Alexander were paying a visit in Paris shortly before the French Revolution, when their carriage was surrounded by a mob who were enraged at the coat-of-arms painted on it. The ladies were in much danger of being attacked as aristocrats, when a negro jumped into the carriage and harangued the mob to the effect that these ladies were ‘Bonnes Citoyennes’ and that they would prove it at once. He whispered to Miss Betsy ‘Embrassez-moi vite,’ and Miss Betsy had to stand up in the carriage and publicly give the negro a kiss, after which they were allowed to drive home. Betsy made her sisters promise secrecy, and it was only fifty years later that Christine, the last surviving sister, told the story to her niece, Ellen Hankey.

“Joanna Alexander (called Jacky), born June 10, 1771, died at St. Germaine, 1783, aged 12. The times were so troubled that a petition was asked for to bury her secretly for fear of some public disturbance.”



The Little God of Luck

VERSES OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND ROBERT ALEXANDER TO LADY DICK

Joys of Prestonfield adieu,
Late found soon lost, but still will view
The engaging scene—Oft to those eyes
Shall the pleasing vision rise.
Hearts to warm towards a friend,
Kindness on kindness without end.
Easy converse, Sprightly wit,
These we found in Dame and Knight.
Cheerful meals and balmy rest,
Beds that never Bugs mollest,
Neatness and sweetness all around
These at Prestonfield we found.
Hear O Heaven the Stranger's Prayer,
Bless the hospitable pair.
Bless their sweet bairns and very soon
Grant these a Brother, those a son.

But Franklin had a rival in verse making who did not wish to be outdone in Lady Dick's estimation, one Mr. Robert Alexander, who addresses her thus:

What Franklin writes appears so fine
I wish his thoughts and words were mine,
Why then so cruel couldst thou be
As send his sprightly lines to me?

Alas I'm of such jealous mettle
That ever since I ne'er could settle,
Whate'er he feels he can express
I silent stand but feel no less.

Our prayers and sentiments the same,
I love the Knight adore the Dame,
Unlike alone in this our vow,
He prays for one Son, I for two.

But see what all he pleased to say,
Thy beauty could not make him stay,
A lover gone you'll understand
Is not so good as one at hand."

In the same handwriting at the foot of the paper are these words:

"Cultivated ground has few needs, a mind occupied by lawful business has little room for useless regrets."

VERSES WRITTEN BY CHRISTINE ALEXANDER
(BEFORE 1792)

“A pleasantry supposed to be spoken by my uncle.”

Come all ye gay west Indian boys,
Rich in gold and glittering toys.
Be sober settlers for life,
And from my hands receive a wife.
Why what the devil makes you stare?
Come, come, peruse my bill of fare.
There's Betsy first, my earliest pride,
See her at table now preside,
With what an air she guides the treat!
With what grace she cuts the meat!
On every booby of you all,
Some mark of favor she lets fall,
With active dignity and ease,
Pleasing whene'er she likes to please;
And would you save your muddy brains,
To her you may resign the reins;
With wisdom and with wit supplied,
Your bark she'll steer, yourself she'll guide,
And you'll maintain an easy life,
By yielding all things to your wife.

MARIAMNE WILLIAMS:

Gaze not on her whose gentle mien,
Whose large blue eyes, whose smile serene,
Whose look, expressive of her mind,
Shows sentiment to sweetness joined.
Already has a much lov'd youth,
Replete with constancy and truth,
Extended his desiring arms
And to himself secured her charms.

CHRISTINE:

There's Christine, smiling on each beau,
Says “Let us flirt, but marry—no;
Unless ten thousand pounds in gold,
Should yearly pay for freedom sold.”
Yet, try her, try her, some of you,
All maidens swear it is not true.

JENNY:

Here Jenny comes in gliding state,
Attending graces on her wait,
Lovely she seems to every eye,
Lovely, a thousand voices cry.

Yet with a form that all must praise,
A heart just kindling to a blaze,
She stands like some unsheltered rose
Bending before each blast that blows.
Ah, would some youth of noble mind,
Very constant, very kind,
The lucky minute, now improve,
And taste the sweet return of love.
In his protecting arms secure,
Life's little ills she would endure,
The pearly tear would cease to flow,
Except to soothe another's woe,
For her kind bosom still would be
The seat of melting charity.

ISABEL HANKEY:

But nature now in wood-notes wild,
Assist to sing thy favorite child,
Her dimpled cheek of rosy hue,
Her sparkling eye of lovely blue;
Her easy shape, her milk-white skin,
Pure emblems of the mind within.
Here is a firm and active soul,
No wayward passion to control,
No female frailties to conceal,
No thought which pride might not reveal.
Each look of bashful innocence,
So mingled with intelligence,
In the first bloom of life mature,
In sense, in friendship sure;
Nature, thy voice described her well,
Each eye, each heart, own Isabel.

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